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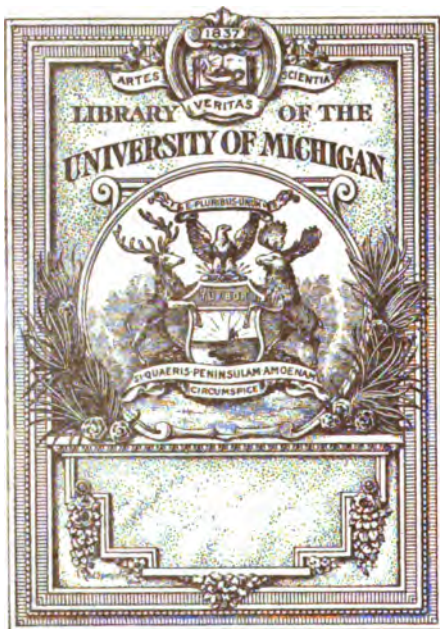
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THE
GLOBE
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A
NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY
WILLIAM HENRY THORNE
Author of "Modern Idols," etc.

VOLUME VII.

1897

Decker Building, New York City

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CHARACTERISTIC NOTICE.

The latest number of William Henry Thorne's quarterly, **THE GLOBE**, contains six articles by himself. Among other contributors is A. Oakey Hall, who writes of "Bluff King Hal." While many of the articles are well written, strong and earnest, the charm of **THE GLOBE** has always been in the pugnacious style of its editor in whatever he attacks, and his fearless stand, regardless of feelings or consequences. We do not indorse his writings, but we enjoy reading what he has to say. New York: W. H. Thorne, Decker Building.—*The Boston Times, October, 1897.*

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXV.

MARCH, 1897.

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES."

LAY SERMONS BY AN EX-PREACHER. TEXT—ISAIAH, CHAP. 61,
VERSE 3.

I WILL quote from the first verse of this wonderful outburst of heavenly glory conveyed to us by the words of the prophet in the sixty-first chapter, or canto, of the world-poem of Isaiah:

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; for He hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and a release to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn in Zion, to give unto them Beauty for Ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified."

As I read over and over again for the hundredth time this master vision of the prophet Isaiah, I marvel at the impotent littleness of all our modern thought and expression.

Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil, Homer, seem tame and circumscribed before the all-encircling sun-splendor of the poet-prophet of the day of the world's redemption; and when time and again these last thirty years I have read of little soul-shriveled women, and padded, and posing, and blustering atheists of the Miss Anthony and Bob Ingersoll species as denouncing the scriptures—wanting to make a new Bible—a woman's Bible—an atheist's Bible—a Bible to square

with the American Declaration of Independence, with amendments including black and white, male and female suffrage, etc., etc., I wonder if these wretched pigmies of humanity have ever read Isaiah and St. Paul, and if they have any conception of the place in literary culture and history these writers would hold to the end of time, even if all claims as to their inspiration were given up forever.

In truth, it was their literary greatness no less than their divine light that led to their being called inspired.

It is a useless problem, however, to consider the mental claims of clowns. What are a few pig-squeals compared with those eternal waves of harmony in which our world, and all worlds, and all ages of all worlds have floated 'mid echoing splendor since the primal chaos of Time's first mornings yielded to the star-fire and sun-rays of God's first and last creations, wherein Beauty for Ashes became the ruling law of the universe, and the leading theme of angels and archangels, of poets and prophets, and all the master singers of time's great anthems and oratorios, down to Beethoven and Wagner and our own last days?

In truth, only a faith God-given, a vision God-illuminated and a heart and hand and pen all God-inspired, could ever have coped with the problem Isaiah was called to explain and sing.

At best, in one or in a hundred sermons, we can but give the faintest echo of the prophet's treatment of this, the ruling theme of all true prophets, poets and composers time out of mind and until the end of time—yea, from eternity to eternity.

For the endless ages began, and all future eternities will repeat, and still be radiant with this world drama and dream of Redemption by and through the incarnate God.

Every thought of man fades before this master thought, as a cloud-speck fades before the majesty of the rising sun. One soul sees the vision through one form of words and symbols, and another through other forms.

The unpoetic may find his clearer faith through didactic dogma and ecclesiastical symbols, and as the vast majority of the human race are unpoetic, still, with hearts to be eased and souls to be fed, the very heart of the Incarnation has been enshrined in the altars of the Church, where the learned and the unlearned, the poetic and the unpoetic, may, by faith, taste and see that the Lord is good for ever and ever.

But while this form of divine ministry is accessible to all and

adapted to all, the more poetic soul will forever get his clearest vision of the fact through the means that appeal most strongly to the salient and dominating phases and intimations of his own inmost being.

The philosopher will see it most clearly through philosophy, the scientist through science, the clerics through dogma, the unlettered through faith in authority, and the poet through poetry.

To me, the entire, thrilling, magnificent, mind-ravishing story of God's redemption through Jesus Christ is told sublimely and completely in these three words—Beauty for Ashes.

To me they are the entire and supreme glory and harmony of the ages; but let me touch a more homely strain.

During the Chicago World's Fair I had the honor of attending one of Mrs. May Wright Sewal's famous receptions. On being presented to the hostess, and by the hostess to her husband, Mr. Sewal repeated my name once or twice, and then asked: "Is it the Rev. Mr. Thorne, and were you ever settled in Wilmington, Del.?" I replied that I was once a Reverend in my pre-existent state, and that as a matter of fact I was a settled minister in Wilmington, Del., in the years 1871, '72. Mr. Sewal replied: "Then you are the gentleman I mean," and "don't you remember me?" was his next question. The crowds were pressing around us, but I looked mine host in the face and said: "No, I do not remember you." "And don't you remember Mr. Sewal?" he said. Then I looked away from him across the quarter of a century that had intervened, and in a moment I said: "Why, yes; I remember Mr. and Mrs. Sewal very well. They lived on the same street with me; but Gen. Sewal was then as old a man as I am now, and you cannot be that man." As he hesitated a moment, I continued: "And I remember two or three little light-haired tots—mere children—of Mr. and Mrs. Sewal's, but—" "Well," answered mine host, "I am one of those little tots, and what is more, Mr. Thorne, I can clearly remember a sermon you preached one Sunday from the text, 'Beauty for Ashes,' and I could repeat to you some of the expressions in that sermon." By this time our reminiscences were blocking the crowd, and upon my remarking to Mrs. Sewal that it was evident she had well trained her husband during these years, and getting from her the prompt reply: "Thanks to the good start he received under Mr. Thorne," we took our social beauty for the ashes of the past, and I have never seen any of the parties since.

Still later I learned from some old people in Jacksonville, Ill., that they, also, distinctly remembered the same text and the same sermon preached to them in the winter of 1870-71.

It was my purpose to search for that sermon among my old papers, and to print it word for word as I preached it more than a quarter of a century ago. But those old papers are numerous and unsorted; hence I concluded to preach this new sermon with only the text of the old one clearly in my mind.

Within a twelvemonth I was speaking to a Catholic priest of this incident, and he very promptly asked: "But are those words in the scriptures, Mr. Thorne?" "Certainly, Father," I replied, and added: "I thought all you priests were very familiar with the scriptures," and of course my estimate of the scriptural learning of the priest fell several degrees. In this hasty judgment, however, I was wrong, as Protestants are apt to be wrong ninety-nine times in a hundred whenever they rush at conclusions unfavorable to a priest. I was right, and the priest was right also.

In the so-called King James version of the scriptures, the line in Isaiah reads as I have it here. In the old *Cruden's Concordance* of the Scriptures the same form may be found, but in the new Protestant Revised Edition of the Scriptures, published ten years ago, the expression reads: "A garland for ashes," and in the Catholic Montreal-English version of 1853, translated from "The Latin Vulgate," the expression reads: "A crown for ashes."

I have not looked at my Hebrew Bible for many years, and were I to search among the Greek and Hebrew roots for the more literal meaning, and express my judgment on those grounds, my judgment might not weigh much on a question of this kind, hence I let the matter pass, admitting that, probably, the later English versions, Catholic and Protestant, may give the more literal translation. But what does one translator in a thousand know of poetry? And the language here is perfectly and beautifully poetic.

Moreover, the prophet is speaking in general terms—not of one person who, in return for his sorrow, is to receive a crown, or a garland of joy—but of many such; of "them," and of an eternal world-wide universal principle of God's goodness, whereby He giveth millions of crowns and garlands for the universal cryings and ashes of sorrow and death.

And as Isaiah was a master in literature as well as an inspired prophet of God, he would not only write grammatically, but in per-

fect accord with the spirit and scope of his own God-inspired thought.

To my mind, it is weak and almost silly to say of the Eternal in this connection: He giveth them a garland or a crown for ashes. The prophet has in mind the afflicted, the down-trodden, the sorrowful, the dejected, the burden-bearing, the dying, the hopeless, the anxious-eyed, the trembling, the tottering, the falling and the fallen all over the world and the ages—whose hopes are dead, whose garlands fled, by all the world deserted—the millions in all times and nations who have been slain for liberty, for truth, for righteousness, for love, for glory, the millions whose agonizing sorrow, and tears, and groans, and sighs as of broken and shattered hearts have sought the hard-blue skies all unavailing—the millions whose ashes of despair have blinded the eyes of faith, hope, and mayhap of charity, and this divine messenger in the Spirit of the Lord God—the eternal Father—proclaims aloud to all of these in all ages and times, that there is a power, a God in Heaven, and in all the affairs of men, who weighs the burdens, counts the tears, hears the moans, feels the sorrows, and out of the very ashes of death and darkness evolves new hope, new faith, new life, new glory—in a word—giveth "Beauty for Ashes," and that to this law of eternal ministry He holds all worlds, all forces, all stars, suns, flowers, harmonies, as in the hollow of His benignant hand, and giveth "Beauty for Ashes" as lavishly as He gives light for darkness in every corner where the sun doth shine.

A garland or a crown is too small for this thought. No garland, no crown could span the brow of universal sorrow and death. It is an ever-springing perennial beauty, in the abstract and in the concrete, for every broken heart, that the poet-prophet has in mind. For he speaketh still, and his words are fresh every morning and new every evening, and wait at the crumbling grave-stones of all our buried loves and expectations, saying as of old: "He giveth Beauty for Ashes," only open thine eyes and bare thy brow to the rainbow blessings of His eternal love.

So pregnant, so blessed, so world-wide and soul-deep are these words of the prophet to my late waiting eyes.

In truth, this is not alone a spiritual fact or a spiritual dream.

Scripture and science are one in the thought that primal existence was chaotic, nebulous, void, and that darkness covered the abysses above and beneath—an empty void, or the fine crushed ashes of mill-

ions of pre-existing worlds and ages now and long since floating in vacuity, an unseen nonentity of passionless, lifeless, broken atoms, and worlds and ages gone to thinnest air.

Say it took six days: say it took millions of centuries! Who cares? But what have we in the panorama of the heavens and the earth to-day?

Surely the spirit of the Eternal moved upon and within the seething darkness, and out of the nebulous ashes of our unshaped universe what Beauty hath not the Eternal given to our hearts and eyes? I am not now talking of poetry, but of worlds, of suns, of stars, of endless system of suns and stars and worlds, whose infinite motions in space and time are soft, silent and beautiful as an angel's whispered song.

On our own little planet, what have we but the same testimony from all the ages?—from dewy leaf and primrose cup He pours eternal wine.

The mightiest and highest mountains ground to powdered ashes are still clothed with beauty at their feet, and through all their crevices and valleys. Out of the ashes of their cleft rocks, among the highest peaks, where the feet of man may never tread, the dear ferns and mosses grow. Our loveliest and best adorned cemeteries of the dead are still grass grown, and the varied hues of our grasses have all the colors, all the shadings of all the flora of the world; and what with their hewn and sculptured monuments and their rich adornment of flowers, our modern graveyards, out of God's own love, springing in the human breast, have become gardens of dreamland, where roses and violets almost cover the dead with forgetfulness, and force us to believe in higher transformations of spiritual beauty in the immortal homes of the human soul.

What are all our present ages of hope and liberty but God's own reincarnation and resurrection—of the battling and broken heroisms of past ages of despair?

Every part of the wide world has its own chosen era of spring-time, when new sunbeams kiss the coldest corners of creation and bring forth its maiden blushes in myriads of flowers. Over hundreds of miles of burnt-black prairie, rough and repulsive with the charred ashes of long, fast-flying sheets of flame, I have seen the first greenness of April and May followed by radiant, far-reaching areas of infinitely varied and namelessly beautiful prairie flowers. In truth, the whole wide world is an ever living testimony alike to the

truth of the prophet's words and to the eternal benevolence of God.

Even the sufferings of the unfortunate, the shiftless and the needy in our coldest and darkest winter hours are speedily met by some human benevolence, thus perpetuating the eternal law of Beauty for Ashes, wherever the sweeter thoughts of God have found their winning way.

In fact, everywhere—the flowers beneath our feet, the stars and the sunshine above our heads, the lessons of past history, echoes of forgotten ages, the glimmer of eternal dawn and the glow of ceaseless sunsets, the songs of birds, the anthems of human music, the quenchless but kindly protests of unceasing human love, the gifts of charity, the forgiveness of wrongs, the healings of the wars of the nations, the birth of genius and the clusterings of loyalty, of admiration, of adoration around the brow of greatness, and the carved monuments of human gratitude, the instincts of motherhood and fatherhood that outlive all ingratitude; all, all proclaim this underlying love of the universe, and prove to all but the shameless minions of Ingersoll atheism, that the Eternal giveth "Beauty for Ashes" wherever a human heart is willing, or any burnt and hardened spot of the world can possibly respond.

If the skeptic, the pessimist replies: "And He giveth ashes for beauty as well," murders millions in shipwreck, crushes other millions to death in avalanches of volcanic flames, dooms whole cities to destruction by cyclones, devastates vast areas of the world by pestilence and infectious disease, I ask, how little of all this is traceable directly to God's Providence, and how much of it to man's own degraded and ambitious will; and even when the bolt of destruction is direct from heaven, how few of us are smitten compared with the vast millions who deserve to be smitten, and how quickly the recuperating forces of Nature and of mankind, working with an overruling Providence, build the waste places and heal the broken hearts that remain.

The theme is endless and full of beauty. I could quote chapter after chapter in the prophet Isaiah alone—then fly to the gospels, the epistles, the Apocalypse—yea, to all the prophets, poets and master singers of the world, and prove to you that the divine in us, the beautiful ministry above us, are all in touch with the cheerful view of Nature and Providence, so sweetly sung in the three simple words of our text—"Beauty for Ashes"—until all the eternal springs of

love are hopeless and dry; and, surely, like a good host, I have kept the best wine for the last.

What are all the thoughts I have mentioned—all the testimony of all the ages and the worlds touching the working of this divine law in Nature and in ordinary human affairs—compared with the thought, the fact of its supreme and perpetual working in the supernatural realms for the redemption, evolution and glorification of the moral and spiritual soul and life of man?

Whatever we may think of the Eden story, of the fall, of sin in the abstract, or as taught in the dogma and philosophy of Christendom, every intelligent and honest-minded man knows only too well that there is somewhere a sad rift in the lute of time. Whoever Adam was and however he came into being, by Darwinian methods or by pure creation, the story of the first man is simply the story of every man since born into the world—the sweet Edens of childhood, the richer and rarer Edens of pure and exalted conscious manhood, not to speak of the ordinary lives of ordinary mankind—how surely and how constantly are they invaded by the tempter, darkened and shadow-covered, and filled with despair by the yieldings of the tempted, until the experience of every man forces him to hide from the face of God and to seek in a thousand ways to ease his troubled conscience, to find some sort of union with the broken eternal harmony between God and his own human soul.

And whatever men may think of the dogmas of the Church concerning the one and only divine method of healing the broken heart of the world, of restoring its peace, of recreating and inspiring the human will toward unity with the divine, of sanctifying the human soul through the special and supernatural gift of grace by faith in His incarnate Son, as expounded and offered in the Sacraments of the Church, the simple facts of all the nations as recorded through all the ages of history must convince the reason of the intelligent that wave after wave of evil, passion, greed, lust, ambition, injustice, and million-fold wrongs—even judged by such standards as the best men of the race have set up as standards of the true and the good—has swept nation after nation and people after people to utter destruction, so that the only view of the record that bears the semblance of reason is that some overruling Providence has, in sheer justice, let loose the flames of eternal vengeance until from the Nile to the Ganges, from the plains of the Himalayas to the Alps, to the Tiber, to the Rhine, yea, from the Delaware to the Mississippi and

across our new plains to the Golden Gate and the peaceful sea, they have devoured effete and wasted nations of men, leaving only or mainly heaps of ashes and the long, low wailings of countless millions of dead.

Either the nations have been too sinful to be allowed to live, or the soul of the eternal Destroyer of nations is unjust to the core.

Scholarly saints like Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll take the latter view of the case, and curse God as long as their cursing pays.

The more intelligent and more truthful of the human race have always felt that the nations got only their deserts, and that the eternal heart of Providence was not only just, but kind.

Again, whatever conclusion men may reach concerning the causes or the justice at the heart of the destructions of the nations, they must admit that human reason has never yet found a preventive or a cure, and the deeper they reason, the more clearly will they be convinced with Plato and other deeper thinkers among the ancients that only an incarnate God, entering our human nature, so inspiring it at the very fountains of our being—inspiring our very flesh, and mind, and heart, and will toward a new ideal of life, could or can possibly avert from future ages and nations the calamities that have befallen the ages and nations of the past.

Now it is this highest and last conceivable ideal beauty of eternity that I am to preach in this sermon—the Rose of Sharon—the Star of Bethlehem—the Bright and Morning star—the Sun of Righteousness—the idealized, the actual, highest possible human incarnation of God's eternal love—as God is Love.

You all know of Jesus of Nazareth—the Christ, the Son of the living God—God with us. I will not press the dogma that there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved. I do not forget that, to say "you must" to a human being, is to make him feel, if not to say, "I won't." I will not trespass on the realm of dogma, I am simply pointing a moral to this and to that acknowledged incident of history. I can prove—have proven in No. 8 of this REVIEW—that Jesus of Nazareth met and still meets all conceivable ideals and demands of human reason concerning a possible incarnation of God; and if this was what we needed—if all highest as well as lowest methods of mere human ministry failed the nations of old, and are sure to fail us as well—surely it is worth the while of every intelligent human soul to study well the person of Jesus, and if he is, as tens of thousands of pure, and holy, and gifted,

and wise, and exalted human souls have seen, professed and believed—the Christ, the unrivaled and anointed of heaven—incarnate expressly and especially for our redemption—the healer of all ancient hurts, the ideal dream of manhood for the future, the Saviour, lover, leader, inspirer of all that is conceivably great, and tender, and loving, and lovable in all the future ages of the world, surely we have in him, the last and greatest fulfillment of the old and beautiful poem of the prophet—that God giveth Beauty for Ashes in all the realms of his universal and eternal reign.

For as man in his ordinary intellectual life is master of and superior to all natural objects and things, so man in his moral life—yea, supremely in his spiritual life—guided by eternal love, is superior to every other form or conception of human life, and as Jesus stood and stands as the ideal, incarnate, eternal love in human form, He is so inconceivably the most beautiful object in the universe that it were a dream of barbarous and blackened darkness of the human soul to do less than love Him with all the heart, and mind, and will.

But this is only looking at Jesus as an ideal personal being, in contrast with all the wrecks, as with all the heroes of past human history. They are gone to ashes. He remaineth the eternal Son of God's eternal love, ever with us—the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But it is not alone in His person and life, it is supremely in His ministry to and for the human race that Jesus becomes the ideal realization of the poet-prophet's words.

Nineteen hundred years ago His last agonized cry went up to God apparently unanswered: "My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" That is the bitterest cry that ever rent the ears of the world, and those who understand it best—those who, having striven for His own ideal of love, have felt the same or a similar agony, are the last to wonder why the heavens closed in darkness round the world that hour, a darkness such as had never been known before.

The richest pearl of all the universe had been flung away. The rarest flower that ever grew in the shape of a chaste and stainless human soul had been plucked, and spit upon, and spurned. The holiest life of eternal loyalty to the dreams of divine love had been scorned as an upstart, pestilent fellow—a disturber of the blasphemous and egotistic piety of His own day.

For an hour—for a day—the new Edens of human hopes that centred around Him grew darker than the primal Eden of old—dust

to dust, ashes to ashes—even the bleeding heart of God's love now all gone to dust and ashes, to agony and despair.

Surely there will be no sunrise on the morrow. Surely no new morning of hope will ever bless the world. "His blood be upon us and upon our children," was the blasphemous cry of the saints of His day. So little did they understand the deathless form of all philosophy—that "God is Love, and whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." In truth, do we understand it in these late days? Dear friends, the morning cometh, and no blackest or widest cloud can ever wholly envelop the world.

I suppose it was comparatively easy for the Almighty to make a natural man, whatever processes He employed. Plainly, it was a far more difficult work to make a God-man, and even that was trivial compared with the work of making the human race into the likeness of this God-man. Yet, this is the process of Beauty for Ashes—going on in all our hearts and in all nations to-day.

Nineteen hundred years ago it was rocked in the cradle of Bethlehem, nailed to the cross on Calvary, revived on the day of Pentecost, persecuted to death in the catacombs, then heralded by kings, built into no end of creeds, churches, temples, souls of martyrs, saints; and to-day the altars of Christ's eternal love are flower crowned, crowded with loving hearts, and the shrines of His beauty of soul are the rainbows, dawns, sun splendors, adorations, anthems of a loving world, and measureless are the heavens of fadeless beauty of love and life that are springing from the ashes of Christ's love and despair.

All the hillsides of the world are dotted with temples devoted to His worship. All the crowded cities of modern civilization are safe-guarded and blessed and beautified alike by the aspiring pinacles of His churches and the blessed altars and sanctuaries wherein His presence dwells.

Tens of millions of human hearts wherein dwelt, by nature, the ashes of lust, of doubt, and despair, have found through Him the rest, the hope, the beauty of faith and eternal love springing up within them and growing stronger and more beautiful through all their human lives.

The nations that sat in darkness have seen a great light; eyes that were blinded by sin and shame have seen the heavens opened, and a new world—a new universe of enchanting beauty, ruled by the deeper enchantment of perfect wisdom and perfect love.

As gold among metals, as the diamond among precious stones, as the sun among all visible heavenly worlds, as the sinless face of perfect love among the jaded and debauched faces of a world of lust, so is the beautiful face, the stainless soul of this star of eternal hope among the wrecked hearts and nations of mankind. In truth, it is God's own fadeless and stainless beauty of incarnate love for all the ashes of ruined human history.

The grand and massive architecture of ancient Egypt was a wondrous victory over the sand and ashes of the valley of the Nile. The famed gardens and palaces of ancient Babylon must have seemed like deathless Edens of perpetual beauty in place of the rugged slopes of crumbling hillsides that first met the eyes of the founders of the old Persian civilization. The temples of Greece—more beautiful than any buildings before or since erected on the face of the world—and her splendid sculpture, so life-like that to this hour all our modern work seems tame and artificial beside it. The great and new-arched and pillared glories of ancient Rome—what masteries of beauty were in all these over the primal and chaotic nebulae of existence out of which the ancients had to build and live. And the once venerable and lovely temple of Jerusalem, in preparation for which David hoarded, and for the building of which Solomon strained every thought and nerve: what a transformation from the ashes of the earlier Hebrew bondage, the desert wanderings and the days of their moving tabernacle of beautiful devotion; but most of all this has long since crumbled into ashes again.

In truth, so swift are the winged winds of heaven that already many of the earlier temples of Christendom, and these the most beautiful ever reared by mortal hand, have fallen to decay. So transient are all the merely physical works of mankind, while the higher beauties of the mind, of the heart, of love and of martyrdom for love's sake—as supremely manifested by Jesus of Nazareth—are as fadeless and immortal as the very being of God. In truth, such love is the heart and care of God's own being.

Would that I could make men understand this—that Christ—that Christianity—is not slavery to irrational creeds, but loyalty to the sweetest and loveliest soul that ever was born or that ever can be born into this world, and that once the human heart yields itself to this ideal holy of holies of all the sacrednesses of the universe, every dogma of the Church becomes more rational and more believable than any simplest proposition ever formed by mortal man.

I doubt not there are many touches of ancient Egyptian wisdom embodied in the earlier books of the Hebrew Scriptures usually attributed to Moses. God works by means, and the evolution of Hebrew life in Egypt was plainly that, through Moses, the favored son of the race, whatever was good and worth perpetuating in the old Egyptian civilization should be given, through him, with a divine touch of a new divine unity and a higher moral law to the Hebrew race, and through them to the succeeding ages of mankind. And the modern Christian—Catholic or what not—who turns up his nose at the literary, moral or other accomplishments of the ancient nations may be an excellent bigot, but he is utterly unfit to be the interpreter of God or human history for the benefit of modern ages.

Precisely the same is true of the modern scientist—old mound digger, or what not—who has buried his nose so long in the mines of ancient cities, the crumbings of ancient mountains, the fly-specks of ancient parchments, that he is incapable of seeing the richer and rarer eternal splendors of thought that have come into the world through the love, and life, and death of Jesus, the eternal Son of God.

I admire the dramas of Sophocles in their way as profoundly as I admire the dramas of Shakespeare, and I look upon each as a manifestation of Beauty for Ashes in his own sphere, but Dante sings a higher theme than any ancient ever knew, and touches higher realms of poetic beauty than any poet has ever touched who was not inspired by the absorbing, all-conquering and all-beautiful thought of redeeming love. But Dante is only a faint re-echo of Isaiah, of St. Paul, of John in the Apocalypse, and these again are only faint echoes of the world-mastering soul who gave His precious life for His love's sake, and by his death and resurrection crowned the endless eternities with such radiant "Beauty for Ashes" that only the true, and the brave, and the humble, and the meek, and the lowly of heart are able to look upon His eternal splendor and to dream of dawns and mid-days, of cloudless ineffable beauties of being, of thought, of love, and of the eternal dwellings of love in the stainless heavens of eternity.

So through Christ and His Church—as I understand it all—is this eternal law of loving, divine benevolence going on in all parts of the world to-day, and so destined to go on until every available atom of the universe, every available thought, despair, effort, hope, and hopelessness of man shall be transformed into the beauty of faith,

hope and charity—the eternal triplets of redemption—evolved, created anew, made lovable and loving by the grace of the older Trinity of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the hidden, mystic glory of all eternity.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

IN SAN ONOFRIO.

WITHIN the little church upon the slope
 Of Rome's Janiculum dead Tasso lies;
 Above his grave sweet prayers and incense rise;
 And from the painted window Christ, our hope,
 Imparts a light with which no shadows cope.
 The sun-suffused arches glow like skies;
 O Tasso! is not this thy paradise,
 Or is thy heaven a realm of wider scope?

In prayerful hush the saints and angels dream;
 While Mary and the reading Child are still;
 Celestial peace and holiness are there:
 Oh, it were well to find across death's stream,
 After a life beset with direst ill,
 This heavenly calm on-stealing unaware!

ABIGAIL TAYLOR.

A NEW LITERARY GENIUS.

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND, AND OTHER STORIES.

By Mrs. ELLA HIGGINSON. The Calvert Company: Seattle, Wash.

This book is one of the pleasantest visitors that has ever honored the GLOBE office. It is the old story. Just as the world is sick of such dullards as Lowell, and Holmes, and Howells, and James, not to speak of whole nameless gangs of such writers as Steadman and Fawcett, and is dreaming that genius has fled to the woods or the stars, here comes a woman all the way from Seattle, breathing the air of the Western mountains and seas, bringing us a "flower that grew in the sand," and the soul of it, the brightness of it, the daz-

zling natural beauty of it, from cover to cover, are all so captivating that we of the East would weave laurel wreaths for her—threaded with violets, dashed with true English primroses, threaded with jessamine and little tufts of heliotrope, and all the latest of our choicest roses—giving her beauty for beauty and love for love.

And the Seattle printers and publishers of the book are to be congratulated. The illustrations are nothing to speak of, but the printing and binding and the total make-up of the work are equal to the best of the famous Cambridge Press, which has done such excellent work these many years for certain Boston publishers.

The typical sand flower is the cactus, hence a very dainty illustration of this is stamped in good green and red on the first cover—not gaudy and foolish, as they do so many things in the West, but modest, neat, characteristic and beautiful. And the book is full of flowers—larkspur, old moss roses, candytuff, asters, sweet peas, etc., the old favorites of the village gardens—but the flowers that grow in the sand and those that bloom in the spring—old-fashioned and new-fashioned—are nothing compared with the flowers of creative genius, of clearly outlined character, of moral worth and homely heroism, that adorn the pages of Mrs. Higginson's stories.

These stories have appeared in certain magazines and newspapers, but it is with modern stories and choice poems and other literary work appearing in our magazines—much as Carlyle once said of his inimitable "Sartor Resartus"—that it had fallen asleep in *Fraser's Magazine*. *Fraser's* was the best English magazine in its day, and our magazines seem, at times, to keep new writers of genius from starvation and nameless hells of despair, but a poem, a story, or any good literary work must get itself into a book before the world will properly appreciate it, and I am very glad that Mrs. Higginson's stories have found this form. They are well worthy of their present setting, and they ought to be read by admiring millions.

In clippings of notices that accompany the book, the *Chicago Journal*, the *Northwest Magazine*, the *Chicago Graphic* and other papers, plainly ignorant of all literary discrimination, compare Mrs. Higginson's work with Joaquin Miller's, intending to compliment Mrs. Higginson by such comparisons.

Such critics not only make me tired, they make me swear—in whispers, of course. The truth is, that Joaquin Miller was always a posing slouch: simply this and nothing more. He never wrote a perfect sentence or a perfect stanza of poetry in all his days. He is

simply the Walt Whitman-cowboy literateur of the Western backwoods—the booted, open-throated, open-mouthed slouch of American literature. But Mrs. Higginson writes only perfect sentences. I am now speaking of her work as literary matter. Either by some hereditary gift of ancient genius, or by suffering and writing and thinking and working till the sands of the Western seas have filtered the flowing thoughts of her soul to pure diamonds, she has mastered the art of writing.

Every fellow can write in our day—thanks to the clap-trap of our public schools—still there is not one good writer in a million, and Mrs. Higginson is one of these.

In her choice of home-like characters of the Far Western type, and in her clear-cut delineation of such characters, Mrs. Higginson more nearly resembles Bret Harte than any other American writer, and Bret Harte was, and still remains, the cleverest literary genius this country has produced since its neglect of genius murdered Edgar Allen Poe.

But Mrs. Higginson is not another Bret Harte. Her writings indicate that she is a Christian, that she has imbibed from the eternal fountains of truth a clear perception of those moral heroisms known only to men and women who are in the secret of Christ's passionate and redemptive love.

This Bret Harte never knew, and the entire theme of it was, and remains, a mockery in the life of such harlequins as Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman. As for Mr. Howells, I understand that he never read the scriptures till he was a grown man. God pity these poor, half-starved literary souls who presume to teach in the nineteenth Christian century, and still have never learned or tried to live the first principles of Christian life.

In truth, it is on account of what I will call the moral sublimity, found somewhere or other in all Mrs. Higginson's stories, that I have been moved to say of her work the best word I am able to say.

In every story the true hero or heroine, through some heroic ministry of self-sacrifice, conquers all the devils in sight and becomes a sane human being.

It is true that this very element in her work gives it a kind of sameness or monotony, but the stories were written at different times for different periodicals, and the sameness referred to is not noticeable unless one reads them all—as I read them—consecutively.

I do not know either the age or the circumstances of Mrs. Higgin-

son, but her pen is touched with a live coal from off the altar of human genius, and I hope she will give us some extended life story—like these short sketches—without any padding, and make herself as famous as her great gifts deserve.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ARE WE A CHRISTIAN NATION?

It is assumed by a number of popular writers that certain countries are Christian countries, and that our own dear land caps the sublime height of all by its identification with Christian principles. Puzzling my brain over the problem involved in the question: Are there any countries properly denominated Christian? I thought mayhap the *GLOBE REVIEW* might have a clear solution of the enigma right at hand for weak mortals like myself who cannot arrive at a definite conclusion. Is it Christian, or a degenerate from the old-time Christendom? Some one has remarked that the degeneration of a nation manifests itself step by step in the corruption of its language, but to comprehend the remark we must understand what degeneration is, and what corruption of a language is. We resort to Webster as our present acknowledged standard of definitions for information, and find the word "degeneration" traced to the Latin "degener," "that departs from its race or kind—to be or grow worse than one's kind." To illustrate its use he presents a phrase, "Our degeneration and apostasy," from Bates, and another, "To recover mankind out of their universal corruption and degeneracy," from Clarke. We cannot mistake, these both refer to spiritual loss; the one to the departure of our first parents from the original state in which the nature of the race was constituted; the other, to some departure from the state of spiritual enlightenment in Christ, the principle of degeneration and corruption being in the citadel of thought itself. The one corruption a loss of the natural law afterwards recorded on stone by Moses; the other, a rejection of the Beatitudes recorded in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, as the ideal law of individual perfection and social well-being in community life.

Man utters his true word by interior speech called forth by external objects through the five senses. The soul makes acquaintance with itself and becomes confusedly conscious of an absolute law of

right and wrong imprinted in its creation as evidence of the Creator's will, by this method alone. If, then, this interior conscience be perverted, the soul has departed from the natural condition of its race or kind and become degenerate; if, from the law of Blessedness revealed to man and held by faith, it degenerates from Christianity, no longer possessing as an ideal what Christ taught his apostles, and through them the whole world. Now, even in spite of an intention which a man may have to deceive, the interior action of the soul in speech will inevitably manifest externally the reality within through his language and conduct. How, then, can a country whose government is for the people, by the people, be denominated by any just distinction a Christian country, when the ruling majorities are not even united on the meaning of what a Christian is? A learned author in the field of metaphysics has said it is impossible to express with clearness and precision certain ideas having close connection with Christian philosophy and theology in the English of the present day. The ideas, originally linked with certain words, it seems, have by degrees been obliterated from the minds of the English people at large since their fall from the center of enlightenment, and the words expressive of those ideas have changed their significance or have become obsolete. A solution of the old saying, "He will never set the river on fire," which appeared recently in the columns of *St. Nicholas*, illustrates how words may degenerate into an absurdity from the original ideas represented. In England, previous to the invention of the miller's sieve, each family made use of what was called a temse, for the purpose of sifting their flour. It was fixed in the top of the flour barrel and turned round and round, but if turned too rapidly there was danger of setting the temse afire. A lazy boy would never work hard enough for this, and to designate that one was lazy, "He will never set the temse afire" passed into a proverb. The miller's sieve was invented, and the temse discarded, while the proverb remained to those who knew no temse, but the River Thames, which is pronounced precisely the same as the name of the old culinary utensil. Thus, to set the Thames afire was identified with setting any other river afire.

The author above alluded to wrote some years since thus: "It is the abuse of one word that does the greatest mischief in the department of physics. This word is force. Its frequent misapplication tends to confound and falsify the whole doctrine of physical causation." Reviewing certain passages drawn from Grove's "Correlation

of Physical Forces," he points out the ambiguity which results from such misapplication, and says: "The words cause, power, force, and others of the same kind have, indeed, been maintained, as they could not easily be dispensed with; but they receive a new interpretation—they have become "kinds of motion," and have been identified with the phenomena; that is, with the effects themselves; thus, "movement" is now everything.

No other word in the English vocabulary has been more abused than that of "Christian," except it be that of "God," and this was amusingly manifested—if so serious a matter can ever be amusing—when a popular Congregationalist minister of this city proposed the question: "What is a Christian?" and the replies were published in a local daily, no two of which were identical. Ask a child, "What is a kingdom?" and he answers like everybody else, "A country subject to a king." Ask what is a Mahomedan country? The answer is, evidently, a country subjected to the principles promulgated by Mahomet. But if you, in like manner, state that a Christian country is one subjected to the principles promulgated by Jesus Christ, and aim at precision, you have immediately to start anew and inquire: "What are these principles?" and where shall we find the ultimate authority whose function it is to declare them? At least, two confident opposing authorities are in the field—the Roman Catholic Pope of Rome and Wilford Woodruff, President of the Mormon Church. Webster defines "Christendom," "That portion of the world which is governed under Christian institutions." It is important to comprehend the exact meaning of the qualifying term. The dictionary notifies us that Milton speaks of the Arian doctrines dividing Christendom; but we know from history that thus divided, one unity was left—the unity of public worship. The sacrifice of Calvary continued in the Holy Mass was offered alike by Catholic and Arian. But now the old Christendom has been subjected to so many subdivisions, public worship changed from its universal character of sacrifice understood from the beginning of the world by every people, heathen, Hebrew and Catholic, as significant of reasonable service, the term Christendom is obsolete under its former meaning, and sermons to please the auditors, extemporaneous prayer of an individual, and the music of a trained choir takes the place of public worship. Again I ask, how can a country be denominated Christian without it unites publicly in the worship of Christ, the Man who is the Son of God, eternal, immense, simple, unchangeable,

independent, all-sufficient, and incomprehensible to the finite understanding, in the manner He chose to institute?

The word "Christian," like that of "force," has been misapplied to such an extent and received so many new interpretations, that the thing intended by the term when first used at Antioch has become obsolete outside of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. Natural virtues which may grace even an infidel are assumed to be the distinctive marks of the Christian, and any one who leads a characterless, inoffensive life, making himself all things to all men rather than antagonize another's opinion, though this same inoffensive one should insult his Maker by suicide at last, will be lauded as a Christian by his friends, and his suicide set down to his credit as charity. He or she could not become a burden on others. The distinctively Christian idea of "saint" and of "martyr" is lost outside the Catholic Church. The saint is no longer, in common parlance, the one who makes the self-abnegation of Jesus Christ the pattern of his daily life. The martyr is no longer one who, knowing revealed truth, voluntarily surrenders his life rather than deny it by any word or action controlled by his will. A bravado or a fanatic who throws away his life for a vague, unreasonable opinion, is often dubbed a martyr nowadays. Such is the corruption of language which manifests the degeneration of Christendom. Arius substituted his own private judgment for the infallible authority, still maintaining that he was a Christian. Mahomet corrupted the principles of Christ by the substitution of heathen morals. Yet Christ, according to him, was a great prophet. And now in this Western republic, Latter Day Saints arise and build flourishing cities, and are admitted as citizens, the peers of the governing people. They believe in Christ, but according to their own interpretation, like all the other so-called Christian sects who deem it a privilege to rely on the private interpretation of sacred books. The Mormon's faith is now published, for the enlightenment of the world at large, in the "Pictorial Reflex of Salt Lake City and Vicinity." It is well, if ours is a Christian country, that the public should know from the Saints themselves how Christian they are. The author of the "Reflex" tells us the Mormons' faith includes belief in God, the Eternal Father, in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost. God is a perfect being, possessing body, parts and passions. Christ said he was the express image of His Father's person. God is the Father of the spirits of mankind. The atonement of Christ was de-

signed to enable fallen humanity to return to the presence of their Eternal Father. The Church established by Jesus Christ was destroyed, and a general apostasy from the primitive order was the consequence. God did not acknowledge the man-made systems that thus sprung up. No man has the right to act as the servant of God unless he possesses the authority by revelation. It was, therefore, necessary that God should delegate some one in this age to act as His representative, so that the same order as that established by Jesus Christ could be again restored in these latter times. Joseph Smith was the one selected, and through the administration of an angel, the Holy Priesthood was again restored to the earth with all its orders and graces, as enjoyed in ancient times. The Bible is the record of God's dealing with mankind in the Eastern world, and the Book of Mormon, as revealed to Joseph Smith, is also a record of His dealings with the ancient people who dwelt on the American Continent, and these sacred books mean what they say and must be understood similarly to all other histories. The sphere of woman is as noble as that of man, and she is entitled to all the rights she can enjoy. All capable persons should marry, and any man who shirks the obligation of matrimony is a dangerous element in society. Marriage is a sacred compact, and should be made for time and all eternity, and must be performed in buildings erected for that purpose. Marriage, under well-defined regulations, is necessary to the proper development of the sexes, mentally and physically, and unrestricted or unauthorized relations between the sexes are illegitimate and an abomination in the sight of God. So much for Mormon Christianity. One instructed in the first principles of natural and revealed religion could never be deceived by such absurdity, but how many are uninstructed who are seeking in some sort of a way a positive teacher—and the Mormon prophet is positive. A man dying with consumption read Catholic books that I loaned him, and was enamored, but finally, with marked reluctance, confided to me that he had once been duped, and knew not how to trust anything again. He was naturally a thinker, but had picked up his knowledge here and there while a butler in a London residence. Listening to Mormon missionaries he became enthusiastic, disposed of all he had, and came to Salt Lake City. A few months served to cure him of his enthusiasm, and he forsook the saints and hired out as a day laborer on farms in the West, where his employers lorded it over their servants as he had never known amongst the

aristocracy of England. Thus he had lost confidence in the rational conclusions of his own intellect, and was too inert to grapple with the proof Catholic Christianity brings.

ELIZABETH A. ADAMS.

Rockford, Ill.

OUR ARBITRATION FIASCO.

I AM writing this article quite as much to ridicule certain brainless enthusiasms of the American people as to expose what seems to me the utter futility of the treaty of arbitration, concerning which so much newspaper and other idiocy has been already expended, and as the comment of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia seems to me stupider, more sophomoric and bombastic than any other newspaper utterance on the subject, I have chosen its paragraph as the text of this brief article.

People who read the last *GLOBE REVIEW* will remember that the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia is one of the various pious relics of the late St. George W. Childs, etc., etc.

Here is what the *Public Ledger* had to say of our now famous arbitration treaty:

“Regarded from the viewpoints of Christianity, humanity, civilization, common sense, reason and justice, the signing of the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain is the most important and profoundly interesting international incident of the century now drawing to its close. It is impossible to magnify the influence of this convention not only upon the destinies of the two puissant nations directly concerned, but upon the cause of peace and international concord and comity throughout the civilized and, we may hope, the semi-civilized world.”

My first comment will be upon the *Ledger's* paragraph; then upon other newspaper paragraphs, and through these upon the treaty itself.

What impresses a trained newspaper editor immediately is, that the *Ledger* paragraph could have been written by any college boy or girl simply impressed with recent popular clamor, and without ever having studied the text of the treaty at all, and the probability is that the writer of said paragraph never had studied the treaty.

My second comment is, that any one of quite a number of treaties that this nation has made and broken with the Indians and with the Chinese during this century was of infinitely more importance than the treaty in question, and as for the "influence of this convention" upon "the destinies of the two puissant nations," etc., etc., "from the viewpoints of Christianity, humanity," etc., etc., that is the veriest rot that even the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia ever perpetrated; but when a "great newspaper" has a little-headed dude for editor-in-chief, what can its utterances on great subjects be but unutterably contemptible?

In the first place, I call attention to the pettiness of this treaty, as expressed in its own terms. The treaty contains fifteen articles, the subjects of arbitration being divided into three classes—pecuniary claims of less than \$500,000, pecuniary claims exceeding \$500,000, and territorial claims.

In any case, there is no likelihood that Great Britain and the United States would go to war over a pecuniary claim less than the amount first mentioned, and in case of claims exceeding \$500,000 the conditions of the treaty are so complex and unreasonable that no satisfactory solution would likely be reached by the process of arbitration.

On this point the *Washington Post* has a discriminating paragraph that the *Ledger* man should have read before breathing his superb *Te Deum*. The *Post's* paragraph is as follows:

"When it comes to really serious questions, however—questions of territory and, incidentally, of national prestige, sovereignty, and honor, the value of the proposed arrangement is not so apparent. . . . Here, it will be seen, a final verdict is provided for—but how? By 'an award by a majority of not less than five to one!' The tribunal is to be composed of six members—three chosen by the United States and three chosen by Great Britain—and it requires a majority of five to one to declare a judgment which either party to the controversy is bound to respect. Does any rational human being imagine that two Englishmen out of three selected to represent their country in a case involving its territorial possessions and, therefore, its national dignity and honor, will ever vote with the opposition? Does any one suppose a similar absurdity on the part of any two of our representatives? Of course, the treaty provides that in case of disagreement there shall be no resort to hostile measures until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited; but is it not as clear as day that, humanly speaking, the protocol fails in things of real importance?"

There is no need of adding a word to this. The writer had read the treaty, and wrote from the viewpoints of Christianity, humanity, etc., etc.

It is true Article IX. declares that

"Territorial claims include all other claims involving questions of servitude, rights of navigation and of access; fisheries and all rights and interests necessary to the control and enjoyment of the territory claimed by either of the high contracting parties,"

but the difficult conditions noted by the *Post* apply in such cases.

I seldom agree with anything the *New York Sun* has to say on questions relating to England and America, but I agree with it exactly when it asserts that

"There is a growing impression among good Americans who are not carried away by sentimental impulses, that where this proposed treaty is not mere humbug it is highly dangerous to vital American interests, and where it is not positively dangerous, it is mere humbug."

Not to seem one-sided however, I here reproduce a paragraph from the *New York Literary Digest* giving the other side of opinion. It says:

"Two of the three grand old men of European statesmanship, Gladstone and Crispi, inform the *Journal* that they find the treaty a great step in the right direction, 'indicating' adds the Sage of Hawarden, 'a sound conviction worthy of Christians.' Justin McCarthy thinks it is 'the highest point civilization has yet reached.' Henri Rochefort applauds it as 'doing away with physical force and accomplishing good work for civilization.' James Bryce, the great historian and constitutional authority, says: 'There can be no more potent influence for peace and good-will between the two great kindred nations and no better example to the world.' 'It is a blow struck for humanity,' exclaims the French statesman, M. Clemenceau. All other famous men (including Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin; Visconti Venosta, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Rome; Alfred Austin, England's Poet Laureate; Albert Rollit, President Associated Chambers of Commerce; John Burns, Sir John Lubbock, and Rev. Joseph Parker, of London) who communicated their views to the *Journal* wrote in the same strain, with not one dissenting view."

Of these, however, one may add that Gladstone is in his second childhood, and was always an optimist rather than an exact or close thinker; that Crispi's opinion on the morals of civilization is not worth the paper it may be written on; that Justin McCarthy is nat-

urally given to phraseology rather than to thought; that Rochefort is a worn-out politician of the worst French type, that James Bryce and the other gentlemen mentioned are all used to going off half-cocked on politico-moral problems, and that their opinions one way or the other do not affect the facts indicated.

It is worth while, moreover, to remind the jubilant hurrah boys that though the unseemly and unreasonable assertion of what certain editors choose to call the "Monroe Doctrine," by Mr. Olney was the characteristic Jonathan Spark that led to all this uproar concerning a universal treaty, etc., no mention is made in this treaty of the "Monroe Doctrine," and no recognition made of its claims. In explaining this to a committee of the United States Senate, Mr. Olney is reported to have said that

"It (the Monroe doctrine) had not been mentioned in the treaty, for to do so would have been impolitic and dangerous. The provisions of Article VI relative to the method of procedure in territorial claims gave assurance that all the rights of this country in any dispute would be carefully guarded. That article stipulated that any award to be final must be made by a vote of not less than five to one in a court consisting of three American jurists and three English. It could not be conceived that two Americans would join the English side of the court on any question, unless they were warranted in so doing by the facts and the presentation of the case before the court. A five-to-one award guaranteed absolute fairness and justice, and disarmed all the criticism that had been directed against the convention."

Now the other and more reasonable view of this five-to-one business is the view taken by the *Washington Post* and the *New York Sun*—viz., that it renders the treaty practically useless by reason of the difficulty of its action where important questions are concerned.

I understand that the *New York Times* is now on the high road to new prosperity, by reason of its appeal for a higher order of journalism than that usually given us in New York City, and here is what the *New York Times* declared on the subject:

"If every preacher in the land to-morrow should state the true character of the general arbitration treaty and point the way of duty to the Senate of the United States, it would be a useful and righteous exercise of his functions. That noble agreement appeals not only to the followers of Christ, but to every religious society and,, indeed, to all men of humane hearts and just minds."

In my opinion, the preachers of the land had better mind their own business and try to preach on subjects that they are supposed, at least, to understand.

I have not seen Roosevelt's or Parkhurst's opinion on the treaty, but they are a pair of wild ducks—say, mud hens—any way, and it does not matter.

The simple truth is, that so far from this treaty being in any sense an agreement in recognition of Olney's stupid claims as to the "Monroe Doctrine," so-called, and so far from the treaty giving Americans any right to presume that the committee appointed to arbitrate on the Venezuelan claims—out of which all this hullabaloo arose—will act fairly toward American pretensions in the case, the presumption is all the other way; but I do not care to go into that till the final conclusion on the Venezuelan claims is reached. Meanwhile, I conclude these quotations with a comment from Lord Salisbury, who "candidly states that while the arbitration treaty will provide an easy method for the settlement of small differences, it will not remove the great risks of war. That is to say, things that are not worth fighting about will be amicably adjusted, and the others will be referred to the arbitrament of the sword as heretofore."

In a word, as I stated at the outset, the treaty is complex enough; but, in reality, a petty affair, utterly unworthy the jubilation already made over it, and were I a full-fledged Yankee—which, thank God, I am not—I should advise all patriotic Americans not to suspend fireworks on the next Fourth of July, because John Bull had hid his horns for a moment, and had once more played spider to our American fly.

I had intended to treat this subject from a much higher standpoint than that involved in any of the quotations made, and I should be unjust to my own sense of duty if I failed to add a word in that direction.

I hold that wars are waged or averted not wholly by the will of man or of nations. I hold that all the great wars of past history were inevitable by reason of the existing immoral conditions of the nations engaged in them; that a great clearing of the hell-slums of human pride, lust and wrongdoing had to come in each case, and that it is only as modern nations—through Christianity—rise higher in the scale of practical daily morality than they have risen at this stage of world history, that wars can be averted by any human power or combination of treaty, guarantee, or what not; and I have no

doubt,—have had no doubt these last twenty-five years—that the close of this century will witness one of the most brutal and devastating wars the world has ever known. I predicted this more than a quarter of a century ago; have again and again asserted the certainty of it until others have taken up the cry, and my assertions, first, last, and to-day, are based upon a careful study of the military and moral phenomena of the nations of the world in this generation, as compared with said phenomena during and preceding any of the great war periods in all past ages of the world.

We may shake hands and weep in sympathy, or shout for joy in view of our supposed escape from the bloody chasm here opened to our eyes. It stretches black and hideous all the same. We cannot escape it. Mere mouthing orators on supposed Irish wrongs and American glories do not understand this problem, but I shall live to see the truth of this article vindicated and my prophecy fulfilled.

Nations cannot escape the natural results of their actions any more than individual men and, by this law, the justice of Heaven will pull many of our babels about our ears inside of the next five years.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CATHOLICISM UNDER ELIZABETH.

FROM the reports of the bishops as to the state of religion in the winter of 1564,* we can scarcely be surprised that, to use Mr. Froude's words, "in the spring of 1565, party strife within the Elizabethan establishment had already commenced in earnest. . . . Elizabeth had many times expressed her intention to bring the Church to order," but it was more easy said than done.

On the one hand, the royal injunctions for uniformity in the use of the cassock, surplice, priest's cap and wafer-cake drove the more extreme of the Puritan party into open opposition, and "the most frequented of the London churches became the scenes of scandal and riot, or were left without service. . . . The Bishop of London† was besieged in his house at St. Paul's by mobs of raging women, whom he vainly entreated to go away and send their hus-

* See previous article.

† Edmund Grindal.

bands instead.”* On the other, it was transparent “that vast numbers of the Catholic clergy were left undisturbed in their benefices, who scarcely cared to conceal their creed;” while, to complete the confusion, “on Good Friday (1565) the Queen’s Almoner, Guest, the High Church Bishop of Rochester,† preached a sermon before her in the Chapel Royal, in which he again and again defended the Real Presence.” It is recorded that, so delighted were some northern gentlemen present to hear the old doctrine proclaimed once more before their sovereign, that, forgetting the sacred character of the place, they burst into vehement applause, shouting loudly: “By God, that is the truth!”

“In June, 1565, the Council were unanimous that scarcely a third of the population were to be trusted in matters of religion.”‡

The Catholic party had commenced to reassert itself. “In 1560 the recent loss of Calais and the danger of foreign invasion had united the nation in defence of its independence. Two-thirds of the Peers were opposed at heart to Cecil’s policy, but the menaces of France had aroused the national patriotism. Spain was perplexed and neutral, and the Catholics had been for a time paralyzed by the recent memories of the Marian persecution, while the Protestants were disheartened; they had gained no wisdom by suffering; the most sincere among them were as wild and intolerant as those who had made the reign of Edward a by-word of mismanagement, and Catholicism recovering, was reasserting the superiority which the

* Froude’s History of England.

† It is curious to compare this sermon with Guest’s letter to Sir William Cecil nearly seven years before (Strype’s annals), in which he expresses strong Protestant opinions. He holds “that ceremonies misused for idolatry ought to be taken away, cites examples to justify the disuse of the sign of the cross, holds processions to be superfluous, thinks that since a surplice is good enough for preaching, it is good enough for the Communion Service, and the use of any other vestment only leads people to imagine that higher and better things are given therein than be given by the other services (baptism or preaching); justifies the disuse of praying for the dead; gives reasons why Communion should be received in the hands, and finally thinks that kneeling or standing at Communion ought to be left to each man’s choice! It seems hardly too much to say that Guest, though undoubtedly a man of learning and moderation, was more or less a time server, a convenient echo of the opinions of Cecil or the sovereign, with the latter of whom he was an immense favorite, always complying with her views as to ceremonies, etc., and maintaining the celibate state.

‡ Froude.

matured creed of centuries had a right to claim over the half-shaped theories of revolution.”*

Of Elizabeth’s practical retreat before the Queen of Scots in November of the same year, Mr. Froude remarks: “Without a fuller knowledge of the strength and temper of the English Catholics than the surviving evidence reveals, her conduct cannot be judged with entire fairness.” The intense love of the masses for the faith which had for nearly a thousand years consoled and mitigated their hard lot is indicated by the remark of Mary Stuart to Rokeby, in June, 1566, “that she built her hopes of winning the hearts of the common people in England by restoring the old religion.”†

“In the House of Lords in October, 1566, eleven lay Peers spoke and voted absolutely against admitting the episcopal position of men who had been thrust into already occupied sees.”‡ In December, 1566, the Protestant party tried to finally end the ambiguity of the religious position of Elizabeth by introducing a measure to “make subscription to the thirty-nine articles a condition for the tenure of benefices in the Church of England.”§

Of these renowned formularies of Anglican Protestantism, Mr. Froude remarks: “Strained and cracked by three centuries of evasive ingenuity (they) scarcely embarrass now the feeblest of consciences. . . . In the first years of Elizabeth they were symbols by which the orthodox Protestant was distinguished from the concealed Catholic. The liturgy, with purposed ambiguity, could be used by those who were Papists save in name. The articles affirmed the falsehood of doctrines declared by the Church to be divine, and the Catholic who signed them either passed over to the new opinions or imperilled his soul with perjury;” but although they had been imposed by the convocation of 1562, both Queen and Parliament had refused to sanction them.|| The Queen herself now checkmated the obnoxious measure, and on the 2d of January, 1567, Parliament was dissolved.

* Froude.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

| In 1571 the articles, revised by Parker and Jewell, were again ratified by convocation, but Parliament compelled the clergy to subscribe only “such of them as only concern the confession of the true Christian Faith and the Doctrine of the Sacraments.” Even then disputes arose, as some copies were printed with, some without the first half of the 20th article “as to the authority of the Church in matters of Faith.” The obnoxious clause was, however, finally carried by the High Church party in the convocation of 1604.

"At this date the prospects of English Catholics were good. The Queen almost engaged to an Austrian Catholic prince, the recognition (more or less distant) of the Catholic Mary Stuart as Heiress-presumptive, the establishment, with the support of the Catholic Powers, of some moderate form of government by which the Catholic worship would be first tolerated and then creep on to ascendancy,"* under the legitimate protection and authority of a powerful Catholic majority in a new and freely elected House of Commons.

In the summer of 1567 information was made to the Queen that the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury had sold and divided a huge quantity of plate and vestry ornaments and had particularly exasperated her, and although the Primate had endeavored to explain it away, yet, considering what had happened elsewhere, and that a Protestant Dean had just replaced the old semi-Catholic Wotton,† the complaint was probably well founded.

In December of the same year (1567) a letter to Lord Pembroke says "that in Lancashire a great number of gentlemen and others of the best sort—reputed to number five hundred—had taken a solemn oath among themselves that they will not come at the Communion nor receive the Sacrament . . . besides other matters concluded amongst them not certainly known but only to themselves."

In the beginning of 1568, reports to the Queen show that at that time disguised priests were keeping the faith alive in the northern counties; amongst others, Vance, ex-Warden of Winchester, Marshall, late Dean of Christchurch, etc.‡

Mr. Froude remarks:

"The new religion as by law established gave no pleasure to the earnest of any way of thinking. To the ultra-Protestant it was no better than Romanism; to the Catholic or partial Catholic it was in

* Froude.

† Wotton died in January 1566, at his house in Warwick Lane, aged 72. A number of persons accompanied his funeral from London to Canterbury. He was buried at the east end of the Cathedral, near the tomb of Edward the Black Prince. (Burke.)

‡ Mr. Froude includes in this list William Allen, ex-fellow of Oriel, Principal of St. Mary's Hall at Oxford and Canon of York, afterwards Cardinal; but this is a mistake. Allen was in England from 1562 to 1565, but never after the latter date. In 1567 he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and in 1568 he was engaged in founding his English college at Douay on the lines of old Catholic Oxford. Cardinal Allen was a member of an ancient Lancashire family.

schism from the communion of Christendom, while the great middle party, the common sense of the country . . . were uneasy and dissatisfied. They could see no defined principle in the new constitution which had borne the test of time, and they were watching with an anxiety which they did not care to conceal the extravagances of the Protestant refugees from the Continent." No sharp line of demarcation then divided, as at present, the Church of England from Continental Protestantism. The celebrated Zurich letters* furnish proof abundant that even those divines of the new religion counted most learned and moderate took their theology from the Helvetic reformers, to whom they apologized with filial submission for the temporary retention of a few shreds of the old ceremonial, declaring, however, without reserve, that they waited but for opportunity to sweep away these "relics of the Amorites forever."

In the face of facts, the modern Anglican continuity theory would be simply ludicrous were it not for its mischievous influence on confused and illogical minds, or to those having neither opportunity nor taste for accurate historical investigation. The records of the time and episcopal visitation articles show that the altar stones, consecrated with the holy oil and marked with the five crosses of Christ's wounds, on which for nearly a thousand years the Sacred Victim had been offered from the rising to the setting of the sun, were cast into the dirt† with the relics of the saints and martyrs which they covered.

The sanctuary was polluted, the daily sacrifice was taken away, the eternal priesthood‡ was replaced by the preaching of Geneva. The material church buildings and outward form of government alone remained, beautiful still, but the deceptive beauty of a corpse in which the heart has ceased to beat and from which the soul has fled forever.

Mr. Froude remarks:

"Anglican High Church theology had as yet no general acceptance. Divines like Whitgift, who sought for favor and promotion, professed the theory of the *Via Media*, but they had no national fol-

* Published by the Parker society.

† At Durham next year the stone of the high altar was taken out of a rubbish heap and replaced by the insurgents. See recent letter of Canon Hobson to "*Tablet*," on desecration and trampling on one of the ancient altar stones of Exeter Cathedral to the present day.

‡ "*Secundum ordinem Melchisedec.*"

lowing, and perhaps did not altogether believe it themselves. The sincere who were not Protestants were Catholics, either recusants who preferred their conscience to their property, or schismatics who attended the English churches under protest, to escape payment of the fines, and one as well as the other had looked forward to the re-establishment of orthodoxy when the Queen's death should open the way to a change. United, they still largely outnumbered their opponents, and under the modern constitution would have had a large majority in the House of Commons."

That Elizabeth and her advisers contemplated not continuity, but absolute doctrinal rupture with the past, is proved by the re-introduction of the second, not the first, Prayer Book of Edward VI., and the extreme Protestant views of the divines she selected for her new hierarchy. With one exception* they were all more or less Calvinists.

* Cheney of Gloucester. In the library of the Bishop of St. John's, N.F., to which I had free access during a recent visit to that city, by the kindness of its munificent prelate, I found a curious letter to Cheney from the famous Martyr Father Campion, who had been once a favourite pupil and protégé of Cheney and ordained by him Deacon, according to the Anglican form. While tenderly mindful of the Bishop's former great kindness to him, and gracefully recognizing the "natural goodness of one so near to the kingdom of God, confessing the living presence of Christ in the Sacrament on the altar and the freedom of man's will, persecuting no Catholics in your Diocese, hospitable to your townspeople and to good men, plundering not your palace and lands as your brethren do," he proceeds to remark, in language which might be addressed to a High Church Bishop of the present day, "that he is deeply disliked by the Protestants, grieved over by the Catholics, laughed at by the world." Goodman, a successor of Cheney's, is reported to have said, "that Cheney was a Papist, brought up his servants Papists, and died a Papist, obstinately refusing to recant." But he probably meant Lutheranus-Papisticus, a term by which the precursors of the Laudian school were known in polemical writings. The sad part is that Campion, who had resided in the palace in the closest and most intimate association to the Bishop, seems to doubt that he was sincere in conforming to the new religion. Cheney's position throughout was peculiar. He had conformed to the Edwardian changes, but always professing the Real Presence and maintaining the celibate state, appeared in the first convocation of the Marian clergy and retained some of his preferments during her reign. On Elizabeth's accession he strove hard for promotion, writing to Cecil that he was in poverty, "and although I spent my youth mostly about Court, I seem likely to spend my old age about a cart." It is very curious to note that Bishop Goodman

"With no special reverence for the office which they had undertaken, and she treated them in return with studied contempt, she called them doctors, as the highest title to which she considered them to have any real right."

Curiously, whether from conviction or prejudice, on one point the Queen remained obstinately adherent to the past. While writing to Sussex, she expressed "grave doubts whether the Mass was not an offense against God,"* yet she always opposed to the utmost of her power the matrimonial alliances to which her new clergy devoted so much attention.

Within a few months of her accession, Sandys, writing to Parker, says: "The Queen's Majesty will wink at it, but not stablish it by law, which is nothing else but to bastardise our children."† That Elizabeth on this point, however, fairly expressed the general opinion, may be inferred from the fact that, with the exceptions of Cranmer and Parker, a married Primate never sat at Lambeth until long after the accession of the House of Hanover.

"I was in horror," wrote Parker to the Secretary‡ after a peremptory summons to Court, "to hear such words come from her mild nature and Christianly learned conscience, as she spoke concerning God's holy ordinance and institution of matrimony . . . inso-much that the Queen's Highness expressed to me a repentance that we were thus appointed in office, wishing it otherwise. . . . Horse-keeper's wives, porters', poulterers' and butchers' wives may have their cradles going, and honest learned men expelled with open note."

The Primate apparently forgot that the Queen might hardly have considered horse-keepers and butchers as the highest type of example for her new clergy. As the Queen and the wives of the nobility and upper classes, as a rule, declined to receive and studiously avoided the helpmates of the reformed ministry, few women of respectability cared to become the wives of even the highest digni-

died acknowledging himself a Roman Catholic, and of course it is quite possible that Cheney may have made the same admission at the last as did the celebrated Miles Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, and many others.

* MSS. Germany. Quoted by Froude, Vol. III. Let modern ritualists note *Mass* not *Masses*.

† Quoted by Burnet.

‡ The Archbishop of Canterbury to Cecil. Quoted by Breen.

taries, who were thus driven in many instances to seek most undesirable partners, "at which," says Sandes, "the weaker brethren were scandalized and the Catholics laughed."

In the end of the year we have been considering (1568) the royal anger had been aroused on this question by the request of Bishop Cox, of Ely,* to be allowed to remarry. He was one of the most learned and respectable of the clergy who had gone over to the new religion, and his conduct on this occasion gives probably the key to his apostasy. He was now in his sixty-ninth year, and "might with no great difficulty have remained, one would have thought, a widower." †

Mr. Froude continues:

"He explained his difficulty to Cecil with ludicrous gravity. ‡ He said that he wished to spend the remainder of his life without offense to God. The Queen's displeasure was death to him, but the displeasure of the Almighty was more to be dreaded. The Almighty had left him without one special gift, and placed him in the number of those who could not receive the saying of Christ. He was between Scylla and Charybdis, but it was more dreadful to fall into the hands of the living God, and a second wife was a necessity."

It is both instructive and singular to find Cecil, the firmest and bravest advocate of the Reformation, lamenting the decay of reverence and the spiritual disorder which we now see to have been its inevitable fruit. § In a State paper, dated March 10, 1569, he regrets that the service of God and the sincere profession of Christianity were much decayed, and in place of it, partly Papistry, partly paganism and irreligion had crept in. Baptists, deriders of religion, epicureans and atheists were everywhere, and such decay of obedience in

* Froude.

† Richard Cox, educated at Eton and Kings College, Cambridge, was a Protégé of Cardinal Wolsey's. He was for some time head master of Eton and Archdeacon of Ely, with a Prebendal stall in that church; subsequently Dean of Oxford and Chancellor of the University, being at that time in great favor with King Henry VIII. In the next reign, he became Dean of Westminster and tutor to the King, enjoying also one of the rich canonries of Windsor. Fled to the continent during the Marian period, returned on Elizabeth's accession and put into Ely, which he held until his death.

‡ "Me etiam senem suo dono destituit, et in Illorum Numero me vult esse qui non capiunt verbum hoc ut ait Christus Dominus Noster."

§ Froude.

civil policy, as compared with the fearfulness and reverence in times past, would astonish any wise and considerate person.”*

Protestant intolerance commenced to manifest itself in its coarsest shades. In February, 1569, the Spanish Ambassador wrote to the Duke of Alva that a furious persecution was commencing. The prisons were overflowing. In Bridewell alone there were 150 Spaniards forced to listen to Protestant sermons, and tempted by offers of rewards to abandon their faith. In the following April† the house of one of the largest Spanish merchants in London was searched by Elizabeth’s police.

The furniture of his chapel, the crucifixes, the images of the saints were carried away, borne in mock procession through the streets, and burnt in Cheapside amidst the jests of the populace, who cried as they saw them blazing: “These are the gods of Spain. To the flames with them, and to the flames with their worshippers.” Had there been the slightest organization among the Catholic party, they would have easily secured free toleration, but the inaction of the southern and western Catholics generally was fatal to their cause, but they appear to have been “smitten with confusion.” Some rested their hopes on the Scottish succession, some planned the marriage of the Queen with some Catholic prince or nobleman, others looked abroad for help; so that, as Mr. Froude describes the situation, “the best of the Catholics, who cared simply for the restoration of the faith, shrank from risking their cause . . . amidst the selfishness of national and personal interests.”

The address from the knights and gentlemen of Lincolnshire to Philip of Spain during this year, imploring his protection, reveals the total absence of any cohesion amongst them.

In the winter of 1569 occurred the Insurrection of the North, ever memorable both for the rashness of its conception and the terrible severity used in its suppression. The proclamation of the leaders stated that “they called on all true Englishmen to join with them in their attempt to restore the Crown, the nobility and the worship of God to their former estate.”

* Burghley papers, Vol. I. This is marvellous evidence, coming from such a powerful mind as Cecil, trained to the highest accuracy of observation, forced by the stern logic of facts to condemn the crop of his own planting.

† 1569.

By the northern people the so-called Reformation had been absolutely repudiated from the very first. "There are not," says Sir Ralph Sadler,* "in all this country ten gentlemen that do favor and allow of Her Majesty's proceedings in the cause of religion." Occasionally, indeed, some of them attended the established worship that they might escape the grievous penalties threatened by the law, but this very conformity, extorted in opposition to conscience, exasperated their discontent. They saw around them examples of successful insurrection in the cause of religious liberty. The Calvinists of Scotland had established their own creed in defiance of all opposition. The Calvinists of France had thrice waged war against their own sovereign; both had been aided with men and money by the Queen of England. If this were lawful to other religionists, why might not they also draw the sword and claim the rights of conscience? †

The first and only success of this movement was the occupation of Durham on the 14th of November "by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, Sir Christopher Neville, Sir Cuthbert Neville, and old Richard Norton, who carried the ancient banner of the Pilgrimage of Grace, the cross and streamers and the five wounds, behind which he had followed Robert Aske in 1536 from Pomfret to Doncaster. They strode into the cathedral. They overthrew the Communion board, they tore the English Bible and prayer book to pieces. The ancient altar stone was taken from a rubbish heap where it had been thrown, and solemnly replaced, and the holy water vessel ‡ was restored at the west door; and then, amidst tears, embraces, prayers, and thanksgivings, the organ pealed out, the candles and torches were lighted, and Mass was said once more in the long-desecrated aisles." §

But the dissensions of the leaders, the failure of their expectations of assistance from the Duke of Alva and the apathy of many of the

* Sir Ralph Sadler was sent to York on the outbreak of the rebellion, nominally as treasurer of the army; really as a spy on the Earl of Sussex, the commander of the Royal forces.

† Lingard.

‡ The great Holy Water Stoup was found in Dean Whittingham's (the brother-in-law of Calvin) kitchen, where it had been used for soaking salt fish. So much for Elizabethan continuity with the ancient Faith.

§ Froude.

Catholics were fatal to the success of the rebellion. The ample vengeance taken on the insurgents may be gathered from a letter written by the Queen's lieutenant, the Earl of Sussex, on the 28th of December, to Cecil. Speaking of his intended victims, he remarks: "The number whereof is yet uncertain, for that I know not the number of the towns, but I guess that it will not be under six or seven hundred at the least that shall be executed of the common sort, besides the prisoners taken in the field."*

Though terrified into outward obedience, a considerable majority of the people were as disaffected as ever to the new religion. The report as to the state of the Diocese of Chichester after ten years' rule of such an earnest favorer of the innovations as Bishop Barlow,† is most interesting.

The Royal Commissioners report: "In many churches they have no sermons, not one in seven years, and some not one in twelve years, as the parishes have declared to the preachers that lately came thither to preach. Few churches have their quarter sermons, according to the Queen's Majesty's injunctions. In Boxgrave is a very fair church, and therein is neither parson, vicar nor curate, but a sorry reader. In the Deanery of Medhurst there are some beneficed men which did preach in Queen Mary's reign, and now do not, nor will not, and yet keep their livings; others be fostered in gentlemen's houses, and some between Sussex and Hampshire,‡ and are hinderers of true religion, and do not minister. Others come not at their parish church, nor receive the Holy Communion at Easter, but at that time get them out of the country until that feast be passed, and return not again until then. They have many books that were made beyond the seas, and they have them there with the first; for exhibitors goeth out of that shire and diocese unto them beyond the seas. As to Mr. Stapleton,§ who, being excommunicated by the

* Sir Cuthbert Sharp "Memorials." Quoted by Lingard.

† Barlow had just died, December 10, 1569.

‡ It will be remembered that Barlow in 1564 had reported that the western part of his Diocese was more or less Popish.

§ Thomas Stapleton, born at Henfield, Sussex, in the month and year of the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, educated first at Canterbury, then at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, of which house he was a fellow A.D., 1554. He was a Prebendary of Chichester when Elizabeth came to the throne, and forced to quit the country, took refuge in Louvain. He was for some time catechist at Douay, but, recalled to Louvain, he was made Regius Professor of Theology and Canon

Bishop,* did fly and avoid the realm, these men have his goods and send him money for them. In the church of Arundel, certain altars do stand yet still to the offense of the godly, which murmur and speak much against the same. They have yet in the diocese in many places thereof, images hidden and other Popish ornaments, ready to set up the Mass again within twenty-four hours' warning, as in the town of Battle and in the parish of Lindefield, where they be yet very blind and superstitious. In the town of Battle, where a preacher doth come and speak anything against the Pope's doctrine they will not abide, but get them out of the church. In many places they keep yet their chalices, looking to have Mass again, whereas they were commanded to turn them into communion cups after our fashion, keeping yet weight for weight. Some parishes feign that their chalices were stolen away, and therefore they ministered in glasses and profane goblets. In many places the people cannot yet say their commandments, and in some not the articles of their belief. In the cathedral church of Chichester there be very few preachers resident; of thirty-one prebendaries, scarcely four or five. Few of the aldermen of Chichester be of a good religion, but are vehemently suspected to favor the Pope's doctrine, and yet they be Justices of the Peace."†

The beginning of 1570 was devoted to the punishment of the northern Catholics. In this Mr. Froude acknowledges that "anger and avarice had for a time overclouded Elizabeth's character. On the 23d of January the Provost Marshal, Sir George Bowes, reported that he had put to death about six hundred, besides the six or seven hundred artisans, laborers, or poor tenant farmers who had been previously picked out for summary execution by Sussex.‡ Still Elizabeth was not satisfied. . . . When the martial law was over she ordered the Council of York to attain all offenders that might be gotten by process or otherwise, till at length the Crown Prosecutor, Sir Thomas Gargrave, was obliged to tell her that if she were obeyed many places would be left naked of inhabitants."§

of St. Peter's there, where he died October 12, 1598, having lived forty-two years in exile for the Faith.

* William Barlow.

† Report as to Diocese of Chichester MSS. Domestic, Rolls House. Dated end of December, 1569.

‡ Eighty suffered at Durham, forty at Darlington.

§ Froude.

Nothing daunted, the northern Catholics maintained a stubborn resistance. This year (1570) "the people of Lancashire refused utterly to come any more to divine service in the English tongue. Lord Derby forbade the further use of the liturgy in his private chapel. Grindal, * who had been translated to York in succession to Young, † found on arrival at his new diocese "that the gentlemen were not affected to godly religion. They observed the old fasts and holy days; they prayed still on their strings of beads."

* Edmund Grindal was born near St. Bees, in the county of Cumberland, educated at Cambridge. He became Fellow and Master of Pembroke Hall; a Prebendary of Westminster under Edward VI. He shared the fortunes of the extreme Reformers, retiring abroad during Mary's reign. He returned on the accession of Elizabeth and was made Bishop of London on Bonner's deprivation; translated to York in 1570. He succeeded Parker in the See of Canterbury in 1575. Grindal had deeply imbibed the spirit of Geneva, still he was of a far honester nature than the majority of the Elizabethan prelates, neither alienating his church property, nor trafficking in scandalous dispensations. His Puritanic sympathies soon estranged him from the Court and his resolute refusal to put down Puritan practices led to his peremptory sequestration and inhibition from his functions in 1577 by the Queen. For five years he remained under the royal displeasure. In 1582 he was restored and a year later died at his palace of Croydon (July 6, 1583). "Being really blind," says Fuller, "more through grief than age, he was willing to put of his clothes before he went to bed and in his lifetime to resign his place to Dr. Whitgift, who refused such acceptance thereof. And the Queen, commiserating his condition, was graciously pleased to say, that as she had made him, . . . so he should die an Archbishop. Grindal founded a grammar school in his native town.

† Thomas Young had died June 26, 1568, but no successor was appointed until 1570. Young had been one of the chapter of St. David's in 1551, and one of the principal accusers of Bishop Ferrers, by prœmunire in a schedule of no less than forty-six articles. Ferrers' own party must have disapproved of his mode of dealing with the property of his See for he was committed to prison. Mr. Burke seems to consider the whole transaction to have been one of the many private battles of the reformers over the division of the plunder. Young seems to have complied in Mary's reign, for we find him on the 20th of April, 1557, preaching in London at the church of St. Mary, Spital, before the Lord Mayor, twenty-five aldermen, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lords Justices, and a large congregation of noblemen and commoners (Machyn's diary). On Elizabeth's accession elected to St. David's, 1560, he was translated to York in 1561, after the death of the Archbishop-elect, Dr. William May, formerly Dean of St. Paul's. Young was appointed Lord President of the North, June 20, 1564, and retained the office until his death.

As Bishop of London, he had been principally troubled with the over-straight Genevans; in the North he was in another world. Disguised priests flitted about like bats in the twilight, or resided in private houses in serving men's apparel. Corpse candles were lighted again beside the coffins of the dead, while clerks and curates sang requiems at their side."*

No one had gained by the so-called Reformation save those who had shared in the plunder. With the shattering of Catholic unity the golden links† which had bound all classes together were burst. "The customs by which old English country life had been made beautiful, the festivals of the recurring seasons, the church bells, the monuments of the dead, the roofless aisles of the perishing abbeys—all were silent preachers of the old faith and passionate protests against the new,"‡ while "divisions of faith had brought with them everywhere confusions and diversities of practice."§

In September, 1570, it appears by a letter of the Queen to the Bishop of Norwich that the services in his cathedral had been denuded of every relic of the ancient ritual. Certain of the prebendaries had changed the administration of the Sacrament, pauperized the ceremonial, broken down the organ, and, so far as lay in them, had turned the quire into a Genevan conventicle. In the debate on the Communion Bill in the Upper House, in the Parliament of 1571, "one Catholic nobleman said tauntingly, that if the twenty-two right reverend lords could agree among themselves as to what they required the laity to receive in the Sacrament, they might get over their objections; at present every parish had its own theory on the matter."||

In order of the services in the church of Northampton, June, 1571, we find that "Communion was held four times a year; the table was in the body of the church at the far end of the middle aisle."¶

Their Puritan scruples, however, seem to have been mainly con-

* Grindal to Cecil. Quoted by Froude.

† Of a common faith and a common charity.

‡ Froude.

§ Ibid.

| Ibid.

¶ MSS. Domestic. Rolls House, 5th of June, 1571, quoted by Froude. It would be amusing, if it were not so serious, to contemplate how serenely the modern High Church party shut their eyes to these vacant links in their continuity chain. John Wesley said truly "that Apostolic succession was unknown in the Church of England during the first half of Elizabeth's reign."

fined to the inside of their churches. Honesty was apparently not one of their articles of belief, for in this year * it became necessary to pass a bill "to check the profligate administration of church property by ecclesiastical corporations, and a companion measure was introduced, originally perhaps as part of the same statute, so singular in some of its provisions as to deserve particular notice. Puritanism had not yet blinded the eyes of Protestants to the merits of the faith of their fathers. The House of Commons could still acknowledge an excellence in the clergy of earlier times, to which they saw but faint approaches in the degenerate ministry which had taken the place of the Catholic priests. 'The Queen's noble progenitors,' so ran an act which never reached maturity, 'had in times past endowed the clergy of the realm with most ample and large possessions that godly religion might be the better advanced among the people, that the poor might be relieved, the children of the nobility and gentry of the realm be virtuously educated in the fear and knowledge of the Almighty.' Whether the revenues of these estates were now employed and bestowed according to the intent and meaning of their donors was a thing to be pondered and considered. The clergy, being now married and having wives, did overmuch alienate their minds from the honest and careful duty to which they were bound to attend. The poor were left in their poverty, the ancient hospitality was no longer maintained, the ministers of the Church accepted and reserved the most part and portion of the yearly revenues of their dignities unto themselves, to the slander of the whole estate of the clergy."†

The Catholic clergy were now utterly persecuted. An act was passed (1571) making it high treason for any person calling himself a priest to receive English subjects into the Church of Rome, and high treason in the subject to be received. . . . It had been discovered after the suppression of the insurrection that multitudes of seditious (?) priests were continually going up and down the country in disguise, or hiding in country houses as serving-men. The Council proposed that all such persons wherever found should be treated as vagrants or Egyptians; that such priests should be pilloried, set in the stocks, or whipt at the cart's tail,‡ and that the gen-

* 1571.

† Quoted by Froude.

‡ Mr. Froude's impartiality may be fairly estimated by the fact that he terms the above "a practically useful measure," considering that

tlemen who entertained them should be deprived of their property.

On the 20th of May, 1572, the Archbishops and Bishops waited upon the Queen in a body at St. James's Palace "to move Her Majesty to assent to justice against the Scottish Queen. . . . To show pity to an enemy, a stranger, a professed member of Antichrist . . . might justly be called *crudelis misericordia*;" * and in September the same prelates represented to Her Majesty that for the quiet of the realm such Catholic priests and gentlemen as were in prison for refusing the oath of allegiance should be immediately put to death.† In the same winter, the anger of the reformers (?) was aroused by the mission of the Earl of Worcester to represent Elizabeth at the christening of the little French Princess, born in October, 1572; "that an English nobleman—one, too, of notorious Catholic tendencies—should go in state to Paris . . . was considered by the Protestants a hideous scandal. So hideous, indeed, that the Earl was attacked by a privateer midway between Dover and Calais. Four of his men were killed and seven others wounded. The attack was believed in London to have been instigated by some of the English Bishops."‡ So desperate was the English Government at that moment, so determined to use any means to harass and embarrass the Catholic Powers, that cannons and muskets were sent to the Mediterranean for the corsairs of Barbary, whilst to make all sure at home, the Prince of Orange was told that if he could plunge down on Louvain, seize the English refugees and send them home, he could not demand a price which Elizabeth would refuse to pay for them."§

To the wise, it became more and more apparent that the religious

the Catholic Priests were English gentlemen, scholars of Oxford and Cambridge, who had been turned out of their livings by obscure time servers of, for the most part, low origin and doubtful characters. For the baseness of the Elizabethan clergy see a paper by the late Mr. Buckle.

* If the Catholic Bishops in the preceding reign had so forgotten themselves as to have waited upon the Queen and demanded Elizabeth's execution, the story would have been in every child's history to the present day.

† Froude.—If this request had been acceded to, every county in England would have been deluged with Catholic blood. Probably more would have been executed in some counties than the total number burnt by Mary.

‡ Froude, MSS. *Sien ancas*.

§ Froude.

unity of England had been broken forever. The endless shades of opinions within the new establishment were commencing to manifest themselves in open strife and angry recriminations. Writing from Durham to Gualter, the Bishop,* speaking of the extreme Puritan party, remarks: "Not only the habits, but our whole ecclesiastical polity, discipline, the revenues of the Bishops, ceremonies or public forms of worship, liturgies, vocation of ministers, or the ministration of the Sacraments, all these things are now openly attacked from the press, and it is contended with the greatest bitterness that they are not to be endured in the Church of Christ. The doctrine alone they leave untouched; as to everything else, by whatever name you call it, they are clamorous for its removal. The godly mourn, the Papists exult that we are now fighting against each other, who were heretofore wont to attack them with our united forces."† But as Dr. Lingard remarks, "the Puritans were considered brethren whose transgressions sprung from an exuberance of zeal; the Catholics as idolaters whose worship could not be tolerated by the true servants of the Almighty; the poverty of the former offered no reward; the wealth of the latter presented an alluring bait to the orthodoxy of their persecutors. . . . Many of the more zealous or more timid among the Catholics sought with their families an asylum beyond the sea. Their lands and property were immediately seized by the Crown, and given or sold at low prices to the followers of the Court."‡ Those who remained might be divided into two classes. Some, to escape the penalties, attended occasionally at the established service, and endeavored to elude the charge of hypocrisy by maintaining from the words of the Queen's proclamation that such attendance was with them nothing more than the discharge of a civil duty, an expression of their obedience to the letter of the law. But this evasion did not satisfy more timorous consciences, and the greater number abstained from a worship which they disapproved, and were, in consequence, compelled to pass their lives in alarm and solitude. They lay at the mercy of their neighbors and enemies; they were daily watched by the pursuivants; they were liable at any

* James Pilkington.

† Bishop of Durham to Gualter, 20th of July, 1573. Zurich Letters, 110, Parker Society.

‡ In Strype (11, app. 102), may be seen a list of fugitives, comprehending sixty-eight names, certified for this purpose into the Exchequer.

hour to be hurried before the Courts of High Commission, to be interrogated upon oath how often they had been at church, and when or where they had received the Sacrament; to be condemned as recusants to fines and imprisonment, or as persons reconciled to forfeiture and confinement for life. Their terrors were renewed every year by proclamation, or secret messages, calling upon the magistrates, the Bishops and the ecclesiastical commissioners to redouble their vigilance and enforce the laws respecting religion. Private houses were searched to discover priests or persons assisting at Mass. The foreign Ambassadors complained of the violation of their privileges by the intrusion of the pursuivants into their chapels, and even Elizabeth herself, to give the example, occasionally condescended to commit to prison the recusants who were denounced to her in the course of her progresses."

During the past fourteen years the ranks of the unfortunate Catholic clergy had been lessened by death, imprisonment, banishment and compliance, and the Church of England, destitute of all episcopal supervision, a scattered flock without a shepherd, seemed doomed to the same utter destruction that it received in the northern kingdoms of the Continent.

Under Almighty God, the existence of Catholicity in England at the present day, and the fact that it was not completely stamped out by the so-called Reformation, are due almost entirely to one man. This was William Allen, of blessed memory, principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and Canon of York. On the death of Mary and the legal re-establishment of Protestantism, he soon saw more clearly than many others which way things were drifting, and, resigning his preferments in 1560, was forced in the following year to seek refuge in the Low Countries. Even then he stole back home in 1562, that his native air might cure a wasting sickness, and seems to have been active during the next three years in maintaining the Catholic cause in the north. †

Finally driven out of England in 1565, while pursuing his own studies abroad, he gradually formed a scheme of assembling a number of Catholic young Englishmen, like himself in exile, in order to give them opportunity of Catholic education. A beginning was made in a hired house at Douay, in the north of France, in 1568.*

* Allen was of an ancient Lancashire family, the Allens of Rossal.

† Collegii Anglo-Duaceni Diarium I, 3. "Anno Domini Nostri Jesu

Douay was chosen because it was already under Oxford influences. It was a new university founded in 1560. Its Chancellor and many of its professors were Oxford men, as were nearly all Allen's early companions. Naturally, therefore, they formed their college on the model of those of their own university, and it became the continuation of old Catholic Oxford. The number of students rapidly multiplied, and Douay became a general center for English Catholics exiled from their country.

All those who came were received with open arms, and no one was ever refused admission, so that the number of students was often in excess of what the regular income would warrant, for Cardinal Allen explains "they cannot wait till a vacancy occurs, as is usual in colleges which belong to places at peace, seeing that they have come to these foreign parts forlorn and stripped of everything, often too, with debts contracted for the journey, so that they cannot live a day without aid, much less return home to the heretics through so many dangers, and across such tracts of land and sea; if we sent back or rejected only one such person who was otherwise worthy to be received, none would ever come afterwards." The first idea had been to provide a house of study and to educate clergy who would be able to return to England when Protestantism had passed away, as it was confidently hoped it would. This was, of course, a very different thing from sending over missionaries in defiance of the law while England was still in the hands of the Protestants, which was apparently quite an afterthought.

"But when once the college was founded, this soon became its

Christi millesimo quingentesimo sexagesimo octavo, cum hoc Egregium opus, divina fretus misericordia et benignitate, inchoaret reverendus Dominus, Dominus Guilielmus Alanus doctus et pius Sacerdos, postea Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinalis Presbyter, Angliæ nuncupatus—primos sui Collegii alumnos habuit sex sacra Theologiæ Studiosos sibi subditos, quatuor quidem Anglos, et duos Belgas. Qui omnes ex priorum quorundam abbatum et aliorum Benefactorum eleemosinis, industria Domini Alani collectis, vixerunt in unis simul ædibus in universitate Duacensi. Angli erant isti: Richardus Bristous, Vigorniensis; Joannes Martialis, postea canonicus Insulensis; Edouardus Riédensis, postea Carthusianus; Joannes Whitus. Belgæ autem Joannes Ravastonus, Simon Colierius. Hinc porro Catui continenter se adjunxit Dominus Morganus Philipus, Venerabilis Sacerdos, quondam ejusdem Alani in Universitate Oxoniensis preceptor, nunc vero in hoc sancto opere, et Vivus Coadjutor et moriens insignis Benefactor.

chief work, and for more than two hundred years the faith was kept alive almost entirely by missionaries who came over from Douay."* On the 16th of June, 1573, Thomas Woodhouse, a priest of Lincolnshire, who had long been a prisoner in the Fleet, was arraigned in the Guildhall of London, and there condemned of high treason for denying the Queen's ecclesiastical supremacy. Three days subsequently he was hanged and quartered at Tyburn. On the 20th of August following, another Royal proclamation ordered all Bishops, Justices and Mayors to execute the acts of uniformity with all diligence and severity.

"Nor must we forget," says Sandes, "those poor people who, not having the means to pay the fines laid upon them because they would not enter the churches nor be present at the profane services of the Protestants, were, by the sentence of the Judge, long and piteously dragged, stripped of their clothes and cruelly whipped through the streets of Winchester." But the spirit of the Catholics was yet far from broken. "On the 4th of April, 1574, being Palm Sunday," writes one George Gardyner to the Bishop of Norwich, "at one hour, at four sundry Masses, in four sundry places and out corners of the city of London, were fifty-three persons taken, whereof the most part were ladies, gentlewomen and gentlemen. Twenty-two of them stand stoutly to the matter, whereof the Lady Morley and the Lady Browne, which paid before 100 marks for her first offence, are the chief. The priests glory in their doings, and did affirm that there were five hundred Masses in England that day." There were also found in their several chapels "divers Latin books, beads, images, patens, chalices, crosses, vestments, pyxes and such like." The first small batch of four missionaries from Allen's college landed this year in England, "a cloud no larger than a man's hand," a pledge and assurance, nevertheless, that the infallible and unchangeable Church, twice victorious, twice again conquered for the time in England, was girding up her loins for the third long struggle, the issue of which is now so pregnant with hope.†

* The Very Rev. Bernard Ward.

† In the last fifty years over 500 of the most devout and learned of the Anglican clergy have submitted to the Catholic Church, sacrificing position, preferment, and material comforts; in many instances the incumbents of rich livings, have given them up to obtain only a small pittance for themselves and families as clerks or tutors, or in some other precarious employment. Their example has been followed by

That a person like Elizabeth, with no definite religious opinions, should have sanctioned the persecution of either her Catholic or Nonconformist subjects, will always remain a blot on her character, but as Froude says truly, "there are practices in the game of politics which the historian, in the name of morality, is bound to condemn, which, nevertheless, in this false and confused world, statesmen till the end of time will continue to repeat. . . . To ask Elizabeth to deal plainly was to ask the winds to say from what quarter they were about to blow." After seventeen years of legal Protestantism, even as late as 1575, the same historian writes: "In her heart she was probably meditating how best to bring back England into communion with the rest of Christendom. Her ecclesiastical administration at home tended in the same direction and towards the same issue. It is evident that neither then, nor till long after, did she regard the Church of England as more than a provisional arrangement, an interim intended to last but while the confusions of Europe continued. Her Bishops she treated with studied insolence, as creatures of her own whom she had made and could unmake at pleasure. The Bishops themselves lived as if they suspected their day to be a short one, and made the most of their opportunities while they lasted. Scandalous dilapidations, destructions of woods, waste of the property of the sees by beneficial leases, each incumbent enriching himself and his family at the expense of his successors—this is the substantial history of the Anglican hierarchy, with a few honorable exceptions, for the first twenty years of its existence. At the time when Walsingham was urging Elizabeth to an alliance with the Scottish Protestants, Matthew Parker,* Archbishop of Canterbury, was just dead. He had left behind him enormous wealth, which had been accumulated, as is proved by a statement in the handwriting of

100 Admirals, Generals, and field officers and over 250 of the learned professions, lawyers, and physicians. It was publicly stated last month, June 1895, that in the same period, in one Catholic church in London, over 4,000 converts, for the most part persons of education, have been received. Not that the souls of persons of education are superior, perhaps more often the reverse, but the experience of all history shows that the opinion of the schools in one century is that of the people in the next; slowly but as surely as water filters through the different strata of the earth.

* Parker died on the 17th of May, 1575, at his palace of Lambeth, in his 71st year.

his successor, by the same practices* which had brought about the first revolt against the Church. He had been corrupt in the distribution of his own patronage, and he had sold his interest with others. No Catholic prelate in the old, easy times had more flagrantly abused the dispensation system. Every year he made profits by admitting children to the Cure of Souls for money. He used a graduated scale, in which the price for inducting an infant into a benefice varied with the age, children under fourteen not being inadmissible if the adequate fees were forthcoming."

In 1576 the resistance of Bishop Cox to the Queen's order to give up some property of the See of Ely, in London, to her favorite, Sir Christopher Hatton, provoked an explosion of the royal wrath, and the "proud prelate" was informed that if he did not immediately comply, "by God, she would unfrock him." On this matter, Lord North's letter—the Bishop still persisting in his protest—may speak for itself as to the character and course of proceedings of both the Queen and the new Anglican hierarchy.

"This last denial," wrote North, "being added my Lord to Her former demands, hath moved Her Highness to so great a misliking as she purposes presently to send for you, and hear what account you can render for this strange dealing towards your Gracious Sovereign. Moreover, she determines to redress the infinite injuries which of long time you have offered her subjects. For which purpose, to be plain with your Lordship, she has given me order to hearken to my neighbors' griefs, and likewise to prefer those complaints before Her Majesty's Privy Council, for that you may be called to answer and the parties satisfied. She has given orders for your coming up, which, I suppose, you have already received, and withal you shall have a taste to judge how well she liketh your loving usage. Now to advise you, my Lord, I wish you from the bottom of my heart to shake off the yoke of your stubbornness against Her Majesty's desires, to lay aside your stiff-necked determination and yield yourself to her known clemency. She is our God on earth. If there be perfection in flesh and blood, undoubtedly it is in Her Majesty; for she is slow to revenge and ready to forgive, and yet, my Lord, she is right King Henry, her father, for if any strive with her, all the princes in Europe cannot make her yield. You will say to me you are determined to leave your bishopric in Her Majesty's hands to dispose of at her

* More truly the abuse of certain practices.

good pleasure, and I know that you have so reported among your friends. Your wife has also counselled you to be a Latimer, glorying, as it were, to stand against your natural prince. My Lord, let not your wife's shallow experience carry you too far. You see that to Court you must come. The Princess' good favor and grace will be altered from you; your friends will be strange. It will be no ease for your age to travel in winter, and I know well how you are horsed and manned for that purpose. It will be no pleasure for you to have Her Majesty and the Council know how wretchedly you live, how extremely covetous, how great a grazier, how marvelous a dairyman, how rich a farmer, how great an owner. It will not like you that the world know of your decayed houses, of the lead* and brick that you sell from them, of the leases that you pull violently from many, of the copyholds you lawlessly enter into, of the free lands which you wrongfully possess, of the tolls and imposts which you raise, of God's good ministers which you causelessly displace. All this I am to prove against you, and shall be most heartily sorry to put it in execution. Wherefore, if you love credit and the continuance of Her Majesty's favor, conform yourself and satisfy her requests; which, if you list to do, no doubt the Queen is so inclined to good, as I trust she will not only forget what is past and spare your journey but also thankfully accept your doing herein. Thus all things may be pacified which I will gladly bring to pass. Her Majesty shall receive pleasure, her servants preferment and some profit, and yourself honor and long comfort." †

And this spirit of greediness seems not to have been by any means confined to one member of the Episcopate. Of the new Bench of Protestant Prelates generally, and of the system under which they were appointed. Mr. Froude sums up: "With their ineffectuality, their simony and their worldliness, they brought their office into contempt. . . . The very method in which the Bishops were appointed, the *conge d'elire*, the deans and chapters meeting with a *præmunire* ‡ round their necks and going through the farce of a re-

* This seems to have been a common practice with the Reformed Bishops. Holgate at York and Barlow at St. David's and Bath and Wells were notorious for their dishonesty.

† Lord North to the Bishop of Ely. Hatfield MSS., quoted by Froude.

‡ *Præmunire* is the name given in English law to an offense of the nature of a contempt towards the sovereign and his government, punishable with forfeiture and imprisonment.

ligious service and a solemn election appeared a horror and a blasphemy to every one who believed God to be really alive." To the complex nature of the Anglican establishment; Froude traces the origin of the political disorders of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"There came a cycle of revolutions, rising all of them from the Mezentine union of a dead and a living creed. . . . The history is a checkered one, and the final development still waits to show itself. It cannot be said that the system has acted really well. . . . The position of Bishops in the Church of England has been from the first anomalous. The Episcopate was violently separated from the Papacy, to which it would have preferred to remain attached, and to secure obedience it was made dependent on the Crown. The method of Episcopal appointments instituted by Henry VIII as a temporary expedient, and abolished under Edward as an unreality, was re-established by Elizabeth; not certainly because she believed that the Invocation of the Holy Ghost was required for the completion of an election which her own choice had already determined, not because the Bishops obtained any gifts or graces in their consecration which she herself respected, but because the shadowy form of an election, with a religious ceremony following it, gave them the semblance of spiritual independency, the semblance without the substance, which qualified them to be the instruments of the system which she desired to enforce . . . and we have a right to regret that the original theory of Cranmer was departed from, that, being officers of the Crown, as much appointed by the Sovereign as the Lord Chancellor, the Bishops should not have worn openly their real character and received their appointments immediately by letters patent without further ceremony. . . . No national object was secured by the transparent fiction of the election and consecration. The Invocation of the Holy Spirit either meant nothing, and was a taking of sacred names in vain, or it implied that the Third Person of the Trinity was, as a matter of course, to register the already declared decision of the English Sovereign." (!!!!)

"No additional respect was secured to the prelacy from the Catholics . . . their reconciliation with the Church of England was not made more easy to them by the possible regularity of a questioned ceremony at Lambeth.* The latest and most

* The mass of the English nation, Protestant and Catholic, are

singular theory about them is that of the modern English Neo Catholic,* who disregards his Bishop's advice and disputes his censures,† but looks on him, nevertheless, as some high-bred, worn-out animal, useless in himself, but infinitely valuable for some mysterious purpose of spiritual propagation."‡

Of its foundress, Mr. Froude remarks: "It may be believed without injustice that she did not desire too complete a triumph to the Protestant cause, with it . . . fully and clearly victorious, it would have gone hard with her theories of church government, and the *Via Media Anglicana* would have ceased to exist."

That legal Anglicanism, to some extent, saved for a time English Protestantism from the meshes of Socinian agnosticism, in which the Swiss and German reformers became so rapidly entangled, must be gladly conceded, but it is equally true that, from the first, it likewise carried within its body the seeds of contention and decay. At the present time divided into two factions, daily manifesting deeper divergence as one approaches Rome, the other rationalism, it can hardly be believed, even by its most enthusiastic admirers, to be likely to oppose any permanent barrier between Catholicism and Deism. §

Before concluding this paper, it will perhaps be desirable to refer

practically in accord with this statement of Mr. Froude. His premises would only be disputed by the High Church Party, which, though justly influential, from their learning, goodness, and zeal, out of all proportion to their numbers, has little or no direct influence on the great body of the people.

* High Church Party.

† That Anglicanism has not much altered since Mr. Froude wrote his history, i.e., thirty years, is pretty clear by the recent charge of the present Bishop of Exeter (Edward Bickersteth); concluding his Triennial visitation, June, 1895; while acknowledging the "manifold and self-denying labors of love" of his High Church clergy, he charges them, that, in spite of his warnings and admonitions, they persistently used incense, sacrificial vestments, mixed water with the sacramental wine before the people, maintained the eastward position at the consecration, observed Romish festivals, and sang masses of Requiem for the dead.

The *Times*, weekly edition, 21st of June, 1895.

‡ Froude.

§ From the numerous shades of opinion held together by the State Establishment, from Puseyism to extreme Evangelicism, it has been described as "a politic church such as Machiavelli might have approved."

to the relations of the English Catholics with the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, at this period of Elizabeth's reign. It must be remembered, that under the will of Henry VIII, Mary, as the granddaughter of his eldest sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, was the Heiress-Apparent; nor can there be a shadow of doubt that had the religious unity of England remained unbroken all would have welcomed the prospect of a peaceful union of Great Britain under a common sovereign.

The violent struggles between Mary and a part of her subjects, originating more or less in the excesses of the so-called Reformation, culminating in the exile and treacherous execution of the youthful Queen, can only be here cursorily alluded to.

The unsettled state of Scotland and the many abuses in her ecclesiastical administration had unfortunately but too well prepared the soil for the seeds of confusion. "During a long course of years, the highest dignities had been frequently filled by the illegitimate children of royalty and the younger sons of noble families. Men, often of little learning or morality themselves, they paid little attention to the character and education of the inferior clergy. James V., for example, had provided for his natural sons by making them Abbots and Priors of Holyrood House, Kelso, Montrose, Coldingham and St. Andrews.* It is right to observe that these commendatory Abbots and Priors received the income, but interfered not with the domestic economy of the monastery. Nevertheless, though they seldom took orders, they ranked as clergymen, and by their irregularities contrived to throw an odium on the profession. The pride of the clergy, their negligence in the discharge of their functions, and the rigor with which they exacted their dues, had become favorite subjects of popular censure; and when the new preachers appeared, they dexterously availed themselves of the humor of the time and adroitly mingled their denunciations of the ancient doctrine and the misconduct of individual churchmen in one common invective."† Mr. Froude says: "The Scottish nobles of the period were for the most part

* Lord James, afterwards Earl of Moray and regent, was Prior of St. Andrews.

† Lingard. Most of these clerics, as a matter of fact, Mr. Froude's favorite, the Regent Moray for example, were quickly converted to Protestantism and these contrived to secure the lands of their benefices to their families in perpetuity. For exposure of the masked hypocrisy of Moray, see Burke's "Historical Portraits."

without God, creed or principle. . . . The Church was rich and the Scotch, like the Irish, even the good Catholics amongst them, were anxious for plunder . . . The professors of the new religion were Calvinists of the bitterest type, fierce, ruthless and unmanageable." Their leading spirit, the celebrated John Knox, was an apostate priest, the measure of whose hypocritical spirit may be estimated by the fact that, for seven years before his open defection, while celebrating Mass almost daily, he was at the same time turning it into ridicule to his confidential friends in Geneva and Strasbourg. Twice married, for the second time on the eve of sixty to a girl of seventeen, he seems to have exceeded even the more advanced Anglican reformers in the fanatical ferocity of his temper. "With the Bible in one hand and far more earthly instruments in the other, He and his disciples," says Mr. Burke, marched through Scotland proclaiming the principles of Calvin in their worst and most reckless form. They acted in the spirit of Vandals, burning time-honored churches and monasteries, with all the noble monuments of art and learning which they contained. . . . Wherever Knox appeared, the same scenes of violence and bloodshed announced his presence and proclaimed his power. In the course of a few weeks innumerable religious edifices, including the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Andrews, and the Abbey of Scone, where from time immemorial the Kings of Scotland had been crowned, were either irreparably damaged or levelled with the ground."*

A recent Scotch Protestant historian remarks: "The great reformer might boast with Attila that desolation followed on his track whichever way he turned."†

* Burke's Historical Portraits.

† Hosack's "Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers." The true character of John Knox was transparent at the time to minds unclouded by fanaticism and prejudice. That staunch Protestant Cecil, in a letter to Sir Ralph Sadler, assures him that there was no man so abhorred by Elizabeth as the "gross minded Scotch Preacher, John Knox." His disciples and friends, Lord Moray and Lord Lethington, were disgusted and spoke in very forcible language against his unchristian denunciations of the Catholics.

His work, "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," says Mr. Burke, "bears striking evidence of being the production of a foul-mouthed unmanly fanatic." Elizabeth swore "with a mighty big oath" he should never enter her realm. In the constitution of the Church of Scotland, which was drawn up

In ability, Mr. Froude acknowledges that Mary, Queen of Scots, was at least the equal of Elizabeth. With regard to her general character, it may be fairly said that it has never yet been investigated in the clear light of simple justice, disentangled from political and religious contentions, and it must, in truth, be conceded, that the darkest charges that stain her memory were made at a time when she was surrounded by powerful enemies, whose paths she crossed and whose interests lay in her dishonor. It is at least suspicious that the three letters, hitherto considered the most damning evidence of her guilt, found in the mysterious casket, were written in the old Scottish dialect, of which the Queen was ignorant,* and when such a learned advocate of the Scotch Bar as Mr. Hosack, and still more recently an American author, Mr. Melius—both Protestants—have maintained the strong presumption of her innocence, it would seem prudent to suspend one's judgment and await further investigation. †

under the influence of Knox, to celebrate Mass, or to hear it celebrated, was made a capital offence. Of Knox's unqualified approval of the murder of the aged Cardinal Beaton, a Protestant historian, Mr. Frazer Tytler, in his history of Scotland remarks: "The exultation and unseasonable pleasure with which Knox relates the murder are partly to be ascribed to the savage times in which he was bred, and to the natural temper of this singular man, . . . that Knox considered the deed as not only justifiable but almost praiseworthy, is evident from the whole tone of his narrative. This mode of writing naturally roused to the highest pitch the indignation of the Catholic party, and it was received with equal reprobation by the more moderate Protestants."

The judgment that John Wesley passes concerning Knox and his doings, severe as it is, reflects throughout Wesley's well balanced mind and practical piety.

See Life of Rev. John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon, by Rev. — Tyerman.

* Burke.

† "Writing to the Spanish ambassador, on the 30th of July, Moray speaks of a letter of the Queen to Bothwell, planning the death of Darnley by poison or fire. It was afterwards sworn that the casket seized on the 20th of June contained eight letters, but fire is not mentioned. Dalgleish on whose person the letters were said to be found on the 20th of June was examined under torture on the 26th, but in his examination the casket was not spoken of. The existence of these letters seems first to have been secretly divulged to the chiefs of the party and to the Queen of England about the end of July. Throckmorton writes on the 25th of July, "They boast of being able to prove the Queen guilty of murder by the testimony of her own handwriting,

As a body, the English Catholics were profoundly loyal to the Throne. The intrigues and misconduct of individuals apart, the great mass of the adherents of the ancient faith were content to live in seclusion, in the hope that some change in the wheel of politics might bring with it at least toleration. As Mr. Froude writes, "the Catholics proper who had been persecuted, who had kept up the practice of their faith in foul weather and fair, had little confidence in the Queen of Scots. They were willing to support her claim to the succession, for they had no alternative . . . yet they, too, had their misgivings and uncertainties . . . and were beginning to think that they had no refuge but in God,"* and it is an undeniable fact that some of the greatest and best of the missionary priests never meddled in politics,† but confined themselves strictly to their spiritual duties.

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England.

TWO BOOKS BY TWO LAWYERS.

FAITH AND SCIENCE. By HENRY F. BROWNSON. Detroit, 1895.
Published by the Author.

THE JEWISH LAW OF DIVORCE. By DAVID WERNER AMRAM.
Philadelphia, 1896: Edward Stern & Co.

These two books are very characteristic of the two civilizations out of which they have been evolved; that is, the Anglo-Western American on the one hand, and the Hebrew-Philadelphia American on the other. Mr. Brownson is a Western Yankee, son of a philosopher, etc., and Mr. Amram is a Philadelphia Jew. Both types of men and both grades and kinds of work have been familiar to me for the last thirty years, and I have written this review quite as much to

as also by *sufficient witnesses*. But no particulars were divulged before the month of December, when a resolution was taken to accuse Mary of adultery and murder. But no witnesses were ever produced." (Lingard.) While by no means proving the total innocence of the Queen, the case under these curious circumstances certainly fails to carry conviction. See also De Quadras Despatches. Elizabethan State papers.

* Froude.

† For Protestant testimony to this, see article on Father Campion. Chambers' Encyclopedia. Edited, 1888.

point out the respective and relative excellences and defects of these two civilizations as to indicate the respective excellences and defects of the books named.

More than a year ago I began to write a review of Mr. Brownson's book, but desisted because, after applying all the mental force I had, I could not speak of the work with the unqualified approval that its first pages inspired.

After reading Mr. Amram's book last September, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to make one notice of the two books. Life and history are both supremely fascinating by reason of their striking contrasts, and the marked contrast of these two books is the key to this notice.

The subjects, moreover, are closely allied. The one treats of abstract philosophy, the other of applied philosophy; that is, of philosophy battling for a working hypothesis in actual concrete life.

Both books and authors are alike reverent of the past, but the one deals with the abstractions of ancient and modern philosophers, while the other traces, with great accuracy and clearness, the legal applications of all past philosophy and revelation to the one question which, of all others, in ancient or modern times, has had the most important effects upon the status of every civilized society.

The author, in the first case, is a Western American Catholic evolved out of New England liberal tendencies; the other, a Philadelphia Hebrew, as I said—and I may say at this point—that in everything relating to literary finesse, lucidity of statement and conclusiveness of argument, the Jew is infinitely the abler man of the two.

Mr. Brownson labors under the misfortune of being the son of a man whose reputation, by reason of his peculiar position in the amateur literature, philosophy and moralizing verbiage of the last generation in this country, is at present very much over-estimated. Naturally, we expect even more of the son than we have found in the father; but in truth there is not the same swing or power.

A year ago I began my notice of Mr. Brownson's book as follows: "It seems to me that the Church ought to be very proud of the author of this book. It is so closely in touch with all that is worthy in modern science, yet so clearly and profoundly Christian and Catholic, so philosophical and logical, hence in harmony with the eternal principles of God and Nature, that we all ought to further its circu-

lation and treat the writer of it as one of Heaven's newest gifts to our generation.

The book has its faults; but what human being or thing has not? The whole creation seems tainted. Notably our modern American literature is tainted with many fallacies and imperfections. It either considers itself divine, in spite of its absurdities, or, as in the case of Mr. Brownson, incapable of being as divine as Plato and the Christian Fathers. Both are unfortunate extremes—the one of pride and the other of morbid humility. But I consider Mr. Brownson's style—or rather his lack of style—a greater fault than his beautiful humility.

In the first place, I was deeply impressed with what I will call the height and dignity of Mr. Brownson's position, as expressed in the following words from his "Prologue":

"Our age has no great relish for the higher philosophical studies, and apparently no great capacity to pursue them with any marked success. Its authors seek popularity, and philosophical studies can never be popular. Philosophy loses in depth and solidity just in proportion as it is taken out of the schools and submitted to the judgment of the multitude. The results of the profoundest philosophy are needed by the people and may be given them; but never can the people be so educated as to be able to follow and understand the processes by which these results are obtained. In philosophy, as in all the special sciences, the few must think for the many. The democratic principle is not of universal application, and truth and falsehood, any more than right and wrong cannot be settled by a plurality of votes. The great want of the people, collectively as individually, is to be taught and governed."

This flies in the face of all our modern and popular humbuggery of human equality, and must be especially distasteful to all the upstart crews of men and women who, without any due preparation of study or consecration of life to the higher studies of philosophy or the higher duties of self-abnegation, presume to be the philosophical and moral guides of this generation.

I refer here to Protestant preachers in general, and especially to European and American Theosophists, Christian Scientists, etc., and above all to the numerous classes of female termagants—editors, writers, preachers—all of whom had a great deal better be mending stockings, nursing babies, etc., than parading their ignorant and half-taught wisecrack asininity before an admiring world of boobies still more ignorant than themselves.

Again, I was much impressed with what I will call Mr. Brownson's two-fold view of progress, expressed as follows:

"That the human race, upon the whole, or taken in the entire series of ages which it traverses, is progressive, advances towards perfection, or the fulfillment of the divine purpose in its existence, is undoubtedly true, and it would be impious to question it; but not all changes are for the better, and in particular ages and nations it seems to decline and, so to speak, to march backwards, not forwards. Nations fall as well as rise," etc.

And I said, here is a man and a Catholic, not wholly bound in slavery, not wholly blinded by cant. But when he comes to limit the possibilities of our age, as compared with earlier ages, I am not prepared to agree with him. I quote again:

"This age could hardly produce the *"Summa Contra Gentiles"* of St. Thomas, and that work, admirable as it is, is inferior to the *"De Civitate Dei"* of St. Augustine. The mediæval doctors are inferior to the great fathers, and our theologians and philosophers are inferior to the mediæval doctors."

I am not at all sure of this. In fact, I seriously doubt alike the truth and the wisdom of the statement. On the margin of Mr. Brownson's volume I find written, as I was reading, and all of these were inferior to the apostles of our Lord, especially to St. Paul; but here we trespass on the dividing land between inspiration and philosophy, and there is neither need nor time for this.

The work of inspiration is to proclaim a truth; the work of philosophy is to explain all truth; rather a large undertaking and, in truth, all philosophers have, up to date, found the business too large for them.

Touching the work of Christian philosophy in our day, Mr. Brownson is lucid and believable. He says:

"We are now back where the early fathers found themselves, so far as concerns the great dispute we are engaged in, for the very existence of revelation, as well as its harmony with reason, is the great question of this age.

"We see in our colleges able, learned and pious professors who devote their lives to teaching for the love of God and the good of souls, and our young men, the pride of the land, on leaving college falling into contemporary rationalism and infidelity.

* * * * *

"To met the new want, the professor may need to be trained in a department of thought which he has not hitherto been required to

master, a new branch of science, which I may call the Philosophy of Religion.

* * * * *

"Our professors nearly all profess to follow St. Thomas, but the difficulty is, that they are unable to agree among themselves as to what is the philosophy St. Thomas actually taught. For myself, I think, from the little I know of the works of the Angel of the Schools, that there are problems in philosophy raised by modern scepticism which they do not solve, nor even treat; but in all questions which they do treat I should seriously distrust my own judgment if I found myself differing from their real sense; that is, as I understand them."

These are among the passages that led to my enthusiastic welcome of this book, and I still think it a book that our Catholic and Protestant professors of philosophy and our students of philosophy would do well to read in their courses of study. Not that they will be able to swear by all its teachings, but that it may serve to open their eyes to the fact that it is well to be slow in swearing by any man's philosophy anywhere—from St. Augustine and St. Thomas to Archbishop Ireland or Cardinal Satolli.

Here we come to the pith of the author's actual philosophy, and the quick mind very easily detects the loopholes and the possible far flights of its feathers wide of any eternal law.

Having declared his belief that "St. Thomas was neither what in these days is called an ontologist or a psychologist," and going on to speak of "the Louvain professors, the real ontologists," he says:

"The Jesuits Fournier and Rothenflue, and others who hold that the ens intuitively presented as the first and immediate object of the intellect, is real being, not a mental conception. These, by making ens their sole principle of philosophy, from which all existences are to be logically deducible, are not able logically to escape pantheism. Nothing can be deduced logically from ens that does not necessarily follow from it, or that is not necessarily contained in it, for deduction is simply analysis, and the conclusion that does not follow necessarily is invalid."

I will show directly that pantheism just as certainly follows from Mr. Brownson's own definition. In view of just such philosophy as is here advocated I do not wonder that Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin, and other political and commercial strip-lings of American rebeldom concluded that all men are equal, and that philosophers are mostly fools. Alas! Who is to talk of what

"necessarily and logically" follows from or can be deduced from "ens"—that is, being—that is something which no finite human mind has ever comprehended? Who is to talk of this intelligently, logically, or in any way but the way of a chattering magpie—except the essential essence of ens or being itself—many-voiced, with tongues of flame and rays of the morning and songs of birds and sacrifices of God's eternal love?

Many years ago I used to think that I understood some of these things—that is, some of the qualities to be deduced logically from ens, or being; but for many years now I am inclined to laugh at the utter presumption and folly of the wise men who have ever tackled the problem.

Alas! At this age of the world, or at any moment of its existence since the morning stars sang for joy and Adam took to jumping fences instead of minding the farm, it is and has been presumptuous folly for any human being to assert what could be or could not be logically deduced from ens, or necessarily follow from it. And I must point out here, as in another article in this *GLOBE*, that it is in the assumptions and first premises of logicians and philosophers that all their folly lies. Assume that any man can determine what can be logically deduced from ens—or being—and you not only have the key of the universe, but its explanation, and, having made this false assumption, one philosopher deduces one thing from ens and another another thing, till we have the muck heap of humbuggery called philosophy—divine and undivine—from the days of Plato until now. And while I do not pretend to know what human reason might have deduced from ens—unaided by revelation—if there had not been a devil somewhere, and a woman, and a fall, I say that in any state of man since anything we know of him, it was utterly impossible for any man of the race—unaided by revelation—to say what can be logically deduced from ens, what ens is, or what our little ens relationship thereto is, or ever must be.

In a word, the primal bases of philosophy as indicated here by Mr. Brownson and those he quotes—are mere bags of wind, and I have never understood that they were especially reliable as bases for anything.

Doubtless God is known, may be known, in or from His works! St. Paul was clear enough in his sight, but if we call God ens, and assert what may be logically deduced from God or follow from him, we are still whistling in thinner air and cannot even bag our wind.

In a word, on all these primal bases of philosophy, we are playing with and placarding forces and phrases that we do not comprehend.

St. Augustine did not understand it. St. Thomas did not understand it. The elder Brownson was moderately respectable and forceful in modern literature of a certain kind, not because he was a philosopher—he never was such—but because, after the gift of Catholic faith came to him, he thundered and lightened—as well as a mind twisted by foolish early theories could thunder and lighten—in favor of the rational claims of Catholic faith. But these are not at all dependent upon the schools or the schoolmen any more than they are dependent on the temporal power of the Popes.

They rest simply on the historic basis of the character of Jesus and of his palpable wisdom and his undying love for mankind.

Take all philosophy out of the last nineteen hundred years; give me the simple teachings of Jesus and his immortal death, as interpreted by St. Paul, and I will build you a church without philosophers, whose snow-peaked, sunlit pinnacles shall pierce the stars. In a word, the true Church has grown up independent of philosophy.

We make too much of philosophy—too much of the rhetorician, too much of meaningless scholastic verbiage, and forget the weightier matters of the law, of justice and mercy, as these span all chasms of the nations and alone bind the waiting heart of the world to truth and to God.

If Satolli would read Carlyle more and Cicero less, he might be a wiser man.

Nevertheless Mr. Brownson's book is praiseworthy, and as our young men must study philosophy, so-called, and meet the shafts of modern falsehood, it is well for them to have in hand a mentor so much in touch with the spirit of our own age.

My especial objection to Mr. Brownson is found in his treatment of what is called "Intuition, Intuitions," or "The Intuitions of the Mind."

Here is one touch which needs questioning:

"We have intuition of God, or of perfect being, though we do not usually advert to the fact, or take note of it."

I think it far more accurate to say that some of us have a concept—a conception—an idea of God or of perfect being, but that this concept or idea is the result of ages of observation and careful reasoning on the part of our ancestors and ourselves. But an intuition, in

any sense legitimate, to or in the English or any language, is supposed to be a something or a some thought that the mind or soul has, independent of observation and reasoning.

Notice how clear St. Paul is as compared with Brownson. "For the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, even His eternal power and divinity." But all this is supposed to be seen by the civilized man on account of or by reason of his observation of the creation of the world—that is, by his reasonable observation of what we call the works of Nature or the natural world. But Paul was a seer, and Mr. Brownson is only a philosopher, aiming to establish a theory of intuition which will not hold water.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brownson constantly repeats this error—as follows:

"Necessary and absolute ideas cannot be abstractions formed by the mind, because they are intuitively held."

* * * * *

"They are then not data from which the ontological is obtained by a logical process, but are themselves the ontological intuitively affirmed."

Now why cannot necessary and absolute ideas be formed by the mind or be revealed to the mind, or be evolved in the mind? To say "because they are intuitively held," is simply to beg the question, and to put Mr. Brownson's theory of intuition in place of all history and reason.

The same error is repeated in other words in the second sentence quoted, and its repetition is continued through whole paragraphs and pages.

"But why is it that the mind, that reason, revolts at both atheism and pantheism, and invariably, when contemplating particular existences, feels that they are insufficient for themselves, and asks and seeks their cause? Why but because it intuitively perceives that they are not necessary, independent, self-existent beings, but are contingent, dependent existences, that have not their being or their cause in themselves? If the mind had not intuition of them as *causatae*, it would not and could not seek their cause or conceive of them as caused; for conceptions, St. Thomas tells us, have their foundation in reality and can be formed only from intuitions, or objects really presented in intuition. The category of cause is necessary and indestructible, and, as it is not a necessary form either of

the object or of the subject, it must be intuitively given in the intuition as the act of ens, producing or creating and sustaining contingentia, or dependent existences. Hence the ontological and the psychological in their synthesis, or real relation, according to which the ontological causes, or creates, existences, are given in one and the same intuition.

"That ideal intuition, or, rather the intuition of the ideal, embraces both in their real synthesis, or being and existences connected by the creative act of being, I am well aware will not be universally accepted; perhaps chiefly from my inability to make my meaning intelligible. Gentile philosophers had no conception of creation, and hence they regarded the universe as an emanation of being, as generated by being, or as formed by intelligent force operating on a passive and eternal matter as its stuff or material. Most modern philosophers fail to recognize that the fact of creation is given in intuition, and hence either remit it to theology as a fact of revelation, not of philosophy, or attempt to obtain it by first establishing the contingent character of particular existences. But this is because philosophers have usually been more intent on analyzing conception than intuition. Conceptions, in the language of modern ideas, may be confused, inadequate, erroneous, even, but they always presuppose intuition, which alone presents, or places in the mind, the object or concrete reality from which the mind forms its conceptions. A failure to effect a perfect analysis of the contents of the intuition, of course, will render inadequate or erroneous the conception. It is precisely in the analysis of intuition, or thought, that philosophers, in my judgment, have the most signally failed, and it is precisely their defective analysis that I have been endeavoring to indicate and rectify.

"All the principles of thought must be given intuitively, and principles of thought must include the real, be identically the principles of the real order, or the thought will be inadequate, unreal, and science a failure; for all science is by thought, and can contain no principle not presented in thought or intuition. If, then, the creative act is not presented in the intuition, it cannot be included in philosophy. We may have, as Cousin has well said, less in our philosophy than is given in intuition, but we cannot have more; and I may remark, by the way, that it is because it has less that philosophy is so often found at loggerheads with common sense.

Yet St. Thomas and all our philosophers attempt to prove the fact of creation by our natural reason, or that contingent existences, all things distinguishable from being, are produced and sustained by the creative act of being from nothing, evincing thereby that they have the conception of creation; but how can they have the conception if the fact is not presented in intuition?"

I am inclined to answer Mr. Brownson's last query, Quaker fashion and say: If the fact is presented in intuition, how absurd to talk of the conception of it at all?

I think Mr. Brownson extremely unfortunate in his attempts to marshal St. Thomas on the side of his Brownsonian notion.

I am going backward with the last paragraphs quoted. "Yet St. Thomas and all our philosophers attempt to prove the fact of creation by our natural reason." But the conclusions of our natural reason are the results of this reason applied to natural phenomena through observation, through culture, through history, otherwise our first parent—Adamic or Darwinian—would not have run to hide in the bushes when the voice of the Eternal sounded in his recreant ears. No, no! As far as I can see, St. Thomas agrees with St. Paul—but not at all with Mr. Brownson.

"Again we touch St. Thomas: "Few conceptions, St. Thomas tells us, have their foundation in reality." Very good. Here again St. Thomas is clear as day; but when Mr. Brownson adds, "and can be found only from intuitions, or objects really presented to the mind," he seems to me to confound St. Thomas with Brownson, and to confound intuition with real objects, and immensely confuses the reader.

To avoid the dilemma which I think must have presented itself to his own mind in this reasoning, Mr. Brownson divides intuition into ideal intuitions and empirical intuitions, and so aims to reconcile St. Thomas, and God, and Nature with the elder Brownson and with himself.

It would be an endless task to follow Mr. Brownson through all these details. On reaching this portion of his book, still unwilling to give up my original impulse of praising it with all my heart, I wrote Mr. Brownson that to my mind he seemed confused and in error on the whole question of intuition, and suggested that, if possible, he would be a little more concrete in definition as to what he really meant by an "intuition."

In substance, his reply was that an intuition was the mind stuff out of which the mind was made; the divine element or elements in-

herent in the soul; those essentials of the God-head which we inherited from our divine Creator, or, in the language of the Greek poet as quoted by St. Paul, the ingredients or ingrediata of our very being.

The language is mine, but I am trying to put Mr. Brownson's exact thought in language to my mind more exact than his own. I must confess that his concrete definitions of his own concept of intuition or intuitions confounded and confused me more than all his printed definitions and statements; and here is the point where, were I trying to expose his weakness, I would undertake to show that his own inherent concept is absolutely of a pantheistic nature, not that I hint for a moment that he so understands it, for he is abundantly earnest in his advocacy of the Catholic dogma of creation.

I am absolute in my contention that we have no right to set up a theory and then twist the English language into distractions to fit our theory; but that we must take all the known facts of nature, human history and revelation, and use the language in which we speak in its normal sense to express our conception of the whole combination.

Now if Mr. Brownson means by "ideal" or "empirical" intuition, the mind-stuff out of which our souls and our reason are or were formed, by creation or by evolution, then he shows an awful lack of acumen in calling this mind-stuff intuition, for an intuition, in every English sense of the word, is not an elemental essence, not a primal ingredient, not a first principle or an ethereal spiritual substantia of the mind or soul of man, but an intellection, a sight, an inherent natural evolution, or concept, or idea of the soul—already compact of its eternal mind-stuff evolved or created by the eternal Deity.

In a word the mind must be presupposed before it can have an intuition. Hence I charge that Mr. Brownson's whole philosophy on intuition is a refined contradiction of terms and an utter confusion of all mind and problems of mind, of all creation and of all history, and if the father thought like the son so much the worse for the father, and frankly it was because I had to say this or nothing, that I so long refrained from reviewing this book.

I do not think the elder Brownson worth considering as a philosopher, though I am full of quick admiration for him as a moral

power in the midst of the trash called American literature in his generation.

I consider Mr. H. J. Brownson's closing chapter on Faith and Science one of the most valuable additions to modern Catholic literature that this generation has produced; but let him refrain from mental philosophy.

In fact, the whole American mind is a mere clodhopper in philosophy; and for any American of Mr. Brownson's antecedents—at last—gone West—to attempt a book on Philosophy, is much as if Gibson, the New York cartoonist and newspaper sketcher, should attempt to out-Raphael Raphael. Art and philosophy are in our eyes as we are the inheritors of ages of its glory, but neither true art nor true philosophy are at our finger-tips or on our tongues. We are crude dreamers of still cruder dreams. From this western mixture of involved philosophy and high moral enthusiasm one turns with pleasure, still with regret, to Mr. Amram's explanation of the Jewish law of divorce.

Here the subject is concrete—largely a question of written law and its various interpretations, and Mr. Amram is lucid and full on this phase of his subject, but the purpose I have in noticing the book is to indicate that though a learned Hebrew lawyer of our day, he fails in his comprehension of highest moral ideals precisely as Mr. Brownson fails in the finer definitions of metaphysical detail. The Jew is an accomplished fencer in the arena—say the Forum of legal jurisprudence as it bears upon a moral question—and the western lawyer—being a Christian—is an earnest pleader for what he believes to be orthodox philosophy and an ideal spiritual life.

Mr. Amram has the quiet *finesse* of four thousand years of racial culture, and Mr. Brownson the enthusiasm of an amateur American thinker, dealing with a theme that no American has yet had the head or the patience to study or comprehend. Even Mr. Amram finds it difficult to state a proposition that shall serve as a starting point for his discussion of a purely legal question; but he has the acumen to detect the weakness of his own points and the honesty to express his own defects—that is—as far as these relate to purely legal points or definitions.

I can best explain by quotation as follows:

“The origins of law are to be found in the constitution of the patriarchal family, and the fundamental principle of its govern-

ment was the absolute authority of the oldest male ascendant, who was the lawgiver and the judge, and whose rule over his wives, children, and slaves was supreme."

But this is conditioned as follows:

"It is true that there was a legal system and a social life anterior to the patriarchal, and differing from it; but it has left no traces in the Jewish divorce law."

I consider Mr. Amram's book a master-piece as far as it is a patient elaboration of the first of these two brief paragraphs. The weakness of the book, as I read it, is its ignoring or not sufficiently recognizing and emphasizing the broader and deeper truth involved in the second paragraph.

There had at least been an ideal starting of society previous to the patriarchal as far as the question of marriage and divorce was concerned.

Mr. Amram admits this; in fact quotes fully the Old Testament record in confirmation as follows:

"It is commonly supposed that Moses permitted divorce because of his people's hardness of heart; and that from the beginning it was not so; that the pre-Mosaic law forbade divorce and did not attempt to put asunder what God hath joined together. In support of this view the words of Genesis are quoted: "And the man (Adam) said, This time it is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; this shall be called Woman (Ishah) because out of Man (Ish) was this one taken; therefore doth a man leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife and they become one flesh."* But it is an error to suppose that these high ethical conceptions of the marriage relation were carried out in actual practice. Divorce was and is a necessary evil, so considered in all civilized society. Theoretically, men have always agreed that the lofty sentiments expressed both in the Old and the New Testament constituted the ideals that should govern a perfect marriage. But the practice of men, as well, in the dim antiquity of the pre-Mosaic age as in the eighteen hundred years since the establishment of Christianity, has recognized the necessity of divorce, while regretting its non-conformity with the ideals that should govern the marriage relation. And, indeed, it will be observed on closer inspection that the sayings both of Hebrew and Christian moralists in condemnation of divorce are directed not against the exercise of this right, but against its abuse. Jesus himself felt obliged to recognize the validity of divorce, although he confined it to cases of the wife's fornication.†

* Genesis ii. 23-24.

† Matthew xix. 9.

The Jewish law recognized the validity of divorce in all cases, and sought to prevent its abuse by moral injunction and judicial regulation. The Old Testament, written at a time when the domestic law of the patriarchal family was in full vigor, accepted divorce as a matter of fact, as an institution that had existed since time immemorial. The modern law of all civilized states has recognized divorce as a necessity; and it is a notorious fact that those states which have unduly restricted the liberty of divorce have on record a much greater proportion of sexual crime and immorality than those that have adopted liberal divorce laws."

The first point of interest in this quotation is found in the expression "It is commonly supposed," etc. From this it would seem that even from the Jewish consciousness the words of Jesus touching this matter have now become the common supposition of the civilized world. This I take to be an unconscious testimony to the inherent reason and power of those words; and it seems to me one of the most lamentable facts of all human history that the very people out of whom—according to the flesh and every human virtue and power—Jesus was evolved, should so slur His words and so blindly fail to recognize the God in him by reason of his words and life.

As a matter of historic fact now believed by all the scholarship of the Christian world, these words, that have since become the "common supposition" of the civilized world, were a divine reiteration of the first compact of Eden which Mr. Amram quotes almost in the next lines.

And when he says of the original divine institution of marriage and of the palpable endorsement of this by Jesus, "But it is an error to suppose that these high ethical conceptions of the marriage relationship were carried out in actual practice," he begs the whole question as a moralist or as an interpreter of moral injunctions of the law of God and of Moses—shows, to my mind, most clearly and most lamentably not only that he is morally blind but that his whole race, having failed to perceive the divine light there was in Jesus, has ceased individually and collectively to have any power as a moral guide or teacher of the human race.

Nevertheless, these very expressions of the Philadelphia Hebrew lawyer prove beyond question the divinity of the original institution of marriage according to the Eden story and that Jesus was perfectly correct—I speak as a man of a man—when he said that it was solely on account of the hardness of the aggregate Hebrew

heart that Moses, finding it impossible to make ideal and loyal husbands and wives out of them, granted them the privilege of divorce for reasons never understood in the original institution and never admitted as valid by the Son of God in His new interpretation of the divine moral order for the government of this world.

I do not agree with Mr. Amram that two wrongs make one right, or that divorce is a necessary evil. It is a crime against the moral order of the human family, and the only reason that lawyers like Mr. Amram and moralists like our New England and Dakota temperance cranks are inclined to make divorce easy is that they have never comprehended the divinity of meaning and the divine authority of our Saviour's words, and have never attempted to live the ideal life that his divine teachings command.

From a mere Pagan standpoint or from a renegade Hebrew standpoint easy divorce may be granted as a necessary evil; but *never*, while the world stands, from a Christian standpoint. In concluding my comments upon this part of Mr. Amram's book, I beg to assure him that he is in error in stating that in States where the liberty of divorce has been severely restricted there has ever been a greater proportion of sexual crime. The statistics of the last two hundred years covering all European and American states are a perfect refutation of his statement; and I must dismiss Mr. Amram as a very incapable moralist, and a very unsatisfactory interpreter of the power and meaning of the Eden of the Hebrew *moral* law.

On the Rabbinical law of divorce, however, or as interpreter of the quasi-ecclesiastical and quasi-civil law of the Hebrews, based upon the concessions of the Mosaic law, Mr. Amram is certainly the best guide I have ever found, and had this article not already grown to undue proportions, I should like to trace point by point the excellent work he has done in this line.

Those especially interested, however, may procure the book and peruse it for its own sake.

That the patriarchal and the Mosaic systems, by reason of sexual and other corruptions had sadly overridden the original moral teachings of God on this and on every other point of morals when Jesus came, goes without saying. There would have been no need of his coming if the Hebrew race, as such, had lived up to the ideals of the divine law and so had become the moral and spiritual instead of the usurious leaders of the human race.

It was because of their hair-splitting paring-down of the moral law and their hair-splitting insistence upon the ceremonial law as a substitute for morals that God was obliged, so to speak, to become incarnate in Jesus and so found a new centre of moral light and a new inspiration toward it in our poor world.

In truth, it is this tragedy of the divine incarnation through the poverty and the chastity of our race that the Hebrew has never gotten hold of. Few Christians seem to comprehend it, and nearly all our modern social, commercial, and political life is built up, interpreted, and criticised as if this most stupendous fact possible in all the ages of eternity had, in reality, not taken place, and as if its eternal meanings and lessons were not eternally binding on all our lives. In the eyes of all true morality easy divorce is a greater evil, a greater crime than adultery or polygamy, and my lesson for Mr. Amram, as well as for all Hebrew and all so-called Christian readers of this article, is that they study more carefully the divine teachings of Jesus, and dwell less upon the pettifogger Hebrews of the past or the Paganized Christian pettifoggers and other teachers of our day. The True Church is a sure guide in this as in all questions of faith and morals, and its teachings are yea and amen in exact accord with those of Jesus, the new Moral Master of the world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

TO A HUMAN SKULL.

FAIR dome of dust sublimely planned and wrought,
 But late the tenement of some sad soul,
 Sheltering the dreams and hopes that ever roll
 Resistless as the ocean, thought on thought,
 With sweet perpetual moan divinely fraught,
 Speeding afar to some ethereal goal;
 How humbly now thou seek'st one only dole,
 A grave to wean thy ruin into naught.
 Ah, nothingness is thy one fittest sphere,
 Poor vain imposter, death's forbidding sigh,
 Thy walls are but a charnel house for fear
 To ponder on. The soul is never thine,
 And scorns the petty bulwark thou dost rear
 'Twixt yearning man and God's high will benign.

CHARLES A. KEELER.

Berkeley, Cal.

AN EDITOR'S LOGIC IN NEW LIGHT.

During the early days of this year I was much interested in and amused with a discussion in Logic between *The Review*, St. Louis, and the *Opinion Publique*, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

It reminds one of old times to have the syllogism applied to passing events, but the trouble of it all is, now as of old, that in forming the major premise of any syllogism the author is sure to do his work with an eye looking north-north-east to his conclusion, and that this bias alone, not to speak of the million-fold slippery data underlying all human assumptions and syllogisms bearing upon delicate moral or mental phenomena, is pretty sure to make the entire circle of his reasoning a flimsy tissue of insubstantial, dreamy inaccuracies.

In truth I have often thought that a good, honest and capable doubter, like Carlyle or Emerson, could not have employed his life better than in picking to pieces the major premises of all the great logical philosophers from St. Thomas to Herbert Spencer. For my own part I would not hesitate—if properly paid for my time—to shatter any and all the major premises of all the great philosophers from Plato to Cardinal Satolli, and to show therefrom how illogical and unreliable a thing is the much lauded logical syllogism.

Life is too short, however, for such futile undertakings. By and bye the logicians and their logic run against some Saul of Tarsus, some Galileo, some Edison, with a flame of inspiration, a heavenly star, or a little quick, common horse sense, flaming in his eyes, and the logic of ages scampers to the winds.

Let us look for a moment at Editor Preuss's latest syllogism. *The Review*, of December 24th, 1896, says:

"This was our syllogism:

Every agitation set up by a Catholic in violation of the law of the Church and apt to create scandal, is—to express it charitably—inconsiderate and unfortunate.

Now, the agitation of Mr. St. Laurent, by his brochures, is in violation of the laws of the Church, and apt to cause scandal;

Therefore, this agitation is inconsiderate and unfortunate."

Mr. Preuss is a very bright young gentleman. I consider him far and away the ablest editor at present engaged upon the regular

Catholic Journalism of America. Personally, also, I have a very high esteem for him, but, as a friend and a much older man, I earnestly advise him to steer clear of the syllogism in the future. It fits but poorly into the democratic and infinitely varied thought of our day. It is a worn-out fad, like esoteric Buddhism.

I do not intend to follow the controversy hinted at in this syllogism. I do not intend to give or take any account of the reply of the *Opinion Publique*. The latter paper is very wide awake and able to take care of itself, nor do I intend to go further into the merits, pro or con, of Mr. St. Laurent's contention with the New England prelates.

From him and from other New England priests, of different races, I have clear and grateful testimony. First, to the effect that the notice taken of this contention in the GLOBE REVIEW won many able champions to the cause of the priests as against their alleged oppressors; second, that the oppressions themselves have been already greatly modified because of the articles published in the GLOBE REVIEW, and as the gratitude expressed to me for this is far beyond any consciousness of desert on my part, and as this influence for good was the sole object aimed at by me, I had intended to quit the case without further reference to it one way or the other. But when a fire is started there is no telling whose garments may take fire.

Mr. Preuss's syllogism, however, is so funny, so provokingly funny that I am moved to touch the contention again—briefly, from his point of view.

It seems to me that a Catholic Christian editor—himself deeply and avowedly impressed with the fact that grave and numerous instances of unlawful tyranny had been exercised by various New England prelates toward their French Canadian and other priests, might have found better use for his clear head and able pen than in the useless and fossil work of framing syllogisms against the young priest who risked so much in a final effort to correct the abuses very generally admitted to exist.

I am not here defending Mr. St. Laurent. I sincerely hope that he will not publish any more pamphlets on the subject here under review. I am simply calling attention to Mr. Preuss's mighty syllogism. Why go about in such a logical, sober, and effete manner to destroy Mr. St. Laurent, instead of using such logic or other faculty as you may have to destroy the vices, tyrannies, and unlaw-

ful actions that made Mr. Laurent and his unhappy pamphlets a burning necessity?

Why not lay your little hatchet at the root of the upas tree of unlawful tyranny, Mr. Preuss, and not go chopping away at the already suffering and sensitive nerves of the brave man who dared to beard the august Yankee Catholic lions in their own dens?

Seriously—which was the more unlawful and the greater evil—the fearful tyranny complained of by Mr. Laurent and others, or his suffering complaint of that tyranny?

I am not saying that there is any evil in Mr. Laurent's complaint. I am very sorry that his work had to be done; but I have not the slightest doubt that the work itself was necessary, and if an evil, then a necessary evil—like all the sufferings of the atonement made necessary by the fall. In a word, the sufferers had turned both cheeks to their smiters until they were weary and simply had to smite back in return.

To me the facts that forced Mr. Laurent to “set up this agitation,” are so palpable, so sad, so uncatholic, unchristian, unlawful, and provoking in their tyranny that my whole concern has been and still is how best to change the facts and modify the tyranny, not how to pick holes in the broken English or cut slits in the quivering nerves of the French Canadian priest who first dared the undertaking.

This is simply a comment on what seems to me the unwisdom and the uncharitableness of Mr. Preuss's entire “logical” proceeding. In a word, it seems to me that he ought to have saved his shot for the wild bears and not to have used it at all on their huntsman.

Now a word as to the dear syllogism itself. Let us change it a little and see how it kills two birds with one stone, or sails two ways with the same wind. Here is the wonderous syllogism with a new subject, and the same conclusion:

“Every agitation set up by a Catholic in violation of the law of the Church and apt to create scandal, is—to put it charitably—inconsiderate and unfortunate.”

Now, the agitation set up, created by the tyrannies of the New England prelates, is in violation of the laws of the Church, and *very* apt to cause scandal;

Therefore, this agitation was and remains inconsiderate and unfortunate.

To put it charitably we might add *very* unfortunate.

I believe Cardinal Satolli is considered a great logician. I commend this new setting of the syllogism to Mr. Preuss and ask him to put it unto good Ciceronic Italian or Latin or into French and send it to Cardinal Satolli or to Mgr. Martinelli with my love, and I have no doubt that the New England tyrannies will vanish like mists before the rising sun.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

AS PHRYNE AT ELEUSIS.

As Phryne, at Eleusis, laid aside
 Her garments, and let fall her sweet warm hair,
 Before the populace mutely gathered there—
 Then sought, waist-deep, the cool sea's foam-flecked tide,
 That stern Poseidon might be satisfied,
 And great Apelles greater honors wear,
 And Aphrodite live, supremely fair,
 The poet's ecstasy—the painter's pride;—
 So, should I put this mortal garb away,
 And stand, heaven-viewèd, in Love's resplendent sea,
 Wouldst thou on memory's canvas fix my soul?
 For that which thou didst love in earth's brief day—
 Form, features, and glad life, shall wait for thee
 Where time's tossed billows neither strive nor roll.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

Gardiner, Maine.

QUAY VERSUS WANAMAKER & CO.

From the days of William Penn, Gent., to John Wanamaker, shop-keeper, the politico-social life of Pennsylvania has been as varied as its mountain and farm land scenery, though never half so beautiful.

William Penn, himself, was a strange mixture of pious cant and of shrewd, beaver-like, business cuteness, but without any sufficient executive ability, and his surviving sons were simply upstart fools. Strange to say, John Wanamaker is very closely imitating or repeating William Penn's career, only the modern shopman has more executive ability in a day than Penn ever had in a year.

But the times have changed, and things have gotten strangely mixed in Pennsylvania and elsewhere during the last two hundred and twenty-five years. Shrewdness has increased and principle decreased, and the gifts, in grants of land, and in political "honors" are no longer to the pious or to gentlemen, but to the men whose slavish shrewdness will enable them to serve the rich and deceive the poor, and all for the glory of this great Republic.

Of the two, I hold Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, a much shrewder and smarter man than shop-keeper Wanamaker—and as to real piety or principle it is a question of the toss of a copper between them. In the language of Mark Anthony, they are both honorable men, and it is well known all over the country that during the first week in January of this year they were in a sort of life and death struggle for a seat in the United States Senate—to succeed the Cuban Scarecrow-Cameron—who had grown alike weary of the honors and the work of the position.

Wanamaker wanted the seat and the honors for himself, and Quay wanted the place for his henchman—State Senator Penrose. There was lots of fun in the campaign and, of course, Wanamaker was beaten, and I repeat here what I stated in No. 11 of this REVIEW that Wanamaker has never undertaken a contest with any man of respectable ability, or with any corporation of corresponding means to his own, but he has been shamefully beaten, and it will continue thus till the end of his career, unless he makes a clean breast of some fearful blunders he has made and so takes the American people into his confidence. Meanwhile he can continue to control numberless sweat-shops and squeeze the life blood out of numberless young lady employes at the rate of \$4.50 a week—less various taxations. It was perfectly clear to me from the first that Wanamaker would be beaten in the contest named, and I so declared in advance to every man in Philadelphia and New York who spoke with me on the subject.

I take the matter up in the *GLOBE*, first, because, though comparatively a local contest, its bearings and relationships are national and world-wide; second, because of the attitude taken, in the main, by Philadelphia and New York newspapers in connection with the contest; third, because of the sharpness of the contest between the so-called business men's interests and preferences as compared with the politicians' interests and preferences, as ably defined by Senator Quay himself. In fact, these last two points are what constitute the contest's far-reaching interests.

As individuals neither Quay nor Wanamaker is of sufficient importance to demand discussion outside of political bar-rooms and Sunday-school fairs, but as Quay is the political boss of the great State of Pennsylvania, and as Wanamaker is, perhaps, the sharpest shop-keeper in America—embracing in this latter definition all his Sunday-school work—a contest between these two representative Americans for the control of a seat in the United States Senate is of interest to the whole American people.

During the campaign some man by the name of Pollock—I am not sure but it was old ex-Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, though I thought the old horn-tooter dead long ago—said of Wanamaker—in a speech delivered at Wilkesbarre, Pa.—that he was the greatest man on earth. Had this estimate been true it would have been enough to defeat Wanamaker in Pennsylvania. For, in that State they have long since ceased to regard any elements of true greatness as constituting any man's claim to honors.

In truth, outside of his special shrewdness in buying of the sweat-shop-squeezers vast lots of goods at abnormally low figures and selling them at correspondingly high figures—to accommodate the public, and employing all sorts and varieties of clerks and saleswomen and girls at fearfully low wages—Wanamaker is one of the most ignorant and incompetent of all the incompetent place-seekers and place-holders now before the American public.

Beginning as errand boy and under-clerk in the once famous Bennett's Tower-Hall clothing store in Philadelphia, about forty-two years ago, and by reason of his remarkable piety—jumping from this position to the secretaryship of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. about 40 years ago—and by marrying a little money and taking his wife's brother into partnership with a little more money—Wanamaker started for himself in the clothing business at the old clothing corner of Sixth and Market, Philadelphia, about 38 years ago.

Piety had paved the way and with the small capital thus furnished Wanamaker was not only a success from the start, but he has pulled together any number of half incompetents and made them all small successes also. I am not here speaking of the much larger numbers he is said to have wrecked utterly. I am giving the devil his due. And he has been most successful as a Sunday-school superintendent, but here the story of ability and prosperity absolutely ends.

He is said to have purchased his position of Postmaster General in

Harrison's tea-party cabinet with a contribution of \$125,000 to the Harrison Campaign fund, and his administration of the position—not to speak of his fearful connection with the Philadelphia Keystone Bank failure during his term of office—was a miserable failure.

It is well understood that he chipped in liberally toward the \$18,000,000, by means of which Hanna is said to have bought McKinley's election; but John is a shrewd man—"on pure business principles"—and as he was after the United States Senatorship this time and knew that the Pennsylvania Legislature had to be bought individually, and at a high figure, in order to serve him, he saved the larger charity of his pious purse for the purchasing of the United States Senatorship, via the Pennsylvania legislature. But the flimsy shopkeeper—now brought face to face with men, and no longer with shop girls, or with clowns like Pollock—could not even do this little feat—not when he had the newspapers of Philadelphia and New York, and the "pure business men's movement" in Philadelphia all to help him.

In truth, the utter impotence of this shopkeeper—that is, in any matters outside of his shopkeeping, and wherein he has to contend with other men of mere average ability—is so palpable that one wonders why he does not simply buy what honors or blood or respectability he can buy in the open market, for money, and cease all other kinds of struggle.

In the present instance the newspapers of Philadelphia and New York were not averse to an increase of the usual holiday Wanamaker advertising, and there was the other excuse for their advocating Wanamaker, viz., that the Business men's movement was in favor of Wanamaker. Advertising is a purely legitimate business. The newspaper nabobs flourish on it, and naturally they are in sympathy with Wanamaker and the business men in politics, and they are all honorable men.

Yet in spite of all this Wanamaker was defeated, and Penrose—a mere henchman of Quay's—whom nobody knows or cares for, that is worth caring for, was elected by the august Legislature of Pennsylvania to succeed Don Cameron—whose place was bought for him by his father—as Senator of the United States. Shades of Cicero and Dan Webster, not to speak of Billy Penn—what are we coming to and where are we at?

As a matter of straight reply to this question—we are coming to

Matthew Stanley Quay—ex-trickster of the Pennsylvania Legislature—ex-henchman of the Camerons, now Senator of the United States—ex-candidate for the Presidency of the United States and Boss of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania. I beg that my Republican friends in Pennsylvania will not take this as a slur—I myself would infinitely prefer Quay to Harrity. It is a choice of two evils and very contemptible evils at that.

Nevertheless, I have no sympathy with the newspapers now against Quay and in favor of Wanamaker. In truth, stupid and unknown as is Senator Penrose, he will prove a more desirable United States Senator than Wanamaker ever could have proven himself. But we were speaking of Quay and the newspapers.

The only newspaper man in Philadelphia who knows all of Quay's vices and virtues from the Senator's first squeal to his last, is Col. McClure of the Philadelphia *Times*. Chas. Emory Smith, of the Philadelphia *Press*, is comparatively new to Pennsylvania politics. Col. Lambert, Smith's henchman, is too young and too drastic a man to be intrusted with the true inwardness of things. Davis, of the *Ledger*, never knew anything properly, but how his clothes fitted! SINGERLY, of the *Record*, is simply a newspaper adventurer—without knowledge or influence. And why all this? Simply to remind you that a look at the files of the Philadelphia newspapers during the recent Wanamaker-Quay contest will show you that McClure's *Times*, the only brainy paper in Philadelphia, while in favor of Wanamaker—as the business men's candidate and as a great advertiser—certainly the business end of the paper would insist on so much—still the *Times* as an editorial entity was as non-committal as it could possibly be—in fact, was at heart in favor of Quay.

McClure knows the inside facts of the lives of both these stainless gentlemen, and it being a choice of rogues, the *Times* chose the larger rogue, but it knew all the while that Wanamaker would not and could not win. So did Quay—so did the very members of the Pennsylvania legislature that encouraged the shopkeeper to run for Senator—but, as it was all in the party, why not let John spend all the money he wanted? Would it not all work good for the party? Would not the party get his cash and its own candidate in the bargain?

Oh! John, but thou art an eternal phool. No brother of mine, if you please; hence no scriptural danger.

In truth I despise the newspapers for siding with John—just as much as I despise John for his foolish ambition and for his being fooled.

To judge from the newspaper denunciations of Quay and their wild exaltation of the immaculate saint of Bethany Sunday school, the uninitiated might suppose that Quay was a greater rascal than Wanamaker and less worthy of being boss of Pennsylvania.

Let me correct this notion. Quay is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, thus betraying a certain stage of culture and accomplishment of parentage. John Wanamaker is the son of a brick-maker, and there never was any character or culture within sight of the Wanamaker blood.

From being a person somewhat addicted to trickery and whisky, Quay has risen, through temperance and a close adherence of fidelity to friendships and political duties, to the Senatorship of the United States, and the Boss-ship of Pennsylvania; while Wanamaker has simply risen through sweat-shop methods to the ignorant and dastardly mastership of such vanity as the low-bred millionaire is apt to feel. Of the two I consider Quay not only the smarter but infinitely the better bred and the more moral man.

Again, Wanamaker is a booby in politics, not to speak of statesmanship, but Quay has risen through the petty despicabilities of politics to some grasp of statesmanship, and to prove this I here quote some of his recent utterances and point out their value.

The posings and pretensions of the so-called Business men's movement in Philadelphia inspired Senator Quay to make these utterances, among others:

"I am opposed to the entire scheme of the National Business Men's League, as disclosed by Mr. Dolan. Its basic theory is that organized wealth shall dictate high office, and so take possession of the Government. It will be met as stubbornly and overthrown as disastrously as was Bryanism. Bryan invoked the masses against the classes. The promoters of this league invoke a class against the masses and all other classes. No league of business men, or other men, based upon wealth or other foundation, can erect a governing class in this country. In the United States Senate we have millionaires and business men enough to serve all legitimate purposes. Senators are needed who have no specialties, but who will act for the interests of the country in gross without special affinities. There must be less business and more principle in our politics, else the Republican party and the country will go to wreck. The business issues are making our politics sordid and corrupt. The tremendous

sums of money furnished by business men, reluctantly in most instances, are polluting the well-springs of our national being."

It is not necessary to lay any stress upon the fact that Senator Quay is perfectly familiar with the methods of so-called business men in politics.

He is old enough to remember the Hon. Simon Cameron's business methods during our civil war. He knows exactly to what extent the business men of Philadelphia have manipulated the Legislature of Pennsylvania during the last quarter of a century. He knows just exactly how much money Wanamaker and other business men of Philadelphia contributed toward Harrison's election in 1892, and just why they made these contributions—from pure patriotism and sheer moral benevolence of course. He also knows just how much of Hanna's \$18,000,000 contributed by business men—from pure patriotic and business motives—was spent on Bourke Cockran and other mouthing and renegade public clowns to secure the election of McKinley last year, and I consider his testimony to the effect that this nation is being driven to wreck by such methods of infinitely more force and value than all the hireling and vituperative editorials and sermons that have been written and preached on this theme during the last twenty years.

Nor does it detract from the value of this testimony one iota to state or to emphasize the admitted fact—that Quay has been as corrupt as the worst of his cronies, or that his statement was made in the heat of a political campaign wherein his own power and prowess were being tested. Quay knew what he said and meant it.

Let the Belmonts and the Wanamakers put this little weed in their pious pipes and smoke it. It will do them good. They may even learn from it that in their next grasping after purchased political control they are liable to be broken on the wheel, and that, too, by a powerful party in the United States Senate.

There is still another and an interesting view to be taken of the present pretensions of American business men in politics.

It is simply the contemptible and presumptuous folly of fools to assume for a moment that the average morality of the average methods of the average business men of our time is purer, more exalted, or less corrupt than the average methods of average politicians.

There are individual business men in all parts of the country whose methods are far above those of the average politician, and there are politicians—with cravings for pure statesmanship—whose

methods are far superior to those of the average business man, but it is not safe for the kettle to call the crock "black head" in this or in any other division or diversion of our garbage carts. Our politics are corrupt and our business is corrupt. Let the business man mind his own business and improve its methods all that is in his power, and let the politician mind his business and bring it to the level of statesmanship as far as he has any impulse toward good or any power with his fellow men.

But to set Wanamaker up as the idol of the pure methods of business men, and as an ideal instructor in the needed purities of politics, is so everlastingly absurd that I do not wonder Senator Quay lifted his voice in protest. In truth, Quay knows Wanamaker well enough to despise him.

That Quay himself, from whatever motives, is striving to look at our national questions in a national way—not wholly born of the blind mole tariff motives of the average Pennsylvanian—is evident from many of his recent utterances. He has evidently read a little outside the newspapers. He has also travelled, and made observations. He plainly sees that this great continent as to its public roadways, water-ways, etc., is only one-fourth civilized, and sees that a truly national spirit in our government not only would but will, sooner or later, take hold of this great business, and by so doing make itself the idol of our entire people. Perhaps he is squinting toward such idolship on his own account. Be that as it may, he is at once patriotic, statesman-like, and aggressive in a truly American sense, in the paragraph I have quoted, as in other utterances of his in the Senate, and for my own part I am a thorough believer in the philosophy—"the tools to him who can use them."

Nobody expects any statesmanship from McKinley—the little major was not built that way, nor is he likely to put men in power—at Hanna's bidding—who will know or care anything about statesmanship. It is an administration for revenue only, and must fight it out on that line.

I am no more in sympathy with Quay's notions on the tariff than I am with his silly misrepresentation of Mr. Bryan, but I believe in giving even a devil like Quay, his due.

Plainly the much fooled people of the Keystone State agree with me to this extent—for with the whole combine of the saints and the business men's leagues of his State against him he not only whipped

Wanamaker & Co., but whipped them when he had only a little insignificant pen-rose to fight with and to fight for.

Such a man is not to be sneezed at by the prophets of the press, who have grown so used to worshipping the golden calf that they no longer understand the merits or the fore and aft capacities of a well trained mule.

Of Senator-elect Penrose, it may be well not to prophesy too severely. Twenty years ago Quay was a mere tool of the Camerons, and nobody ever dreamed that he would develop the executive ability or the good and comprehensive sense he has shown during the last ten years.

Twenty-five years ago Boss Platt, of New York, was simply the poodle pup, "me to" Platt, or lackey of Senator Conkling, and Conkling himself—with all his posings and scandals—was hardly more than a rhetorical shadow of Seward, and Tilden, and Seymour as a representative of the statesmanship of the Empire State. But even Platt has become a great man—God save the mark—and now we have fallen into the hands of such figures as Roosevelt and Mott.

Surely, then, there is a chance for a gentleman like Penrose.

It is perfectly silly for New York editors to write as if Pennsylvania under Quay's bossism had lost the priceless boon of self-government any more than the same priceless boon or boom has been lost in New York. For more than a generation we have been governed by oligarchs and their political trickster slaves. It is the same in Maine, Texas, California, and in all the States of the Union, only in one State one kind of fad and one kind of trickster controls, and in another State another kind.

I must not, however, go into the subject of our general imbecility or our general tyranny. The subject is too large and too despicable.

The object of this article is to point out, by means of a few salient facts, that men of the Wanamaker stripe, and I include such implings as Roosevelt in the Wanamaker gang—are utterly unfit for any public trusts, not to say unutterably incapable of statesmanship, and that if we must be bossed by gentlemen like Quay or plebeian millionaires like Wanamaker, in God's name let us choose the Quays until we can do better. Finally, that we cannot do better until the average character of the nation is swayed by more genuine morality and more pure religion in the sense that recognizes and respects the rights and consciences of their fellow men.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

INA COOLBRITH'S POEMS.

"SONGS FROM THE GOLDEN GATE."

A NEW edition of Miss Coolbrith's poems has been recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The volume is dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedman and contains four illustrations by William Keith, the California artist.

The first edition of Miss Coolbrith's poems was published by subscription in San Francisco about fifteen years ago. The present collection includes the original edition entire, with thirty-six additional pieces.

For many weary years the English-speaking portion of the globe has been flooded with verse in newspapers, magazines, and books.

Of all the diseases that attack humanity the mania for writing poetry is the most insidious, most universal, and most incurable. It yields to no treatment. Its victims comprise both sexes.

It is independent of all conditions that are known to modify other maladies. Some organisms can successfully resist even the approach of the most deadly epidemic, but the individual who at some period of his pilgrimage has not cherished the delusion that he could write poetry is, if not the noblest, at least the rarest work of God.

A capable critic may be as rare an apparition as a genuine poet, yet there are some who can discern poetry from pottery, though they may lack the faculty to write a single stanza of true poetry.

In "Songs from the Golden Gate" we clearly recognize a genuine poet, nay, we discover in this modest little volume more true poetry than can be found in the works of any American poet, living or dead.

The heart from which these songs have come must have lain very close to the Great Heart of the Universe. The touch is so light, the music so sad, so soft, and so sweet, that its origin is unmistakable. Nature once more speaks here at first-hand, and her speech is none the less persuasive that it flows from a woman's lips.

No woman-poet, indeed, has succeeded in putting so much feminine softness and delicacy into her work as Miss Coolbrith.

This characteristic constitutes no small portion of her charm and her power.

Like every book worth reading, "Songs from the Golden Gate" cannot be accurately estimated from one or two selections. Everything in the book, from the graceful and charming address to the world-poets in the beginning to the last word directed to the author's dead mother, is worthy of study and perusal.

We quote these few lines:

"BESIDE THE DEAD."

It must be sweet, O Thou my dead, to lie
With hands that folded are from every task;
Sealed with the seal of the Great Mystery,
The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask,
The life-long struggle ended, ended quite,
The weariness of patience and of pain,
And the eyes closed to open not again
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
It must be sweet to slumber and forget,
To have the poor tired heart go still at last,
Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all for ever past,
Past all the hours or Slow of wing or fleet.
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet.

In the whole range of English poetry, there is little to equal and nothing to surpass this exquisite sonnet, for true poetic insight, for artistic finish and polish of style. So long as hearts are moved by English speech, and brains think in that tongue, "Songs from the Golden Gate" will keep their power over those in each generation who have either hearts or brains.

The Californian, like the Latin lyricist, may feel assured that the best part of her will never die.

M. J. WHYTE.

Sonoma, Cal.

MARRIAGE VOWS AND OTHERS.

During the past year quite a number of the eastern secular papers and several Catholic weeklies gave prominence to various accounts of a so-called Catholic lady who had chosen to live apart from her husband and to devote her life to the "high ideal" of looking after

certain supposed cancer patients in one of the undesirable sections of the east side of New York City.

As far as I have any reliable knowledge of the case this lady simply deserted her husband—perhaps in pique, inspired by some transcendental ideal of moral heroism—but that is none of my business, and is not pertinent to the lesson I have to teach in this case. That she deserted her husband—took sudden leave without his consent, and by so doing gave him infinite pain, chagrin, and misery, I have the best of reasons for knowing, and that she visited Canada either with a view of becoming a religious or of training with nuns for her high vocation of nursing cancer patients, is also well known. That she did not and could not become a nun under the circumstances, everybody that knows anything of the seriousness that the Church attaches to marriage vows perfectly understands. That she did come to New York, fell sick in her work, and was paraded in New York papers as something of a heroine, is also beyond question.

Had I been editor of a daily paper in New York at the time, I would have presented her case as in no way heroic, but as insufferably and unpardonably wilful and sinful, and I did not take up the case in the December, 1896, *GLOBE REVIEW* simply because I did not wish to lacerate the feelings of the outraged husband. But it seems to me that the matter is so pregnant with the conceit of so-called moral ideals on the one side and the wisdom of the Church on the other, that without mentioning any names some pertinent truths can be pointed from it that this age needs to know and to emphasize.

In the first place, had this lady or her New England ancestors of supposed high moral and other culture ever truly learned the simplest principles of true morality, she and they would have known that to desert one sacred duty in order to take up another supposed duty, no matter how attractive its self-sacrificing and heroic qualities might appear, was and forever must remain rank moral cowardice and not heroism at all.

In the next place, had this lady ever been properly taught any Catholic truth as to the sacredness of marriage, its vows, and its duties, she would have known that the Church could not, without stultifying its past history, possibly accept the whims of a deserting wife as having any inherent moral value, for the married woman ceases to be a respectable moral being the moment she deserts her lawful husband or fails to fulfil her primal and sacred obligations to him.

It is well known to Catholic morals that the same law applies to a husband. A married man cannot, for any supposed high ideal, desert his wife and become a moral teacher in the Church, or a priest at its altars. Indeed, a married man, though deserted by his wife and through her wickedness and sinfulness separated from her by our blasphemous laws of divorce, cannot become a Catholic priest while the deserting wife lives, simply because the Church holds that the marriage vows take precedence of all other vows—in truth, render any and all other vows of an ecclesiastical character impossible. The only exception to this is where, by mutual consent—for a time, or for all time—both the husband and the wife take vows of celibacy and devote their separate lives to a purely religious vocation. And experience teaches that when vows of this sort have been made, by mutual consent, they have usually proven a failure, and I think that the deep and underlying reason of such failure is in the fact that marriage is the sacrest of all human relationships, and that God himself will not allow it to be tampered with even for purposes of supposed mutual action toward other and supposed higher ends. There are no higher ends.

At all events, that the position of the Church is eminently wise in treating either individual to the marriage relationship as a part of the other and in no sense capable of independent moral action of the kind hinted at, is alike clear from Scripture and from common sense.

The husband and the wife, according to Scripture, are no longer twain or two but one—one flesh and one united physical and moral life. I am perfectly aware that the blasphemous, so-called civilization of our day can only laugh at this and go to the immaculate temperance state of South Dakota and get its divorces by the cart load, so much a head; and that I despise this so-called civilization, from toe to crown, is no secret to the readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. In truth, I founded this review to scorn and deride it.

But, let us keep to our theme. The language of Scripture is explicit as to the vital unity of the married pair, and the primal obligation of marriage vows. It goes without saying that the Church is in harmony with Scripture on this point, as it is in every point whereon it has declared its dogma and morality. What I wish to emphasize and to make clear is that both Scripture and the Church are in exact accord with the common sense of mankind also, if you can only open your eyes to see this fact.

True in one thing, true in all—
False in one thing, false in all

is the verdict of universal human experience. And if the wretched two-faced envious hypocrites among Catholic editors, clerical and other, who wilfully or unconsciously are constantly misrepresenting me in their weak and sophistic editorials could only understand that I am speaking for truth alone, while they are sold to slavery, envy, and sycophant falsehood, they would readily understand why they cannot agree with me. God forgive them and help us to understand one another.

It is not in their nature to accept the truth. The truth would damn their souls, and they hate me because I dare to speak the truth. The Church is wise and pure and divine; I accept that as fully as any prelate, alive or dead, but God pity the wretched Judases that are padding her with insufferable lies.

What is the universal, underlying truth of reason and the human soul in the present case? Simply this—that the man or the woman who will break his or her marriage vows, because, perhaps, they may have become irksome, or wearing, or by reason of some sickly theorizing—would break any other vows that such cowardly soul might make to God or man or angels, and for precisely the same reasons; and to take a deserting wife and make a nun of her, or to make a heroine of her in any sense, is simply to exalt lying, infidelity and cowardice, and to place these infernal vices on the throne of truthfulness, fidelity, and heroic loyalty to whatever vows or duties God and your own choice have laid upon you. The Church is not such an ingrate—so Godless, or such a fool.

I do not know the lady in question, personally. Long years ago, and in the full front of the controversy regarding her father's genius, I was among his staunchest advocates and God forbid that any hireling scribbler, Catholic or other, should charge me in this case with favoring the man more than the woman. I forestall such charge by saying that it is a shameless falsehood.

The case has simply forced upon me the obligation of touching again upon the subject of marriage and divorce, which I wrote upon with my life blood in number two of the *GLOBE*—now seven years ago—and I dare all the atheists on earth to refute the position there maintained.

I say that our modern culture, our modern wealth, our modern

society, and our modern Protestantism, including all its "most advanced teachers"—represent a cult of absolute moral idiots on this and twenty other themes that newspaper editors—college and university bred stults and asses are presuming to write about, and until we all learn, men and women—Catholic and Protestant—that duty is duty as God is God, that truth is truth as God is truth, and that to shirk either is to go to hell, we had better shut up our churches than our saloons, and cease to talk of honor or character, or the higher education, or ethics, and know that to desert truth or duty is to be a dastard and not a saint, or a hero or a heroine in the eyes of God or any worthy man.

The subject is almost too sacred to fling into its face such apt sayings as that of Goethe, quoted so often by Carlyle—"Do the duty that lies nearest thee, and every other duty whatsoever will seem plain." It is simply this, that a deserter is a deserter and deserves to be shot on sight or made to wear the "scarlet letter" of eternal shame.

And if Catholic editors, or other editors, and Protestant parsons and law givers, are so lost to the eternal principles of moral obligation, as involved in the case in question, that they choose to glide over it and call white black and black white, as in so many other cases, I must all the more emphasize the old eternal fact that the woman who deserts her husband, even in order to pursue some other supposed higher ideal, is worthy only of the eternal execration of mankind.

It is natural for pettifoggers and newspaper reporters to cherish such desertions and make all the news and money they can out of such cases. They live on carrion—and where the immoral carcass is, there will such immoral vultures congregate and feed. The respectable corruptions of society are their meat and drink, and ninety-nine out of every one hundred Protestant parsons—being without any moral stamina or backbone on their own account—will act from their so-called sympathies—squeeze the deserting woman's hand—kiss her pretty daughters, if she has any, and aid and abet her in her disloyalty to her husband. Being rebels themselves against the very functions of moral authority, they naturally aid rebellion, especially where a woman who poses as an injured woman—or one "inspired by some lofty idea"—is concerned. A pox upon such eternal fools.

It is doubtless true that loyal husbands and wives have troublous

hours now and then. Incompatibilities of temperament and tastes will, especially when so tied together, react and strike fire, but usually and only when the self-assertive selfishness of either party becomes the ruling motive of life for a longer or shorter term. But in these very admissions we are conditioning true loyalty and admitting the hell-bringing element of personal selfishness, which never ought to show its vile head in any wedded life.

And do not prostitutes and paramours and flippant, but wiseacre divorcees also have troublous times? My observation, carefully applied these last forty years, teaches me that a rush from the marriage to the divorce court is a rush from the frying-pan into the fire; and any woman that will desert her husband for slight or grave causes has already divorced herself in the eyes of all the laws of mankind. She is in fact, by this very act, now quite ready for any stratagems or spoils. She cannot help herself. The eternal laws of this moral universe are yea and amen on this theme, and all the termagant, gad-about, social reform screamers on God's earth, cannot alter these laws. They can become free, precisely as all devils are free, and serve the devil in their termagant freedom. I do not presume to understand what incompatibilities there might have been in the case hinted at. I do not assert that there were any. It is not my business to pry into such matters. It is the business of no one but the parties themselves and the priests who might have been their confessors. I despise alike the nosing reporter who gloats over details of this sort—and the still more contemptible self-imposed moral censors of the private affairs of any man or woman, Protestant or Catholic. I know such pious vipers and I hate them worse than hell. But when public action is taken, and public notice made of such action, it is the province of all true teachers to note such public action, as far as it can be noted without entering into private details, and the case in question is an illustration of this kind. It is of no consequence to me what the private relations of these parties were. My position is that the act of desertion was an open social crime, and that for any woman who has committed such a crime to pose as a heroine, or a saint, or a respectable moral agent, or anything but a common outlaw, is to outrage and rot all the principles of social morality; and the more prominent and gifted the person, and the more pretentious her or his claims in the case, the more despicable his or her type of misdirected conscience.

I can readily understand that the married life of a literary man and a literary woman must in the nature of things be a very thin ice walking sort of an experiment; especially in this age, when every woman who has a smattering of schooling thinks herself the superior of all men on earth. Besides, the literary temperament is apt to be peppery and exacting. The heats of working periods and the chills and wearinesses of periods of rest, both need especial ministry and care. Here is where Jane Carlyle damned her gifted husband. In the case of George Lewes and George Elliot—in the first place, they were never married, and their social blunder and its consequent isolation alike made them more considerate of one another. In truth, Lewes became the woman in the case and did all the patient ministry—for pay—while George Elliot, ruined in her moral sense, did the most attractive and yet the most immoral work of the respectable literature of the Victorian era—so-called.

It is an old story that literary men are hard to live with, and yet universal experience shows that they are, of all men, the most appreciative of refined and gentle ministries; hence, as by law of nature, the most indignant toward all low forms of dirt and disloyalty on the part of their wives. I am not even hinting that there was any serious incompatibility in the case that suggested this article. I am simply jotting down reflections that have grown out of it; and if necessary, or worth while, I could tip every word with personal star-fire on the one side, and the sickly flames and fumes of hell on the other, and give you names and dates and laws and divorces and posing women and lascivious men to justify the seriousness with which I have handled the matter. No words can express my indignation for the deserters, the wilful divorcés, or for the damned courts of law that pander to this eternal crime.

The trouble is that society itself is corrupt to the core, that newspaper and other moralists who write on this theme and apologize for corrupt society, are themselves blind leaders of the blind, and already sold to the father of lies before they begin their moralizing.

In truth, the further trouble is that large numbers of men and women now engaged in the work of teaching social and other morality in this age are voluntary and wilful divorcés, deserters of every social integrity, and it seems to be the pet business of faithless women to teach faithfulness and heroism to the rising generation of men. God pity their hardened and insurgent souls.

There is one thing to be grateful for in all this, and that is, that these female animals are seldom mothers. In fact, this may explain alike their errors of head and their blindness of soul, though many so-called respectable mothers are the vilest leaders in this crusade against all moral law.

Long years before I was received into the Catholic Church—in fact, through all my mature life—I have held the most orthodox view of the Church regarding the sacredness and indissolubleness of marriage and the unutterably binding character of marriage vows. This is not a matter of assertion. My writings and my life prove the assertion.

Many years ago, during a period of doubt, I doubted this, as others doubt it to-day, and was inclined to admit the widest claims of individual liberty in this matter; but, strange to say, my careful reading and repeated study of the wonderfully able essay of Milton in his special pleading for divorce—simply to justify his own conduct—reconvinced me of the eternal validity of the very opposite of his claims, and desertion is just as bad as divorce, or worse. It is taking all law—God's law and man's law—in your own hands, and playing master or mistress of the universe in your own behalf; and, of course, that is the soul and legitimate outcome of all Protestantism. But the Catholic Church is absolutely right on this point, as on every other wherein she has declared her final view. In fact, there is no vow of the priesthood, monkhood, or sisterhoods of the Church so sacred, so noble, so God-founded and eternally binding as the vows of marriage, especially as sanctioned and sanctified by the Church.

In all the special religious vows indicated they are made by the Church, to the Church, and for the Church. In certain spheres of labor they are qualified, and in others made from year to year; the Paulists, for instance, do not take the vow of poverty; and the same power that created these vows, and for whose glory they are made, and to whom they are made, can abrogate them, and relieve the religious person therefrom.

But marriage was constituted direct by God almighty, before the Church existed; its vows are sacred and life-long, independent of the Church, and the Church rightly judges that it has no power to revoke the laws of God. Jesus was never more sublime than when he said, By reason of the hardness of your hearts Moses granted you divorce, but from the beginning it was not so.

Another primal cause of our modern laxity regarding marriage vows will be found in our stupid American "Declaration of Independence," and the universal notion of human rights, so-called—that is of individual human rights—that is *my rights*, not my neighbor's rights, my *duties* to myself, to him, and to all men and women, and to God himself, in a moral universe such as we inhabit.

This atheistic error in Tom Paine's and Tom Jefferson's philosophy has developed a final state of society wherein each individual of the most ignorant, vulgar, and criminal classes out of hell or the penitentiary, feels that he or she has the same rights in our railroad cars, on our streets, in our restaurants and hotels—not to speak of our politics and churches, which are often run by libertines and thieves—that honest people, refined people, modest people, scholars, men and women of honor, ladies and gentlemen, have; hence it happens that instead of treating the ignorant and the vile—rich or poor—with Christian pity, one is obliged in simple self-defence to treat them with unutterable contempt; and I hold that the most disastrous and dastardly consequences of this false philosophy are now ripening to all the flora of hell in the faces and manners and morals of our modern women.

"But there are exceptions, Mr. Thorne." Certainly, dear lady, whoever you may be—exceptions so beautiful, chaste, pure, and womanly that without them it were a curse to breed any more children simply to witness the certain and all sweeping damnations of hell.

A pox upon the notions of that woman who, once honored by the name of wife, and the name of any worthy man, dreams that she has a mission to fulfil higher than that of loyal and loving wifehood and motherhood.

Again our pestiferous notions of *our rights*, instead of convictions as to our *duties*, have made us look upon marriage as a play-ground or a pleasure-garden; and if we are not entirely happy in it at once, we rush to the conclusion that it is better to rush out of it. Rushing where? as I have hinted—but leaving out the appeal to our own selfishness and betterment.

In God's name, what decree of heaven was there, or is there, which guarantees that you should be happy! Is the school boy or girl always happy at his or her tasks in school? Is the prostitute always happy? Let the kindly skies of forgetfulness hang their softest veil

of mercy over her woes. Is the debauché always happy? Let the fires of hell that burn their blacker and redder shadows into his face and eyes answer the question. From every selfish standpoint on earth it is better to be true than false.

Are we here for happiness at any cost or for virtue and angelic glory—if need be, at the cost of happiness? Give up happiness, if need be, and get blessedness. Plant thy feet amid the stars of loyalty and abide the laws of heaven.

Nevertheless, it is as clear as noonday that virtue is its own reward, here and throughout eternal ages. God would be false to His own highest ideal laws were the case otherwise. Jesus may weep and cry out in agony to-day, as seemingly forgotten of his friends and forsaken of God—but to-morrow the universal tides of sunlight and glory will turn in his favor, and the acclamations of living eternities drown his cries in their plaudits of praise.

It shall be so with you, dear woman, in the exact measure that you follow your own line of duty in your self-chosen or God-appointed sphere of life, and His angels shall crown you as they have crowned every true hero or heroine since time began.

Let me add, in concluding, that the more difficult your task as wife—for all life is a piece of work, not a play-ground—and the more beautiful and silent your endurance, and the more persistent your pure truth and love and chastity, the more certain your victory, the more perfect your joy here and hereafter; but the deserter is already damned.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MODERN VELOCITIES.

A group of friends were gathered about Mrs. Asquith's fireside, enjoying to the full the beautiful blaze, now vivid in scarlet and gold, then dying into faint tints of violet, or, again, starting into a dash of blue flame above the glowing embers. Out of doors the snow lay soft on the black tree-boughs and the lake revealed a sheet of pearl, where the wind had blown it bare.

Heedless of all this, the young editor of the Bubble was questioning his hostess on the matter nearest his heart.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Asquith, but where is your daughter to-day?"

We are lost without her. *La belle Hélène* is the life of our symposiums!"

Mrs. Asquith sighed. We shall have to resign ourselves and be patient, Mr. Eliot. Fate is against us! She has gone flying off with Percy to that toboggan chute. It seems as if we hardly saw her at all. Last summer, it was the new row-boat, and through the fall, her bicycle; now, the craze is skating! Winter and summer the whirl is on."

"Percy is a born squire of dames, as you know, Mrs. Asquith, and Helen will duly reappear," remarked Professor Graham, from his nook by the fire-side. "Do not worry! For she will come in happy as summer, with rosy cheeks and shining eyes. Isn't that enough?"

"No! not half enough. We want her here. I remember an old song which pathetically cried, 'What is home without a mother?' I say, 'What is home without a daughter?'"

Professor Graham smiled at her vehemence. "It is hard for us elderly folk to look at this thing with sympathy," he rejoined. "Yet the physical effects of open-air sports are, on the whole, worth considering. A merry, healthy young woman is better than a pale, nervous one, with sentimental ringlets, shivering by this blaze! If not altogether overdone, as it often is through thoughtlessness, the hygiene of it all is good."

"Granted; but, you see, there are other considerations," said Miss Edith Dormer, a guest of Mrs. Asquith's, who, having finished the note she was hastily writing, now came to join the fireside group. "Helen's music, for instance. She has no time to practise; and that is such a pity with her superior powers!"

"She is caught in the whirl of the times!" declared the young editor. "It sweeps her along, as it does others. I doubt if effectual resistance is possible! See even the clergy bicycling over their parishes, whizzing off type-written sermons, while the sewing-machine and the 'sweater's' shop supersede Dorcas! It is an age of dynamic force. I say, we cannot oppose it—and the young must live in it; why shouldn't they adapt themselves?"

"A love of swift motion marks the whole human race," said the Professor, thoughtfully. "Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and the excitement of the chase stirred the world in its very infancy. The chariots of Nineveh and Babylon are depicted for us, plainly; the war-horses of Egypt and its horsemen, with their swiftness of splendid achievement, dazzled all the surrounding nations."

"But the children of Israel were forbidden to ride upon horses," said Mrs. Asquith, quickly. "They were to trust in the slower, silent powers, invisible and unhasting, because Divine. To-day we also have to choose between the star-light of God and our own electric arcs."

"And the choice is made," cried Mr. Eliot. "We *will* ride upon horses! No splendid achievement possible to this nation shall be foregone! Wealth we will gain, luxury we will enjoy; power, almost imperial, of its own kind, we will wield. And the Lord has not yet pronounced against us."

"Our idea seems to be this," said Miss Dormer. "That these things, in themselves, are His gifts; and, that, by a wise use of them, wiser than the elder nations made—we shall avoid provoking Him to wrath. Wealth we lavish on charities and churches—perhaps as much from some vague idea of propitiating this all-giving Father as from any real love of Him—His ways are not our ways, that is certain, nor His thoughts, our thoughts; luxury we counterbalance by charity; and power we claim to wield, not selfishly, but for the common good. We *are* trying to ward off His wrath in these ways. Then the Christianity of the nation, however imperfect, however in abeyance, counts for something. For the sake of a few righteous men, names unknown, the Lord would have spared Sodom; for the sake of the innocent He did spare Nineveh. A silent force of the spiritual sort, how potent we dare not say and cannot dream, is among us perpetually."

"I call it a noisy force, Edith dear! From the drums and tambourines of the Salvation Army to the Christian Endeavor Conventions, whirling across the continent with their bands of young people—and including the newsboys crying Sunday papers, the sensation preaching which suits the masses, our money-pushed missions, with much noise in the money-getting, boy choirs and Sunday-schools 'like armies with banners—' it is the most aggressive piety ever known on earth! As a silent force Christianity is done!"

Young Eliot laughed outright. "It is the whirl of the wheel, Mrs. Asquith. The world re-acts on the Church for good or ill; we may as well admit it. Railroads, telegraphs, and ocean greyhounds facilitate her missions; the nations in darkness will see a great light much the sooner therefor. So far it is well. Material wealth facilitates her work. Well, again:—but as to spiritual results, I, for one, say nothing!"

"I commend your prudence," remarked the Professor, smiling. "It is a burning question and bad for one's fingers! But I will venture as far as this; that, while earnest Christian effort, made in supreme humility, is beyond cavil, as it is rare and beyond price, there is also a religious zeal not according to knowledge. An over-multiplication of agencies in Christian work—too much stir, which becomes a vent for fussiness and importance—too many wires to pull and doors open for ecclesiastical intrigue—Protestant canon-making worse than our civil legislation—occasional mis-management of charitable or church funds, often owing, perhaps, to the complexity of modern methods in accounts—charities and missions overlapping each other and interfering mutually—these are a part of our present tangle. It is like the network of overhead wires in our cities. It will have to be simplified and some of it put under ground. Then, perhaps, the silent, invisible forces Miss Dormer alludes to will softly grow—like wood-mosses creeping over stone—shining out more beautiful and potent."

"Possibly the whirl of the wheel may be indirectly beneficial, like a breeze or tempest. The air may need some purifying power. In great crises, it has sometimes been the Lord's way of working. A rushing, mighty wind came upon the Apostles, with the gift of tongues."

"But, Mr. Eliot, we are making an every-day agency of what the Lord only ordained for great occasions. An emergency hospital for immediate, hasty treatment of sin-sick souls, or those hurt in the world's outer tumult, is not exactly what the Church was meant to be. Serenity, depth, perpetuity—and calm from out the eternities—should mark her ministries."

"True, Miss Dormer; yet not till after the whirlwind comes the still, small voice."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Asquith. "That is my hope; that reaction will—nay, must—set in. The Lord, himself, will say, 'Peace! be still!'"

The young editor broke the silence which ensued by producing a clipping from one of his exchanges. "I found a piece of verse-work, the other day, showing, in a most amusing way, how even Nature's calm has been invaded by our whirligigs. May I not read it, Mrs. Asquith? It runs thus, it is the plaint of 'A Modern Lake':

No longer deer beneath the shade
Of alders falter on my brink,
But miles away, in pipes conveyed,
I give to thirsty thousands drink.

A tame, prosaic lake am I,
With views of modern culture fraught;
And all my hopes and passions lie
In planes of philosophic thought.

Or if, at times, the scaly shard
Of bass or pickerel in me stirs,
I trust 'tis done with due regard
To laws and fish commissioners!

And so on."

"A depressed pool that!" laughed the Professor. "Set in the swamps of modern pessimism, whose rank growth claims to be culture, whose miasmatic prose kills everything like poetry."

"'Philosophic thought' will not restore the wild beauty of the lake nor check the destruction of our New Hampshire forests. And it is all the more regrettable because the sweetness and calm of the wilds are the most potent forces known for quieting our nervousness. Our perpetual national excitement in the pursuit of gold and our frantic haste to spend it, the whirl of business and the whirl of social life, alike resemble the dynamo. Now if we can 'step it down' from four hundred volts to two hundred, it becomes a safer force to handle. We love Nature because her voice is harmonious. We are weary of jangle and go to her in search of pure tone; and, as of old, they who seek, find."

"The Greeks, who were nearest her life, felt this harmony instinctively," said the Professor, thinking slowly. "The Greek sculptor, to express his thought, adopted her simplest forms, the wild honeysuckle with its dainty curves and the spiral of the sea-shell, thereby attaining harmony ineffable. It is the most serene beauty, perfectly restful, placid as eternity itself. The student in touch with Homer, who sang the veriest simplicities of life, or enamored of Plato, will not be bound to every whirl of the wheel. He knows the fate of Ixion. He will measure our velocities from afar, with gentle accuracy, and possess his soul in patience. He who dwells in any degree of nearness to the Divine cannot be shaken by the world's jar or hurried by its fret. In a true sense, he abides in the shadow of the Eternal."

"It seems strange," said Miss Dormer, "but Christian people are very easily caught in the belts of the world's machinery. Hurry and fuss and confusion, the demands of fashion, the press of business, sweep them off their base; in fact, they offer less resistance than Platonist or Stoic. I am amazed, every day, at the facility with which good people yield to fashion and her poorest 'fads.' Perhaps they are too gentle to object, or fear offending others and being singular."

"They dare not live on their own higher plane," cried Mrs. Asquith, "they are afraid of life—and still more, of pain and death!"

"I saw an amusing squib, the other day," laughed the young editor, "on 'The Growing Unpopularity of Death;' a significant straw showing the course of the wind. 'High medical authorities,' it declared, 'are of the opinion that by the end of another half century there will have been discovered specifics for every disease. There will be no reasonable excuse for dying. Then, communities can regulate numerically their respective populations. A city like Chicago, whose laurels rest on census estimates which almost outrun her resistless city limits, can work this circumstance for all that is in it. She could enforce municipal legislation prohibiting death and emigration, and in time revel in a population so dense that whole families would be crowded into one composite individual. In the New England States, where women are in the majority, it could be made a felony for an able-bodied man to die!' And so the nonsense runs on. But behind the joke, and constituting its real point, lies the fact that the community does, more and more, fear death."

"How often conversation, among sensible people, turns on medical 'fads' and hobbies! The schemes of this or that quack for promoting longevity; the hygiene of this or that practice, the advantages of this or that food, the best conditions for escaping this or that disease, the pretended discoveries of this or that scientist—all these interest men deeply and are popular topics. The real trouble with these people is in the fact that the wheel stops; nay, the faster it revolves, the sooner the end. Business, money-getting, political advancement, social successes, are checked by what seems a direct interposition of the Divine hand. And where is the heart itself when the summons comes? With the loving Father, who is calling the soul up into His own presence? Or is it fixed on the whirl of the wheel? It is the lightning transition from noise to silence, from whirl to rest, that makes the pathetic potency of Death."

"The fear of Death is a common heritage; but, in our age, its kernel is a cowardly, unchristian fear of the Hereafter."

"True, Miss Dormer! Your keen perceptions are rarely at fault. There is much skepticism abroad and much more latent. We need a Savonarola or a St. Francis to lay a mighty grasp on the whirling wheel, and in the silence of its slower revolutions awaken new faith in the hearts of men."

"The example of a Father Damien is the best of saintly preaching. The whole Christian world has listened to it and even the Gallios, 'who care for none of these things,' have touched their hats in real respect."

"It is the Divine Ideal of sacrifice, holding the world in its blessed clasp," said Mrs. Asquith, softly.

"But, my dear Mrs. Asquith," ventured the young editor, "think what one of your advanced Episcopal rectors says in the 'Churchman'—it shows how the wheel has whirled, religiously—'If Christianity a hundred years from now is to be the widespread and efficient religion that I believe it is destined to be, the cause will be the predominance at that future day of the ethical elements in Christianity and a subordination of what are generally called the sacramental and sacrificial principles. These latter will not be forgotten, but they will become beautiful parts of an ethical ideal.'"

"So far the modern rector!" cried Miss Dormer, "Now, hear Saint Paul. 'For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel—not with wisdom of words—' why? 'lest the Cross of Christ be made of none effect.' His anxiety is lest the sacrificial should *not* be dominant! Which of these is the voice of humility? Which, of spiritual power? To this day, despite everything—and on, forever—'the meek inherit the earth.'"

"I do not understand!" murmured Mrs. Asquith. "Why, the Cross is the sinner's salvation! until sin is done, it remains such; the sacramental becomes his means of clasping it, his source of strength. A hundred years hence, men will still need sacrifice and sacrament; the more saintly they grow, the more they will cling thereto! It is thus with individuals; why not with the world? The ethical being the offspring of the other two and nowise else perfectly produced, must remain subordinate—practically, I mean, and as far as man is concerned."

"The whirl of the wheel is evident in the views of many young preachers. They are like the stars the astronomers call 'variables,'"

remarked the Professor, smiling. "Do not be unhappy, Mrs. Asquith; it is a question of velocity and the race is not to the swift, in case of truths which are eternal, changeless and invincible."

"The slower-moving forces, being more weighty, get a sure predominance in the end," said Mr. Eliot. "I am sure the velocities of press and publication hurt literary work; overflowing quantity and rapid production lower its quality. The quicker-moving intellect is far from being the greater intellect! The type-writer minimizes individuality. Swift mechanism of any sort naturally does this, and the mechanical in art and letters kills the vitalities of both. Soul-force and machine-force will not go hand in hand."

"True, Mr. Eliot! Look at the publishers' announcements at the incessant production of things not worth producing. The wheel is wreathed, like those of the fanciful equipages at the Los Angeles flower-shows, with Yellow Asters and wild blooms of sensuous odor. In fact, it revolves too fast for continuous reading in any line! So we get booklets, bibelots, picture papers to amuse a baby-minded throng, and illustrated magazines, where thought is an uncouth intruder and verse simply ground out to fit the illustrations."

"Now, moreover, the bright boys have evoked the poster-magazine, which tries to be brilliant and saucy. It whirls along, dashing dust in the sunshine at the old notions of wholesome law and piety, in a spirit of New Bohemian bravado. Poor lads! They think they are striking something original in their Fly-Leaves and screeds of rebellion, when irreligion is, in fact, the oldest thing out, harking back to our ancient grandfather, Adam, himself. The newest sin committed and the latest *cartel* sent, only voice the same human wilfulness; and the Philistine of to-day, like his ancestors, is vainly and weakly fighting the hosts—the shining hosts—of the living God."

"The restlessness of these souls is not wholly an evil sign," said Miss Dormer, thoughtfully. "They have no peace, no real pleasure; dust is hard to breathe and the weary wheel tires; so the day is coming when they will return to sound philosophy and religion. The soul, like the body, must rest at some point; then, the whirl stops and a light shines from heaven. In the Lord's good time, for each, all this will come and will not tarry."

"Yes; la belle Hélène will return," reiterated the Professor, "and so will the poster-boys and young preachers. Folly cannot 'down' wisdom. The temporary cannot battle the eternal. The star-like verities perpetually shine, regardless of our ignes fatui and coruscations."

ing fire-works. The goodness of God endureth forever, like the blue over head; no storm of the lower atmosphere stirs that serenity. Therefore, I say, Philosophy and Religion can afford to wait their appointed triumph.

The truth seems to lie in this, that extremes are perilous. There is a beautiful swing between motion and rest, controlling the universe. Behold the equilibrium of the earth, the poise of the stars, their balanced forces of attraction and repulsion, the eternal pendulum of the Divine. Now humanity, at its best, has this even swing; this age may be too fast, the past may have lagged behind time. In either case, it is the part of wisdom to correct aberrations—that we may have in literature, in society, in religion that soft perfection which Goethe indicates in his profoundly beautiful chorus—

“ Like to a star
Without haste, without rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His God-given hest.”

Miss Dormer had listened, with shining eyes. “ Let me say a word more,” she cried. “ Holy prophecy unfolds the same truth with a brighter vision. Ezekiel beheld splendid living creatures, ‘ that ran and returned as a flash of lightning,’ in the wheels of God’s providence. ‘ Whither the Spirit was to go, they went.’ And this is the law of invisible restraint for us also, keeping us safe and blessed amid these apparently uncurbed circlings of nineteenth-century velocity.”

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Gardiner, Maine.

GLOBE NOTES.

At the outset of these GLOBE NOTES, I wish to call especial attention to what seems to me a glaring and a most unreasonable injustice frequently perpetrated by so-called critics, and often by so-called Catholic critics, in their notices of the GLOBE REVIEW.

As a matter of fact, from the day of its founding until now, the GLOBE has taken higher moral, literary, and religious ground than any magazine published in the United States. To take such ground

—from a purely critical standpoint—was the object for which I founded the *GLOBE*. It was so announced from the start. I have never yielded this point for a moment, and I know from long experience that it is—as has been said of it—“far and away the ablest periodical published in America.” The weak knees may totter at this and the hacks smile in derision.

As a matter of fact, again—from the first number of this magazine until the last—ninety per cent. of the contents of each issue has been devoted to sober and highest class criticism—not, as I determined and announced from the first—in the old-fashioned, dry-as-dust method of criticism, but in a new and live method—quite my own. About ten per cent. of each issue has been given to a still freer and more incisive, and as occasion has demanded, a more personal form of criticism of public men and their public utterances and actions. Still not more than one per cent. of this small ten per cent. has ever reached the point where even the most unworthy and contemptible hireling slaves of literature and politics could even dream, in a moment of their stung madness that they had any legal case against the editor; and in these cases—as well enough known to the criticised parties—Thorne knew so much more of them than he even cared to tell, that they have never publicly complained.

Nevertheless, certain so-called Catholic and other editors always criticise this *REVIEW* as if it were made up of personal “abuse” from beginning to end, and do they wonder, therefore, that I speak of them as infamous hirelings and contemptible fools?

* * * * *

In a notice of the December, 1896, issue of the *GLOBE*, the excellent editor of the *New World*, Chicago, of whom I would fain speak only in kindness by reason of his many good qualities, spoke of this magazine as if “abuse” was its only stock in trade, and in various ways misrepresented my work. I may be severe at times, but as many noble priests and others have written me, time and again, “the worst of it is it’s true.”

But when Mr. Dillon speaks of me as always writing in a patronizing or a condescending way of Irishmen, he utters a slanderous falsehood, and does me great wrong; and I advise him to read the back numbers of the *GLOBE*, or even the last number, with more sense and carefulness before he allows himself to make any such statement again.

Over six hundred priests of Irish birth or descent are among my

subscribers, and many scores of them are among my warmest friends, and does this new man of the Windy City dream for a moment that these facts would be thus if his statement of the case were anywhere near the truth.

Was my manner of speaking of Archbishops Feehan, Corrigan, and Ryan in the last *GLOBE* a patronizing manner, and would he call my manner of speaking of Archbishop Ireland patronizing? Hardly.

I suppose that these men are all Irish or of Irish descent; and I am glad to be able to treat them as in some sense my equals, but if Mr. Dillon expects me to treat the blatherskite Irish members of the English Parliament, not to speak of the vulgar crews of Irish American politicians, as equals or as worthy even of being patronized by me, God pity his own incompetent vision. I consider the whole lot only as so much stubble ready to be plucked up and burned.

I was much amused at Mr. Dillon's public confession that he could not treat the English with impartiality, seeing that his own father or grandfather once had his foot trod upon and crushed by the British lion.

Bless his dear innocent heart, when I was a boy I was indignant enough at the British government to tear its heart out because of some unjust legislation which incidentally increased the taxes while lessening the permanent value of my own father's homestead; but alas, I have learned on coming to manhood that human governments, English, Irish, French, German, Italian, Russian, or what not, are usually run by cliques of tyrants and thieves, and I do not hate the English or the whole human race because its governments are usually the minions of hell.

On the contrary, I tell this man again, as I have written over and over again in this *REVIEW*, I have not known a national or a racial prejudice these last forty years.

When an Irishman writes like Swift, I almost adore him, though I know his make-up to have been mean as the devil. When an Irishman writes poetry like Tom Moore, I weep over him and love him as fervently as any member of his own race, though all the while I know him to have been a cringing snob; but when a picked-out-of-the-gutter Irishman like Bourke Cockran becomes the voluntary slave of mere plutocratic slave masters and poses over lying platitudes of senseless bombast called Irish oratory, I cannot help advis-

ing him to go to the "devil" where he belongs, and if he or his friends do not like such plain talk the pages of the GLOBE are open to them to contradict or explain.

* * * * *

Another case of striking injustice toward the GLOBE, on the part of the editor of the *New World*, was when he took up the whipping I gave a fellow called William Henry Sheeran—quoted my severest words and called them "abuse," without quoting at all the wretched yelpings of the fellow Sheeran, which yelpings of his, without any provocation on my part, were the very things that led to my kicking him as I would any other cur that ran up, unprovoked, to attack me. According to the *New World* the fellow Sheeran is a priest. I did not know that at the time, and the *New World's* word is the only evidence I have of the fact to-day. If a priest, he was not even worthy of my "abuse;" he was and is simply beneath my contempt. I have no respect, and I do not believe that God almighty has any respect, for such priests as Sheeran. If anybody is interested let him find what I quoted of Sheeran's words in the September, 1896, issue of the GLOBE REVIEW. I never cover the same ground a second time.

This same sort of bumptious, unjust, and casuistic criticism has appeared in other quarters. Some Cleric, to the extent of two or three columns, went into it recently in the Springfield, Mass., (Cath.) *Tribune*, speaking of me as no doubt very "chummy," etc., with Mr. Charles St. Laurent, and as never happy except when I was abusing the hierarchy—the despicable clerical booby. I am not "chummy" with any man, and this Springfield clerical rhetorician must have read the GLOBE to little purpose if at this day he understands me as little as he seems to. In truth, these clerical editorial scribblers forget that they are no longer swinging their priestly authority when writing, anonymously in long-winded newspaper editorials. Let them mind their own business—stick to their own vocation, and I will not bother them or fail to treat them with due respect, but when the pygmies shoot in the dark behind doors, and use falsehood and every sort of hypocrite assumption, they will have to pardon me if I say, To Purgatory with such clerics! At all events I will not spare them. I send the same sort of compliment to a writer in the *Casket* who wrote of me as "an insufferable egotist, and wishing to run the whole Catholic Church." Not at all, but I would run such clowns as these out of its service, and send them in the direction indicated.

In truth, when I look into my own heart, remember the feelings of universal kindness with which I entered the Church, and know that these same motives of charity still control my life, I marvel at the dastards who under the name of Catholic authority have wronged, cheated, and misrepresented me and my work, as many of them have done.

I desire to make mention of one brotherly and beautiful exception to the line of comment and conduct I am here condemning. In a recent issue of the *Carmelite Review*, the editor seems to have discovered that the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW is not wholly given over to "abuse" of his fellow men, and I hereby thank said editor very sincerely for his comments upon the first article in the December, 1896, GLOBE. If the whipper snappers of the "Catholic Press" force me to fight, I cannot decline battle. I come of a race that have usually won in that profession—and though I shrink from conflict, I have never yet met the mortal man of whom I was afraid.

In this connection I may be pardoned for recalling a reference made to the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW last year in an editorial in the *North West Review*. It seemed to be kindly in spirit, but at the same time apologetic toward myself on the ground that, not having had a college training, perhaps Mr. Thorne might be excused for his self-assertion. Stuff and infernal nonsense!

During the six years from 1858 to 1864, I was in more or less constant rivalry and intercourse in my studies with at least seven hundred students in classical academy, college, and seminary. Hundreds of them were better Greek and Latin scholars than I, and better mathematicians, and I knew it all the while and honored them accordingly, but not one in the whole seven hundred had worked as hard as I had worked in the lines of mental and moral philosophy or in general literature, or could then command the attention of an intelligent audience with the power that I naturally commanded it, and out of those more than seven hundred students in these different institutions of learning, I selected *one man* as the only man among them all that I considered in any way a rival before the intellectual, English speaking world of the coming fifty years, thirty-three of which have already past. To-day I am glad to say that my reading of character at that time has proven absolutely true.

Joseph Cook, in 1860-61, of the sophomore class of Yale College, is the man I refer to, and I knew then, as clearly as I know to-day, that this man would spend himself in rhetorical fume and smoke

just about the time that my own deeper and more earnest work would begin to find recognition.

In the near future I intend to write an article on "The Fad of Higher Education;" meanwhile I wish all pedagogues and professors of modern cant—the D.D's. and the LL.D's., to put their titles and their vanities in their pockets for safe-keeping and use what little brains they have to recall the fact, that the higher college education, so-called, has seldom had much influence on our greatest men; that the ablest men of the human race for hundreds of years have owed very little to their college or university training, and for reasons which I will make plain. I have never claimed any special scholarship for myself or my work, and the assertions in the *Catholic Tribune*, Springfield, Mass., last year, to the effect that I was fond of making such claims, were a slanderous lie. I cannot help it if other people credit me with ability or scholarship.

I am fifty-eight years of age, and from the age of five years, when I was first sent to school, until now, with the exception of the three years between the age of fifteen and eighteen, during which three years I was engaged in business, I have given my whole life to such studies as scholars usually pursue; but I claim nothing, except that I try to defend those truths and virtues that ought to win and hold the soul of every Christian man.

* * * * *

Three of the stupidest serious paragraphs that have been going the rounds of the reviews and literary organs during the past three months, came, *first*, from Herbert Spencer in his résumé of the final outcome of his long winded and many volumed philosophy of wordy humbuggery; *second*, from a Catholic priest named Zurcher, of Buffalo, N. Y., touching foreign and American ideas in the Catholic Church in this country; *third*, from the dough-face organ of Philadelphia respectability called the *Public Ledger*.

I here give the first two paragraphs with comment, and the other will be found as text to my article on our arbitration fiasco in another part of this magazine.

First let us look at Herbert Spencer's latest wisdom on Socialism. Hear what the prophet saith:

"It seems that in the course of social progress, parts, more or less large, of each society are sacrificed for the benefit of the society as a whole. In the earlier stages the sacrifice takes the form of mortality in the wars perpetually carried on during the struggle for ex-

istence between tribes and nations; and in later stages the sacrifice takes the form of mortality entailed by the commercial struggle, and the keen competition entailed by it. In either case men are used up for the benefit of posterity; and so long as they go on multiplying in excess of the means of subsistence, there appears no remedy."

Now all of this, except the last nineteen words of the last sentence, is the old stock in trade that moralists and preachers have been telling us for thousands of years; in a word, is not at all Herbert Spencerish; in truth, is good enough old historic statement or natural and universal fact. In the last nineteen words alone we have the peculiar Herbert Spencer cant—which he in turn learned from that old shot-rubbish basket known to the world as "Malthus," and I simply call attention to the utter falsehood and foolishness of these nineteen words.

They are a lie, that is, in the only particular wherein they have any bearing upon the subject in hand, or any originality—I mean, in this, that never in all human history have men gone on "multiplying in excess of the means of subsistence;" and in the truth or falsehood of these eight words, this whole fabric of wisdom stands or falls.

I am writing for thinking people. Let them run their recollections over all the past and most crowded eras of human history in any and all nations and races of mankind, and they will find that never in all history has the increase of population been in excess of the natural sources and means of subsistence.

In a word, the presumption is a falsehood on the face of it, and I here make this challenge and offer. Let any admirer of Herbert Spencer select any ten pages from any one or from any ten volumes of his works, and I will agree to prove the utter falsehood in each page of the peculiar Spencerian key-note that seems to give value to this man's endless verbosity.

In truth, Herbert Spencer is the Emerson of modern materialism. Emerson was the literary genius of New England transcendental everlasting wordiness. He never tested his meaningless sentences by any standards of natural or spiritual truth. Did not think it necessary. The last voice of the human race had all the wisdom of the past. His was the last voice, and there was an end of it. "Consistency, stuff a rag in thy mouth."

Herbert Spencer is the literary genius of all the accumulated materialistic rubbish that has been gathering in the English race

since Lord Bacon started what he called the Inductive Method, based on his own insufferable conceits, and the only trouble with the entire Spencerian philosophy is that it is based upon lies.

Personally, the primal trouble with Herbert Spencer was and remains, that his eyes, by nature, look toward the bridge of his nose, and not out upon the world-wide beneficence of Nature's everlasting and bountiful provisions.

Properly developed, there are means of subsistence in the territory of the United States alone for ten hundred millions of men, and yet, under our present and recent methods of development and finance, about one million out of the sixty millions of people now in the United States are constantly out of work and in dread of starvation.

It is not that the means of subsistence have failed or can fail, but that our governors and their dictators are very largely rascals and narrow headed fools.

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Second in order, but not in degree of stupidity, we reproduce the eloquent words of George Zurcher, said to be Rev. Father Zurcher, priest at Buffalo, N. Y. Listen to Zurcher's woes:

"The triumphant gloating over the blow which struck Keane and the tyrannical threats at Keane's disciples ought to place the friends of American ideas on the offensive instead of the defensive. The blustering braggadacio and rude menaces to degrade the leaders of the American party might emanate somewhat appropriately from Cahensly organs and Tammany chieftains. If the apostles of foreign ideas and their allies are wise they will not celebrate their victory too soon, as was done at Trenton a century ago by the Hessians, who had been hired to plant foreign ideas on American soil with the sword."

It would be difficult even for Zurcher to formulate a paragraph stuffed with more bombastic and asinine falsehood than the one just quoted.

In the first place there has been no "triumphant gloating" over the fact that Zurcher aims at but utterly misrepresents. In the next place no sane man has ever heard of "the blow that struck Keane," that is, nobody but Zurcher, and he probably heard it through one of Edison's talking machines, mistaking the "Marseillaise Hymn" for the vibrations of "the blow that struck Keane."

Poor Zurcher, don't get so mad, nobody is hurt. "Keane" is better off, and "the blow that struck" him—that is, the most

kindly and gentle words of removal from Leo XIII—has given Dr. Conatty an opening for pedestalization. The Church will not split because "Keane" has gone where he will say more prayers and make fewer speeches.

In the next place there have been no "tyrannical threats at Keane's disciples," and this man Zurcher must be beating the air. Perhaps he needs the exercise, and he certainly needs lessons in English composition.

In the next place, and in God's name, who are "Keane's disciples?" I have never heard of them. Perhaps Zurcher is one of them; perhaps he is the only one; but he certainly reflects no credit upon his master.

In the next place, what does Zurcher mean by "American Ideas," and their "friends," and what is all this about putting "the friends of American ideas on the offensive," etc., and what does this man Zurcher mean by "blustering braggadocio and rude menaces, to degrade the leaders of the American party," etc., and which are the "Cahensly organs?" And who are "the apostles of foreign ideas and their allies" in the Catholic Church in America?

In a word, is this man Zurcher clean crazy? Had not the new Bishop of Buffalo better get a commission in lunacy to report on him? And if he is not crazy, is he not ashamed to wear the name and robes of priestly office and still to use such ignorant, dastardly and pernicious language as I have quoted.

Let me put it in another light. Was not Jesus of Nazareth a foreigner, even a Jew? Were not the apostles foreigners? Is not Leo XIII a foreigner? and his Grace Martinelli? Is not every idea, every principle, every truth of Catholic or other Christianity that is worth holding, of foreign birth? Is there any real *foreigner* in the Christian Church? Who is Zurcher? Where did he get his name? Can he form it etymologically out of Judas and Benedict Arnold? And, in the name of eternal reason, what does this scapegrace cleric mean by "American ideas," in the old and indestructible system of Roman Catholic belief and morality?

The best Americans I have known these last forty years admit that, outside of certain material inventions, there is not an American idea extant at this hour that is worth a chew of tobacco.

Is Zurcher a Catholic or an A. P. A. in disguise? Won't the Bishop look after Zurcher? In politico-moral or religious philoso-

phy, the American idea, as far as it can be differentiated from ancient "foreign" ideas, is supposed to be this, that a fool is as good as a wise man, and for political purposes a little better; that a respectable thief is the best form of a Protestant Christian; that for pious purposes immersion, or a plunge bath, is infinitely preferable to a shower bath or sprinkling; that a water-fed, conceited dyspeptic, like Doyle, of the Paulists, for instance, is ten times more of a saint than a wine drinker like Jesus, St. Paul, or his friend Timothy; that public school education with God and morality and manners left out, is far preferable to parochial and convent school education with God and morality and manners made prominent features of everyday instruction; that do unto others as others do unto you is a vast improvement on the golden rule usually credited to the Saviour of the world, and if Zurcher is bent on introducing any of these American ideas into the Catholic Church, to take the place of the Hebrew, Christian, and Roman ideas that have dominated it these last eighteen hundred years, I sincerely hope that the lightnings of heaven may strike him, or that a mule may kick him, or that he may be drowned at sea, caught up in a whirlwind, broken on the wheel, held in the stocks to rot in silence, whipped at the cart's tail, made to eat crow, or stifled to death between the pillows of his own crass and impertinent ignorance before he succeeds in his Americanizing schemes.

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More than a year ago, when the press, the prelates, and the politicians of the country were nearly all crazy over the Venezuelan question, and well nigh unanimous in favor of a war with England, the GLOBE, almost alone among first-class publications, asserted that the Cleveland-Olney war-cry was an electionering dodge that would find its quietus before last year's campaign was fully under way; that there would be no war; that the presidential campaign would not be fought on international or diplomatic grounds, that it would be a campaign of *tariff* and *finance*, and that if the Republicans, flushed with their victories of 1894-95, should put up a man like McKinley, and so revive the tariff issues, and once more involve the whole country in the throes of uncertainty over this question; and, above all, should they try to commit the nation to the *gold standard* at the dictation of the money lenders of Europe and New York, the Democrats, spite of their perpetual asininity as managers

of the Government, would have a good chance of carrying the presidential election.

So far the *GLOBE's* position has proven the true one, and spite of all the rascally methods of the McKinley gold-bugs, their lying about silver, their organizing of a third party of sound money Democrats, etc., the chances of the Democratic party, led by Mr. Bryan, were so good that he came within a few hundred thousand votes of being elected.

I am a Republican of the Republicans; never have voted for a single name on a Democratic ticket in my life; but I am sick of seeing the G. O. P. ruled by a set of foreign money lenders; and I am now for free silver and a Democratic victory in 1900.

If there had been any honesty in the third party movement, if the gentlemen at the head of the movement had really been concerned about sound money and the welfare of this country, much as I might differ with their views, I could and would have respected their motives, but their scheme was so openly corrupt, their motives so base and mercenary, their methods so undemocratic, un-American, unpatriotic, and so subversive of all the sounder principles of political and national existence, and their misrepresentations of Mr. Bryan and the true democracy of the country so base and premeditated, that to do all this and call themselves honest money men, or honest men in any sense, was so absolutely ludicrous and infamous that only slaves and fools can be led by the nose with the strings they are holding.

Mr. Bryan, Senator Tillman, Governor Altgeld, Wharton Barker, Senator Teller, and hosts of other able men, at the head of the Bryan and free silver movement, are not anarchists or Populists, or fools. They are among the ablest politicians and public men before this country to-day. Beside them, Cleveland and Quay and McKinley and Ben Harrison and Hobart are mere pygmy leaders, small fry, sprats, and spawn, seeking only grub for themselves at whatever gold-laden hook may dangle in their way.

Moreover Bryan & Co., as named, are Democrats, constitutional Democrats. The letter and spirit of our constitution are with them, the history of the country and the Democratic and Republican legislation of the country are with them. They are the true Americans of the present and the true Americans of the future.

Personally, I am not much of a constitutionalist. I have seen the old parchment trod on to advantage time and time again, but these

men are constitutional and historic Democrats, and the would-be scare lest they should repudiate our debts and ruin our credit, is not worth the credence of a Yankee spinster, much less of the sensible men of the nation.

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In closing these GLOBE NOTES I desire to emphasize the fact that the GLOBE REVIEW, like other periodicals, is sent to subscribers year after year until we have their explicit order to discontinue the same, and that in the eyes of the law they are responsible for the debt thus incurred until they have ordered the magazine discontinued, and though I may not press my claims upon slow payers and delinquent payers and non-payers, my consideration for their persons, or my charity of principle, does not lessen their obligations in the least, or make those any less scoundrelly who have promised to pay and still do not pay.

At the same time I send my sincere thanks to the many kind friends who, in response to a suggestion in the last GLOBE, have made their subscriptions for this year \$5.00 instead of \$2.00, and I sincerely hope that an additional two hundred subscribers will be moved to do this after receiving this number of the GLOBE.

With malice toward no one and with charity for all, we propose to go on as we began, and to make a magazine that shall everywhere command the undying love of its friends and the respect, though hatred, of its foes.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

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THE RECONCILER.

LAY SERMONS BY AN EX-PREACHER.

TEXTS—2 Corinthians, Chap. 5, Verse 19: "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."—Isaiah, Chap. 63, Verse 1: "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."

THESE two brief selections from the holy Scriptures especially when taken in connection with their surrounding thoughts and words, are pregnant with the fundamental dogmas of Christianity.

It is not my purpose, however, to enter into any discussion of these dogmas. That is not the work I have set out to do in these lay sermons. I accept all the dogmas of the Catholic Church without questioning them, and I leave all discussion of said dogmas to those whom the Church recognizes as the proper persons to discuss them.

Mine is a humbler mission, namely, to select and give prominence to such beautiful and inspiring thoughts as might suggest themselves to any serious persons while perusing these central essences of God's eternal redemption, whereby, our world, though slowly, is surely being transformed into the likeness of heaven's incarnate and eternal love. In a word the subject suggested to me by these united Scriptural texts is the might or greatness of Jesus as seen in His power or powers of reconciliation. Accepting all that the Scriptures say of Him, and accepting all that the Church has declared as to its interpretation of these Scriptures, I would linger awhile in admiring adoration before this star of God's eternal dawning and note its

influence upon all the mornings, all the nations, and all the tides of time.

That some great reconciler, some supreme ministry of wise and loving, uniting, harmonizing power was needed in our world and is still needed is the universal conviction of all thinkers, poets, prophets, and has been thus time out of mind.

Without presuming to have solved the subtle meanings of the causes of the fact the humblest as well as the wisest observers of human phenomena, ever since the dawn of creation, have seen and admitted that something, somewhere at the very roots of life, had gone radically wrong—so wrong that from the earliest days till now the human race has been and still is as a kingdom or a household divided against itself, perpetually presenting a panorama of internecine, bitter and bloody warfare: man at war with himself: brother at war with brother: nations at war with one another: even Christians of the same creed and family and communion, plotting to injure and destroy one another, until, even in our day, each man and each nation, acts, as perforce of self-defense, like an armed warrior suspicious that his neighbor may rob him, destroy his character or take his life, and all this at the same time, acting alike as cause and effect separating us from allegiance to and from communion with our own highest ideals of the central soul of the universe and the sacreddest laws of existence—in a word, shutting our souls, our hearts and faces away from and out of communion with the one eternal God.

For we must not forget that it was disloyalty to our primal obligations to those laws of justice that make for peace between man and his neighbor that lost us our ability of communion with God.

Explain or shirk these primal facts how you will, we cannot any of us deny the universal fact of internal and external conflict—reaching not only to man and to all national existence, but to all the works of man.

All that he does bears in its bosom the seeds of its own friction and eventual decay. His art is tainted with every form and expression of limitation, lust and selfishness. There is aye a rift in the lute of his rarest song. The greatest human saints have mostly been monsters of conflict, and some of them of unusual early vices.

In truth this discord reaches to and rules in the natural world: animals of all families are only a little less selfish and brutal and unforgiving, quarrelsome, unprincipled, plotting, and mutually destructive than men; until as the great apostle put it, long ago—the

whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain and anguish until now—waiting—Yea waiting the touch of a vanished hand that shall appease its wrath, set the sweet springs to flowing, wake the sweet keys to music, inspire loving and gentle thoughts, lead the will in kindness, the mind to truth, bring all souls to see in each other the better self, and by some patient and eternal kindness of ministry lead this wandering, weary, warring world back to its long lost peace, its long lost power of duty, its long lost benignant and omniscient God.

Upon this theme alone we might write a hundred sermons. Life is so full of its own sorrow and warfare that to speak or sing is to betray one's broken heart.

All the prophets have felt it and wept over it. We are shapen in iniquity, born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward; opposition, pain and anguish beset our birth. The first utterance of the child is a cry of pain, the friction of the harsh air of our world is too severe for the visitant from the home of its mother's enfolded love. At every step of human progress or of human digression, there is an opposing force. A danger seen and unseen haunts each life to its close. The bravest admit the fear and cowardice of their own souls, dread the shadows of death, and tremble before crossing to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

In a word all life is a conflict surrounded with danger, and death is the universal master before whom all of us are trembling slaves.

O! for the hand that can break these chains, O! for the soul that can set our souls to loving. O! for the voice that can say to all the world—"Peace, be still."

It is this hand, this soul this voice of eternal reconciliation that I would re-unveil to you in these poor words of mine.

All the old Hebrew prophets dreamed of, and longed for such a reconciler, all the priests of the old Hebrew ministry felt and knew that their sacrificial offerings, their daily prayers were but typical of some world-known sacrifice, some Messiah of eternal comfort that should one day break through the arching heavens of eternal beauty and become the central beauty, the central helper and healer of the woes of mankind.

Plato and the deeper-minded Greek philosophers felt and taught that only some strange love-enamored God-man of incomprehensible wisdom and power could span the gulfs of human ignorance, penetrate the depths of human darkness, anguish and conflict, and by some as yet unknown ministry of love and wisdom, perhaps of suffer-

ing and death, make the heart of God known again and in ways undreamed of, lift the shame-faced broken heart and life of man to a new communion with the eternal ideal of love and wisdom and justice, which somehow and everywhere still haunted the wandering wayward heart of mankind. All the religions of the East were beautiful human efforts of noble founders to span this gulf of separation between what men actually were in their daily lives and what the better souls of each age and nation longed to be.

According to the apostles of early Christianity—the eternal—the living God—in the fullness of time—that is, in their own day—sent forth His Son—born of virgin, born under the law—a perfect God—perfect God and perfect man, whose one mission was, through a life of loyalty to God's eternal law of love, and through a death of infinite kindness and of infinite sacrifice for all sin, and of infinite winning and wooing power upon all the hearts of all the nations of men should and would accomplish this old world dream and world longing for peace and unity with God. Out of all this came the Church which for nineteen hundred years has been battling though often through broken lights and deluded human souls for the eternal establishment of the truths for which Jesus died and in loyalty to which the apostles and many martyrs have shed their blood.

With all this history I have nothing to do in this discourse. I take my place beside the parents that watched the birth of Jesus, beside the disciples that saw in Him the Messiah, the Son of the living God, beside the millions of loving souls that, in all nations to-day, following in the footsteps of His early disciples, looking into the glorious life of poverty and love their Master lived, looking into His agonized face on Calvary; looking into the prints of the nails that crucified and pierced His trembling, human flesh; looking into the open heavens that caught Him back to their own and His own realms of glory; and looking into the conquering strides of His majestic soul through all the conflicts of these nineteen hundred years, and saying with all His followers—"My Lord and my God"—I would give your reasoning, your admiring souls some glimpses of those eternal laws of life and victory on the basis of which and in harmony with which He has accomplished and is accomplishing the world dream of all the longing and broken hearts of all the ages of mankind. And I may say that the years seem rife and ripe for this among the nations of our time.

Only recently secular newspapers reach me with headlines as fol-

lows:—"Christ coming back again." France, they say, having tried a hundred years of Voltaire atheism, and of Hugoistic, poetic skepticism, and having found them wanting in all the solid principles upon which the hopes and foundations of souls and nations must be erected, is returning to Christ—trying to woo and win Him back again into its heart, its history, its homes, but, O! the anguish that first must be endured!

John Fiske, of Boston—the latest and ablest spokesman of the modern evolution of Emersonian and other more or less thinly diluted effervescence of ancient and effete Arianism, Socinianism and so-called Unitarianism—has declared in favor of a re-welcome of Jesus, the evident master spirit of all the human ages.

Even that poor renegade, blatherskite son of a Calvinistic parson—Bob Ingersoll, advocates what he conceives to be the moral and loving spirit of Jesus; without ever dreaming, however, in either case what his mastery over a human soul, once really admitted, forever afterwards eternally means.

After being twenty years out of the Christian ministry perusing all theories and all forms of religious belief to find their kernel and true meaning, I returned voluntarily and gladly to the logical, rational defense of Jesus, as the clear divine teacher, Master and Saviour of the world—and this without other motive or motives than the force of absolute reason as based upon a comparative study of all the master spirits of all the nations of mankind. And long before I was blessed with Catholic faith, I had set myself the task of renewed teaching of the spirit and life and death of this mighty soul as the one and only hope of the broken and bleeding heart of the world.

But why all this enthusiasm alike of the souls that have never doubted and of the souls and the nations that may have wandered far from this central sun of the infinite moral universe?

There must be a reason for it all, a reason clear as the simplest truth of mathematics—a reason independent of mere faith in authority, and a reason that would re-establish that faith to-morrow should the authority in whole or in part by any human pride or possible blunder, be broken on the wheel and cease to wield its power.

I think the eternal reason of Christ's power, the reason that would win the mind of ages should His present official Church prove false and recreant—a thing out of mind and impossible—still is this—that by the very constitution of His nature, by the very molding

of His being; by the harmonized elements that went to make up that being; by the harmonized and perfect loyalty of His own will to the perfectly harmonized essences and qualities of His own ideal being, by the perfect yielding of His entire harmonized divine and human existence to the first, last and highest ideal of all divine and human love and duty; in a word, by the absolute, inwardly reconciled perfections of perfect divine and human existence, He was, He became, and must forever remain the supreme reconciler between man and man, between God and man and through this eternal truth of nature be the natural, supernatural master of the world. I am not preaching a theory or a dogma, but stating a fact that is as legible and simple as the fact that two and two make four.

In a word, I find that, as a matter of human history, anywhere in any sphere, in any nation of mankind, that a human soul is eventually held great, held in reverence, sometimes to idolatry, in the exact proportion that he has reconciled in his own individuality and expresses in his natural life the greatest number of the highest mental, moral and spiritual faculties of our race.

The vast majorities of our fellow-men are mere pawns upon the chess-board of existence; puppets in the world dramas molded and moved by a few master hands; privates in the great armies of the world's eternal battle-fields; other thousands are but jumping jacks and blue-jays, nesting where finer wings and better hearts have builded; still other thousands are slaves of some superior intelligence sold to the master spirits of our political hells; priests at the altars of a thousand cults and creeds; others again are largely apes, bears, dogs, beasts of burden, donkeys, foxes, rats and thieves—nevertheless in all of these millions there are elements of human lovingness, and no man is to be despised.

Yet when you understand the secrets of the higher souls that rule our states, our armies, our churches and our nations how few are there, who, for their own inherent God-given or acquired and harmonized qualities of mind and soul that any thinking man voluntarily reveres.

The great generals of the armies of the ages have simply been legalized wholesale murderers—hence—but leading factors in the endless and bloody conflicts of which we have spoken, and which the true reconciler has come to end forever.

The great philosophers of all the nations—what utter and flimsy dreamers are they.

Plato was a great philosopher and a moral coward—the puppet of a stupid king.

Socrates was not only a great philosopher, but a moral hero, still without any spiritual aggressive sight or noble feeling, hence only a martyr of fate in a languid, aged way.

Sophocles was a greater philosopher than either and had besides some real grasp upon the daily actual struggle of existence, hence I have always held him as the greater man of the three. But they were all God's chosen vessels of light and wisdom compared with the military murderers, millionaires and kings that held themselves superior in their days.

Time would fail me were I to speak only of the leading minds of the nations of ancient and modern times in illustration of the truth I am trying to bring home to you,—namely—that greatness of manhood does not consist in greatness of the powers of butchery, or of intrigue, or of acquiring wealth, or of dreaming philosophy, or of kingly honors and position, but supremely in a clear and lucid mind allied to a pure and kindly heart and conscience, in harmony with eternal justice and in such use of these in harmonized unity as shall impart similar qualities of being and life to one's fellow-men.

Napoleon was a demon of designing intellect and of cold-blooded butchery; Bismarck was a monster of intellectual intrigue, but of absolute, unprincipled cruelty, and an utter lack of all sense of justice between man and man or man and God.

Disraeli was a foxy schemer for holes in which were the luxuries of existence, but without moral force enough to drive a pin-wheel; Gladstone a shining weather-cock of wordy inconsistency forever posing as the friend of truth and justice without ever having learned, or seriously suffered, or tried to learn what truth and justice were and are.

Carlyle was the supreme intellect of the British civilization of his day, surcharged with a conscience as grand as that of St. Paul, but with a hardness, a harshness and a crudeness of soul—allied, however, with a childlike tenderness that made him alike the mental ruler and the dark enigma of his day and generation. Emerson was a faintly burning taper fit to adorn the very altars of God, but with no blood of the martyrs in him, such as would crowd the very holy of holies with the incarnate sacrifice of daring and deathless love.

I am only touching a few of the leading souls of ancient and mod-

ern times to recall to your minds their immense gifts and their pitiable lackings as master forces in the dreamed-of reconciliation of the world.

Newman and Manning were far smaller minds, but with richer spiritual gifts. Leo XIII. approaches nearer to some of the great Protestant intellects of these last one hundred years, and is perhaps in our century the nearest approach to utter greatness of being—that is, to greatness of intellect, applied to highest uses; of greatness of heart consecrated to sweet and noble and human ends, of chastity of will and life, wielded for highest objects of our humanity—still with a certain unheroic attitude that has kept him inside the safe walls of the Vatican, when, had he been of a higher martyr-mould, he might have conquered a thousand foes in his own land and ours that now sport in the luxury of ill-gotten wealth, and of intrigue, as if these could ever be used in the service of God. Do not forget that compromise with hell is never reconciliation with God.

Mohammed and the founders of Asiatic religions were but crude warriors and dreamers beside some of the men I have mentioned, and so, by actual comparison, now as long ago, it appears that no man who has ever lived, can approach in consciousness, in intent, in heart, in will, in life, in death, to the one Supreme divine and human Master who was God with us—heavenly of thought and purpose, heart and life; human in absolute tender regard for every true and human impulse of existence; not above eating and drinking with the publican, familiar, forgiving and helpful with the harlot; unstained by and healing with the leper, divine and miraculous in presence of the blind, victor in the face of death, superior to kings in His life and master of death in His death, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, and yet an humble, submissive, loyal and lonely man.

That art alone is true art which catches the sunlight and glory of the heavens and reproduces them in the canvas of the painter, or that which catches the radiant soul of man and weaves it into the portrait or into the hard and lifeless marble; in a word that brings heaven down to earth and saturates the elements of the world with the eternal beauty and glory of the skies. In a word the true artist is a true reconciler of heaven and earth.

Any well trained mechanic hand can sketch faces, bodies, blood, stones and trees. It is the vocation of the artist to reconcile in his work the spirit of eternity with the fleeting atoms of time. That alone is true poetry which catches the spirit of the event, the comedy

or the tragedy or the commonplace episode of existence and so weaves it into the song that you feel and understand, as if by lightening, the soul of the event described.

Any Walt Whitman or Watson Gilder can give you the detail of the human body, of a battle, of a steam engine, or a prairie, if he has once seen the same, but only a Shakespeare can make his *Prosperos* and *Mirandas* reveal the inmost workings of their subtlest souls to you, and laugh while you are weeping. It is the art of the master hand to make you feel the throbbings of his own or of the immortal eternal soul of things; and the power to do this comes of a combined and harmonized, reconciled multitudinous infinitude of forces and energies first of all in his own concrete and concentrated heart and soul.

If men better understood the real laws and conditions of human greatness they would more readily, beautifully and gladly comprehend the harmonized supernal and ineffable greatness of Jesus the Son of God.

Should another Mohammed arise in our time he would be cut to pieces and sunk in the infamous sea of his own madness, before he could call his followers to prayers over the victims of his blood-stained sword.

Should another Gaudama or Buddha arise in our time he would not make as much noise as the healer Slattery or Evangelist Moody. Indeed, our modern writers would take him for a fool unless he charged a hundred dollars a lecture, for his conversations on religion or settled down like Talmage to a lucrative position under the shadow of legislative protection.

These are among the pigmies of great men, and yet we give them honor or pretend to, while failing utterly to comprehend the simple but Eternal principles of greatness that have made Jesus Master of the world.

It was not simply because He was God or Divine, that He has won the hearts of millions of all nations of the world. It was because He was so absolutely and tenderly human, as well as Divine, that your heart and mine beat in mutual adoration of His Divinely human and chastened soul.

God had been God from all eternity, and the laws of justice are as eternal and unchangeable as His Being or Will, yet through all nations and ages men had not risen to any rational love of, or obedience to the Eternal God, but from the day the birth of the Divine

made all human motherhood sacred as God's own Being, and every human child a possible saint nurtured and cultured into the image of that face and life which have encircled human art with glory, made it possible for the hardest outcast to gain the angelic heights of eternal peace and joy—there is an enthusiasm of God in our world, that all the demons in hell and all the atheists in existence can neither break nor mar.

It is only a question of time till the proportion of Judases grows less, and the proportion of Johns and Marys and Pauls and Stephens grows more numerous and then the flood-gates shall be opened and the inward flowing waves of eternal faith and eternal peace shall cover the world with the seamless garments of truth and love. In view of this mighty work of the ages do we wonder that this same Jesus said "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God," though this seems to have reference mainly to those who act as peacemakers between man and man, but there is a higher mission for the supremely exalted soul, namely, that of making peace between man and God.

How fearful and heart-rending are the simple estrangements, quarrels and divisions of our earthly lives. How blinding to the conscience and withering to all principles and impulses of the higher life are the divorces, the desertions, the disloyalties of husbands and wives, of parents and children in these our own days; how hardened are our lips and eyes and souls becoming in view of these modern incipencies of eternal hell; and how easy in view of all these crimes that are taken for liberties and independence in our time, how easy is it for all of us to forget our obligations to God the father of us all, and to dream that each man, each child in fact is master of his own destiny in days like these.

O! for a voice with the power of world-wide thunder, and yet with the sweetness of Acadian music, to turn the tides of world feeling into the channels of universal kindness and once more back to duty and to God.

In all this world I know of nothing sadder than needless estrangements between those who have been friends. In all this world I know of nothing half so sad as estrangements and disloyalties between parents and children, but these are the universal happenings of our daily lives, until modern society is lost to those finer feelings of changeless, filial and parental love that only a generation ago seemed the one ideal of all our civilized life.

O! for a new voice to re-utter the old commandment with promise—honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land the Lord thy God giveth thee; O! for a new voice so divine and so commanding that hearts of stone and steel may hear it saying “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and strength and thy neighbor as thyself.”

Dear friends, believe me, no mere tyrannical ecclesiastical authority can take the place of the eternal tenderness of divine Charity and Justice. No conversion of a few wealthy pirates to a faith that may make them more piratical and prejudiced than ever can do much toward reconciling the broken chains of our mortal existence or of reconciling the rebellious hearts of men to God. There must be dogma and there must be authority, but these must be uttered and wielded in the spirit of justice, reason and love.

It is not a mere shifting of creeds that can do this. It is not merely the words of absolution after confession that can do this—much less is it, the horn-tooting of the Salvation Army that can do this, or the preaching of Moody or the singing of Sankey; still less is it the whining and damnable hypocrisy of your Wanamakers, your Roosevelts or your Parkhursts that can do this; still less is it the political wire-pulling, land-grabbing and partisan speech-making or writing of insatiably ambitious prelates that can do this.

These are all fire-brands, kindling numberless partisan and personal hotbeds and blasphemies and infidelities and divisions andangers in the souls of men. Let us quit all this and know that as Jesus is the only perfect incarnation and reconciliation of God and man in His own person, and that as His teachings, example and life are the only perfect means of reconciling enemies with one another and man with God, so only as we keep close to the sacred motives of His existence and follow the loving spirit of His life and death can we become reconcilers of our fellow-men with one another or with God. I know how difficult it is to follow the line of life I am here indicating. I know from experience how difficult it is and how often our purposes and our actions fall short of our own ideals, but I am more and more convinced that it is only as we keep steadily before us, not merely some graven image of Christ or His cross of anguish, but closely study the depth and sweetness and perfect glory of the reason of His all-conquering life and death that we can hope to follow Him or do any true work in His spirit or in His dear name.

I have searched the records of the ages and the nations. I have

studied the lives of the greatest men of all time and have lingered with untold admiration over the lives and sayings of the prophets and martyrs of old and of modern times, but the closer and more loving my studies of any and all of them have been and are, the more perfectly am I convinced that it is only by keeping constantly in mind the perfect image and life of this divine man who while bearing the heavens on His shoulders was daily lifting the world up into His arms of stainless charity and eternal kindness that we can, any of us do much in the line of His glorious undertaking.

Let me not be mistaken. It is not by trying to make God a goody-goody, it is not by simply magnifying the suffering and sacrificial element in the life of Jesus, much less is it in harping upon the prevailing supposed virtues and glories of our modern American civilization and taking it for granted that liars and scoundrels and thieves are upright men and gentlemen.

As far as I can gather Jesus and His apostles, and the prophets before them, never acted or taught in this way. On the contrary every teacher of truth, every true reconciler between the warring factions of men, and between the wandering enemies of God and truth must, first of all, have a clear perception of essential truth and justice and charity, and must not be a coward in his definitions of these.

In a word the true peacemaker between man and man, or man and God must found all his thought and all his action and all his words in eternal truth and justice before he can take one valid step in the true work of reconciliation; and in order to do this he must have founded, under God, all the motives and all the actions of his own soul and life in the roots and on the eternal adamant of God's justice as regards his own affairs; and until a man has done this I hold that it makes no difference whether he be prelate, priest, editor, writer, merchant or what not, he is absolutely useless alike as a teacher or a would-be reconciler of men with men, or of men with God.

In a word it was not mere sweetness and light that made Jesus, the Redeemer and Reconciler of the world. It was sweetness and light based upon and in eternal harmony with all the severest exactions of the harsher and eternal justice of God: that is, because He was this, and lived this, and died for this rather than yield one iota to sentiment, cowardice or the devil, that He became the one eternal and all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, and the one eternal reconciler and Saviour of the world.

This is but a poor, imperfect showing of the thoughts that have been grouping themselves in my mind these last forty years, on this the master theme of all existence, of all time and all eternity.

I have tried to avoid every technical point of dogma involved in this great and glorious work of turning the averted face of man from his neighbor and of man from his God. I have tried rather to cut into the very heart of the theme and expose the bleeding fibres of eternal loyalty that are necessary to the great work in view.

Any trickster can bring about a compromise between divided truths, divided friends, or between man and God.

Our national Constitution was aptly called by the old abolitionists a compromise with death and a compact with hell; and during the eighty-five years that passed between the writing of that Constitution and our civil war the wisest heads in this nation were perpetually trying to make compromises between the North and the South regarding the eternal injustice of African slavery. Even up to the first year of said war men could not give up the hope that some compromise might avert war and save the Union. Dear friends no compromise ever yet saved a soul or a nation.

Various discoveries of modern science, so-called, have brought the different races and nations of the world nearer together as to their physical and commercial relations, and much is made of these discoveries in our time as if they really were of service in the higher reconciliations and the peaceful relations of mankind.

I fail to see any evidence of moral elevation or of a mutual better understanding by reason of these discoveries which have "annihilated space" etc., and certainly not one of them has helped a particle toward reconciling man to his Maker.

In truth only the grace of God in Christ Jesus and His Church can do this, hence my constant insistence that all teachers of religion especially all priests should cease to prate about sociology and the thousand subterfuges that modern civilization would substitute for Catholic faith, and bend all their energies toward elucidating and infusing the one eternal truth that only in Christ and obedience to His Church, can men or nations be reconciled to God.

The laws of justice are—Yea and nay. If you are serving the devil with your left hand and signing crosses with your right, the devil will see to it that your signs of the cross are of no avail.

If you are posing as a reformer, a progressive saint, an ideal American Catholic patriot, a colonizer for the good of the poor, and all

the while denying your heart's own simple obedience to the laws and teachings of Christ and His Church, you may fool a few of your claquers, but you cannot fool the Almighty or the devil who has you in charge.

True reconciliation even of one's lower with one's better heart and conscience often means that you fire the truth right into your own eyes, though it blinds and staggers you—Yea, it often means that you pluck out your right eye; cease to take ill-gotten gains, cease to plan for that which by the law of eternal justice you have no right to seek, though only God may see you, and above all, would you be a reconciler of others you may have to preach such truth as will take your life, but out with it, and like your crucified but risen Master, be ready to die; for after all, it is death in loyalty to truth that lifts all suspicion from your own brow and brings men around you in tears of repentance and of love. It is death for truth's sake that has ever weaved the halo of glory about the brows of saints and martyrs, and the man who dreams that the need of such methods of reconciliation has passed away has gotten but a little distance into the mercy, the mystery or the integrity of God.

In a word the true reconciler first meets all the demands of eternal justice in his own life and death; holds to every phase of divine truth and charity in his own utterances; is gentle with the poor, the lowly, the suffering, severe with the proud, the conceited, the haughty, blends the light and glory of Heaven with all the sombre shadows of earth, is great of intellect, great of heart and conscience, wields all his energies for the real and exalted good of mankind, and then if he dies on the cross, the scaffold or in a dungeon of blackest insignificance all the forces of omniscient and omnipotent Deity are pledged to give him victory to the utmost compass of his consecrated soul.

If I at all understand the case it was because Jesus of Nazareth met all these demands in His own life and death that He has become the peerless prince of God's eternal redemption and is slowly winning the willing and loving allegiance of all the loyal and true hearts of the human race.

Men have minds and waste them over shadows that lure toward greed of gain; hearts, and break them over the poisoned fountains of seduction lust and pleasure; consciences and blast them over a thousand volcanoes of subtle and open wrong. The true man; the true reconciler has not only hitched his wagon to a star and is

following its leading, he is absolutely in league with the soul that formed the stars and has them in His keeping. Thus is he a child of heaven—in the highest sense a Son of God—speaking in righteousness, dying, in love for truth's sake, and through this highest act of immortal life becoming a mighty Saviour—the true reconciler between man and man and between man and God.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

LOVEST THOU ME?

“Lovest thou Me?”—Oh Fount of Love Divine!
 Oh Heart of God! art Thou constrained to plead
 That I should love Thee? Jesu! I have need
 Of pardon, pity; this said heart of mine
 Yearns, evermore, for that sweet love of Thine,
 So freely given: many a thought, and deed,
 And word of mind have caused Thy Heart to bleed
 Dear Lord! afresh; yet for Thy love I pine,
 I faint, I languish: dost Thou ask, once more,
 “Lovest thou Me?” What answer dare I make?
 “Thou knowest that I love Thee,”—though full sore,
 For sin of mine Thy loving Heart doth ache,
 Oft and again I grieve Thee,—I implore,
 Grant me to love Thee better; Jesu! make
 My heart Thy dwelling, for Thine own Heart's sake.

Montreal.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

FROM OXFORD TO ROME.

THE Oxford or Tractarian Movement seems to have been a sort of spiritual reaction, of mysterious origin.

Doubtless, its immediate exciting cause lay in the action of Parliament and the Reform Bill of 1833, which swept away at a blow ten Irish sees and constituted a direct attack upon the Church of England, an attack which menaced her liberties and her very life. That their attachment to her should have led a group of devoted men to rally in defense of her rights is not in the least surprising;—

but when we consider how quickly the movement went beyond this, reaching out eagerly toward the ancient principles of authority and catholicity, which to the ultra-Protestant wing of the Establishment were only anathema; and how these principles have been working invisibly ever since, like the leaven, which will not cease to work—and we have our Lord's word for it!—"till *the whole* is leavened;"—we cannot fail to see the divine as well as the human element in the change thus wrought.

Some writers maintain, and with reason, that the question of Roman Catholic emancipation had led to a closer study of Catholic theology in England, in order to discover the real points of difference between Catholics and Protestants, and that this study had modified men's minds; but, apart from this, toleration, as a practical measure, had commended itself to thoughtful people: a gentler spirit toward their Catholic opponents had been quietly pervading the land, and the publication of Keble's "*Christian Year*," in 1828, called general attention to the beautiful sequence of Christian truth, which, in both systems, the Roman and the Anglican, held honored place. Points of union, such as this mutual observance of feasts and facts, being emphasized rather than points of difference, the work of the poet, with its sweet persuasion, counterbalanced the wrangling of adverse theologians and proved effectual for good.

Yet, while these softening influences were falling on "men of good-will," the French Revolution had been intensifying evil. Its destructive and disorganizing forces had entered England insidiously, and become the latent, fermenting principles of the Whig policy of the day. This party, once in power, had no scruple in assailing the English Church. It struck, indeed, at her very heart. How could true spiritual freedom be made to co-exist with State control of her corporate life? Such was the crucial question, then, as, in fact, it is now.

Her victorious foes went even further. It was urged in Whig circles that parliamentary councils should be empowered to revise her liturgies and recast her Articles of Belief. It was more than a dispute over appointments and temporalities. It had trenched upon higher things.

In this crisis, the authorities of the Establishment stood feebly inactive. But thinking men everywhere were roused, protest arose on all sides, men of all shades of belief, men of earnestness and sincerity, sprang to the front, eager to defend the outraged cause.

From the heart of this strong excitement came the "Oxford Movement."

Its spirit was that of a generous defense of the English Church, a willingness to stand by her and face her foes. And who better fitted to deal with the points at issue than the trained scholars of her noblest University? So, at Oxford, the strife began.

On July 14, 1833, John Keble delivered his great discourse on the "National Apostasy." It was a fiery protest against the suppression of the Irish sees, a political measure supported by the Whigs for purely political purposes. "It was also a challenge," says a recent writer, "a summons to meet the new state of things face to face, full as it was of immediate and imminent peril,—to consider how it should be received by Christians and Churchmen,—and to study the causes and significance of this hostile action by the Houses of Parliament."

Among the throng that flocked to hear him was John Henry Newman, already a man of note in his College. He saw, at a glance, that Keble's address was the trumpet-blast for a rally, and stood ready to become its leader. The first actual step in the great forward movement was taken at Hadley, where a small caucus was held. Out of this meeting came the "Tracts for the Times."

These famous essays appeared at Oxford during the years between 1833 and 1841. In most cases, Dr. Newman was their author, though Keble aided in their revision. Other able writers joined them as the years went by, drawn by sympathy with the new movement. Among its principal promoters were R. H. Froude, a Fellow of Oriel; Rev. Isaac Williams, Fellow of Trinity, author of the "Cathedral and other Poems"; Rev. Hugh Rose, of Cambridge; Ward, Oakley and others.

The Tracts, themselves, at the outset, were short essays,—sometimes mere notes,—designed to rouse the members of the Church to a sense of the alarming position wherein she was placed. But other and more important matters strode in. Tenets closely resembling those of the Church of Rome were put forward, and the anonymous authors urged the restoration of High Church theology as held by the Anglican divines of the seventeenth century.

The year succeeding the Hadley Conference passed quietly. Newman was at this time Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford (which was also the University Church), and its regular preacher.

His discourses supplied, as it were, a key to the Tracts, giving
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full explanation of their tendency and scope. The doctrines of Apostolical Succession, Priestly Absolution, Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence, the Authority of the Church and the value of Tradition, which had long lain hid in the language of the Prayer-book, were rescued from oblivion and shown as treasure trove. The Tracts were widely read, and, plainly, doing their work. To all this Newman's beautiful sermons brought most powerful aid. Intellectually and spiritually, his sway over his fellow-men could not fail of recognition.

Yet, what the new movement greatly needed, at this point, was official support, the approval and sanction of some recognized authority. This neither Keble nor Newman could give, since, as yet, their fame had not overleaped University limits. Therefore, the adhesion of Dr. Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, who joined the movement in 1835, was greeted with great enthusiasm.

His influence was at once felt. "Under his direction," says one authority, "the Tracts took on a different tone and shape. Instead of being the brief and incomplete essays, which had previously appeared, Tracts sixty-seven, sixty-eight and sixty-nine formed three divisions of a Treatise covering more than three hundred pages. From this time on the Tracts became serious and well-prepared productions."

At this time, very nearly, Dr. Pusey issued his Tract, "On the Benefit of Fasting" and the two previously mentioned, sixty-seven and sixty-nine, "On Holy Baptism."

On all sides rose an outcry. It was asserted everywhere that these writings, by men in authority, would eventually lead those concerned in the effort from the Anglican belief to the Roman Catholic fold. In short, the movement was felt to be dangerous.

The first opposition appeared in 1838. The Bishop of the Diocese entered complaint in the matter of the Tracts, yet failed to officially demand their suppression. So the Tractarians went on their way.

Newman, himself, made the first break in their ranks. The next year, 1839, found him seriously disturbed in mind. Thus far he had been an earnest antagonist of the Roman Church. He was one of those who transferred their support from Sir Robert Peel to Sir Robert Inglis on occasion of the former's introducing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill; and one object of the present Oxford Movement, as he well knew, was to antagonize the Romanizing as well

as the Dissenting tendencies of the times by restoring the primitive and catholic character of the Church. Yet, now, doubt began to cloud his soul.

And here, for the first time, we feel that the place whereon we are standing is holy ground. Newman's spiritual struggles, after all is said, are what give this matter of the Oxford Movement its vital and human interest. The sensitive sympathizer would, indeed, give thanks if that cup might have passed from him. The pathos of his wonderful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom," is felt wherever it goes and the lines of sorrow on his face tell the same story. They are not lines of bitterness, but of supreme grief—overpassed indeed, through the Lord's mercy, but never to be effaced. For Newman's was an intense nature, deep and strong, the last in the world to throw off its religious allegiance, as one draws off a glove.

We cull from his biographers something of the story,—part of the poor fraction, which is all they have to give. Only his Master and Lord knows the whole. It is the secret of those heavenly places whither His servant has gone to meet Him.

The first touch of power which he felt and recognized seems to have been at the hand of Cardinal Wiseman.

"While reading the history of the Monophysites," says one narrator, "a friend placed before him an article by Mgr. Wiseman, dealing with certain "Anglican Pretensions." In this paper he found a clue to the real difficulty of the Monophysites. For one instant the veil was lifted and he comprehended "*that the Church of Rome was, after all, in the right.*" But the shadows fell over him anew and sharply vexed with himself, he decided to depend, in future, wholly upon the light of his own reason.

This momentary uneasiness of soul he mentioned to only two persons. But he no longer spoke with the same clearness and confidence as to the "value of the Anglican position."

After this experience, in the month of August, 1839, he ceased to attack Rome as schismatic. His new teaching was that "Rome is the Church and we, too, are the Church." This was the idea of his article on "The Catholicity of the Church of England," issued in January, 1840,—which his biographer describes as "the first-fruits of restored spiritual peace within his soul."

Then, early in 1841, came the famous Tract number 90, which drove the authorities of the University to open warfare. The Heads of Houses, at Oxford, condemned it and the Bishop of Oxford called

upon Newman to discontinue the publication, a request with which he at once complied. Yet, in his letter to the Bishop on the matter, although he tendered ready submission,—for Newman was in no wise contumacious and too great a man to miss the grace of humility,—he calmly defended the positions assumed in his Tract and in the series as a whole.

Tract No. 90 was designed to show that much Roman doctrine might be held consistently with subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; that the Articles do not contravene Catholic teaching,—as far as this coincides with that of the Fathers and the Primitive Church;—that they only partially oppose Catholic dogma and are mainly directed against certain special *errors* of Rome.

“But between the months of July and November,” says the biographer, “in this same year, 1841, Newman received three blows which crushed him to the earth. In the course of a translation from Saint Athanasius”—a series of these versions had been issued, together with the Tracts, called a “Library of Translations from the Greek and Latin Fathers,” Newman editing, in conjunction with Keble and Dr. Pusey,—“his old doubts started again to life. In re-perusing the history of the Arians he came anew upon the truths taught by the primitive Church. They stood out before him with increased clearness and he was continually beset by his old thought, that, ‘*after all, the Church of Rome was in the right.*’”

He was suffering tortures from this dislocation of things, spiritually, when the second blow fell.

The Bishops, one after the other, denounced the Tracts. In this general Episcopal action Newman saw his condemnation.

Under the third blow he could no longer keep silence. It was in regard to the famous bishopric of Jerusalem. He drew up a solemn protest which he sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury as well as to his own Diocesan.

But Newman’s career, in connection with the Oxford Movement was over. He withdrew to meditate in quiet upon his future course. And he had many allied topics for meditation.

For he was in a net-work of difficulties. His influence over others had become very great. The whole Tractarian movement circled round him. Its supporters looked to him as its head: and any important decision on his part was liable to disorganize it or destroy it altogether. Then, there were many young people under his care, placed there by confiding Anglican relatives. He could not allow

these to enter the Roman Church—as many of them were inclined to do—unless his own convictions, on the whole matter, should grow more clear. He could not lead others toward a step which he was not, himself, ready to take. Upon his College, upon the English Church, upon the world of letters, even, his action would take effect. His very strength as a leader and teacher made him weak at this juncture. The Valley of Decision was, to him, a valley of darkling shadows.

“His soul,” says the biographer, “was rent by attractions and repulsions, at war with each other.”

He could not go to Rome “on account of the honors paid to the Virgin Mary and the Saints.”

“His chief desire, nevertheless, was for union with Rome, as of Church with Church.”

His first action was to resign his position as editor of the *British Critic* and it passed over into the hands of Ward and Oakley. This review had been the chief organ through which these thinkers imposed their views on the Oxford party. Of Ward it has been said that his writings always tended to establish a comparison between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. As a general result, this comparison grew more favorable to the claims of the latter—claims that were far from losing force, as felt by these men amid the on-rushing of events. As to Ward, personally, nothing can add to the poetic tribute paid him by Lord Tennyson. In this elegant sonnet we find the generous analysis of friendship, expressed with great beauty and alive with poetic power.

In 1843 the *British Critic* was discontinued, to be replaced by a more moderate publication, the *Christian Monitor*, edited and directed by Dr. Pusey.

It was now Pusey's turn to receive rebuke. In consequence of a sermon on “The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent,” preached before the University, he was suspended from preaching by the Vice-chancellor for three years, on the allegation that his language on the subject of the Real Presence was beyond what is sanctioned by the Formularies of the Church of England. Dr. Pusey entered protest, however, and appealed to the teaching of former English divines.

In the same year Newman reached two most important and significant decisions; in February he wrote a formal retraction of all the harsh and painful things he had said or written against the

Church of Rome and in September he resigned the Vicarage of Saint Mary's at Oxford.

The new Puseyite review raised much excitement and alarm. Party susceptibilities grew more intense; there was war in the air.

Ward, however, rose to the height of the occasion. He went to work at once and produced his famous book, "The Ideal of a Christian Church."

For six months the authorities took no official cognizance of its publication; a committee, nevertheless, examined the work. A certain number of alarming propositions were culled from it and laid before the entire Faculty.

Then, the authorities held session. Ward's book was quickly condemned and he, himself, deprived of his University degrees.

The day of Ward's condemnation,—being that, also, of his book,—February 13, 1845, marks a memorable point in this religious drama of England.

"From this hour," says the *Ecclesiastical Review*, "it was plain what would become of a goodly number of these men, full of virtue, ability and learning, who but recently gave promise of remaining forever valiant servitors of the English Church. If, up to this point, there had been room to doubt, in many cases, whether they would linger in her fold or not, this doubt could no longer exist. It was now only a question of time, how soon they would break the bonds which held them to that body and renounce their ancient allegiance.

"An infallible sign was showing what must needs be done by those who had struggled so painfully—often, indeed, so pitiably—to keep faith with God and conscience; on one side, they were invited to come,—on the other, they were bidden with asperity of scorn, to go. What resulted could be no secret to anyone."

During the autumn and the year ensuing, the friends, whose names and faces had been so long familiar in Oxford, disappeared from their places, withdrawing one after the other.

In September, 1845, Ward was received into the Catholic Church. In October, Newman likewise sought admission. Later, Faber, Manning, Spencer, Oakley, Morris and others followed.

The Oxford Movement had done its work. The results of that work are facing us to-day.

The wave which swept Romeward was of priceless value to her communion. It is a curious study of influence, as from one mind to and upon another. Cardinal Wiseman, in some mysterious spiritual

way, touched Newman; the latter, again, flung his wonderful power over Faber, whose poems are touching the whole world—Anglicans, Dissenters and Catholics alike—while his prose works form the best of weapons for the Catholic cause; and thus we see the links forged—the first few links—of an endless chain. The growth of the Roman Church in England, of late, has been something phenomenal and the seed sown at Oxford—how or why the Lord of the harvest alone knows!—in the hearts of Newman, Ward and Manning is still bearing abundant fruitage.

Throughout the Anglican Church the power of the Oxford Movement, though less direct, has been no less actual. The teaching of Keble and Pusey, who remained within her pale, only brought it to bear more fully on the men of their day and generation. It has been and still is permeating her whole life, not alone in Great Britain but throughout her world-wide empire. Even here, in the Episcopal Church of the United States, its touch is daily felt. The number of so-called "High Church" Bishops has been steadily increasing for the last twenty-five years; and what that means of spiritual change among her laity and lower clergy is past human estimate.*

What will be the end of this silent change of attitude toward the vital truths of the Oxford Movement, what this intimate molecular alteration of feeling may bring about, at last, it is hard to tell. But we may well thank God, every day, for its practical fruitage in self-sacrifice, in larger measure of Christian giving, in sisterhoods and brotherhoods—both unknown of old—in organized charities, in a fuller ritual, in retreats and humilities of prayer.

That the outcome of a willing reception of Divine truths—as of Absolution, the Real Presence and the like—should be the illumination of heart that leads to the reception of more truth, is to be expected; that more of Christ and more of grace should bring the Anglican Church into more sympathy with those who know and prize a like grace is to be hoped for; and the lesson of closer comprehension of each other and a deeper charity should come out of it all—and to us all.

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

* Within the past few weeks one of the ablest and most conscientious representatives of this movement—Rev. Fr. Maturin of Philadelphia has become a convert to Roman Catholic faith.—The Editor.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' NEW BOOK.

THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST. By James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore, New York, and London: John Murphy & Company. 1896.

THIS book was sent to me by the publishers with a special request that I would write a review of it, and I gladly comply because, after a careful reading of the work, I find that I can, in the main, speak well of it. I must say, however, that I have no sympathy with the rhetorical unmixed laudations that various Catholic hack writers have already heaped upon the Cardinal's excellent book, and if I at all understand what seems to me to be the sweet simplicity and sincerity of his nature, he is one of the last men on earth to derive any pleasure from such fulsome and senseless flattery. In truth Cardinal Gibbons has always seemed to me nearer akin to a select circle of Protestant preachers who were among the friends and idols of my own early ministerial life than to any of the Catholic prelates of our time or of preceding times.

I refer particularly to such men as the Rev. Albert Barnes, and the Rev. Dr. Boardman (Presbyterians of Philadelphia) and the Rev. Dr. William Adams and Rev. H. B. Smith, also Presbyterians, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon—Congregationalist, of New Haven—all of whom were still in their later prime about forty years ago—and they were all learned men, gifted men, and of the sincerest type of Christian life and orthodoxy. I may be pardoned for adding here that between those men and the upstart impertinent nobodies of the Parkhurst type—who occupy their old pulpits in these days, there is such a gulf of descent that I often wonder what this nineteenth century may yet come to if the present rate of fearful ministerial degradation goes on.

It gives me pleasure to say in this connection that the reading of Cardinal Gibbons' latest book has confirmed my good opinion of the man. Nevertheless my criticism of his work will not be wholly in praise.

The salient and striking points of the book—are FIRST its beautiful and exalted piety ; so evident and so sincere that none but sheer blasphemers could question or do other than admire it.

Second—its easy familiarity with the sacred Scriptures and its apt and copious quotations from the same ; and I hold that these points alone are sufficient to commend the book as a safe and excellent guide for the students—Catholic and Protestant—of the present and of future generations. I think, moreover, that this last named feature of the Cardinal's work will more than anything else commend it to the reverent attention of the Protestant world.

For while it is true that the Church is older than the Scriptures it is also true that it is only the apostolic and directly inspired Church that is older than the Scriptures, and there is a strong and lurking suspicion not only among ignorant Protestants, but throughout the modern intellectual evolution of Protestantism that the Roman Catholic Church of these late centuries—without showing any proofs of apostolic inspiration—is showing many proofs of a mistaken consciousness of superiority to the Scriptures and a tendency to ignore them.

In view of these Protestant notions—which I am by no means defending—I look upon Cardinal Gibbons' new book as in some sense a providential work inspired of heaven for the especial benefit of our times.

Again there is a beautiful fluency in the composition which implies that the Cardinal, with or without assistants, and though no longer young, is growing clearer and stronger in his style as a writer. The style is hardly to be called masterful. It frequently falls to the commonplace and is partially lacking in literary dignity; but it is sweet, lucid and mind-fastening by reason of other excellent qualities already named. These are among the more praiseworthy properties of the book and it were easy to weave sentence after sentence from numberless pages in justification of such praise.

Within certain familiar circles of classical scholarship the book is also very apt in its quotations and references. The oratory of Demosthenes, the rhetorical patriotism of Cicero, and the philosophy of Seneca are all brought into the service of this latest eulogy of the many excellencies that ought, and that—as a matter of fact—do frequently adorn the lives and services of the Ambassadors of Christ.

I do not understand, however, that any or all of these points of excellence mark any especial greatness of mind or any especial literary greatness on the part of the author—and I fancy the Cardinal himself would be the last to claim such greatness in either line; but the qualities named do show a chaste and beautiful life,—which is of

infinitely more value than literary genius, and they also show a patient, even, intelligent study of the Scriptures, in the spirit that gave us the Scriptures, and for these reasons the book will serve as a chosen land-mark of the scriptural learning and piety of the American Catholic hierarchy of our day.

My complaint with the book for other reasons will be just as emphatic as my praise of it, for the reasons named.

In some respects the preface to this book is the most important part of it, and at the same time the most unsatisfactory part of it.

It is the most important, because it, more than any other portion of the book, deals with one of the living if not burning questions of our own day—namely—what is called “Americanism” in relation to religion in general and to Catholic religion in particular; and it is here—I think, that the Cardinal shows most palpably the limited and local character of his intellect. The preface opens beautifully as follows—“A pious, learned and zealous priesthood is the glory of the Church of God.” To this sentiment all earnest Protestants as well as all true Catholics will respond, at once, with a hearty—*amen*, and it must be admitted with gratitude that the Cardinal, in the best chapters of his book, goes on to show in what this glory consists and what beneficent service it renders to mankind.

He takes no cognizance of the well-known fact, however, that in our times many thousands of intelligent American citizens—“progressive, scientific,” etc., etc., are of the opinion that neither God nor man has any real need of or use for this priesthood. Perhaps he is not familiar with this fact—and, perhaps, his ignorance of it may have much to do with what seems to me his over-estimate alike of the “piety, fairness and justice” of the American people.

Here, for instance, are expressions that might have been written by an Angel in Heaven out of sheer charity, or by a diplomat for mere bunkum, but which, to my mind, show an utter ignorance of the prevailing type of American character.

“It may also be observed that rabid bigotry is not a plant that flourishes on American soil.” . . . “Americans are fundamentally a religious people.” . . . “They have a deep sense of justice and fair play.” . . . “They are, withal, a law-abiding people”—and finally—“While the Catholic religion accommodates itself to every form of government it has a special adaptability to our own political system and to the genius of the American people,” etc., etc.

Now all this may be good Pharasaic *policy*. It may be a sop to

Cerberus. It may be spotless charity, but I call it senseless taffy, showing on the part of the writer a lamentable ignorance alike of the prevailing character and history of the American people.

It will not do, my dear Cardinal, to take a few exceptional American characters who—through various processes of supernatural grace, have become loyal converts to Catholic faith, or a few exceptional characters of any sect.

We must take Americans and American history *en masse*—from the time of the discovery of this country until now—in making up our estimate of what Americanism really means in world-history, before we can safely pronounce upon the theme in general terms, such as you have used.

What are the facts? Something as follows. Going back to our earliest times—in the South—Spanish Americans—and Catholics at that—were such bigots, and so full of injustice and unfairness that they never tried to comprehend the simple and natural virtues of the American Indians, but outraged, enslaved and murdered them as if they—these Catholic Christians—had never heard or known of the true principles of Christianity.

In the North the English Americans not only treated the Indians with more brutal tyranny and slaughter than the Spanish treated them in the South, but the American "Puritans," in particular, manifested their bigotry, unfairness and injustice with equal severity toward Quakers, Episcopalians and especially toward English, French Canadian and other Catholics. In truth the rottenest core of all human bigotry, unfairness and injustice centred in New England America from its incipency, and has been the vilest upas tree of all human history during the last two hundred years, and to-day it is harder and more narrow-headed than ever.

Moreover, as the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians grew to power in the now called Middle American States they violated every principle of fairness and justice not only toward the more peaceful and more just and more refined English Quaker elements that preceded them in these States, but showed no regard either for colonial, British or other principles of loyalty or justice, and the combination between these American, Scotch and Irish Calvinists and the Yankee infidels led by Sam Adams, Ben Franklin and Co.,—which in utter lawlessness overthrew the American Colonial governments and set up for themselves, will eventually appear in the annals of the future as the most dastardly contradiction of all the principles of justice and fair-

ness that civilization, so-called, has ever witnessed. In truth there is no signal act of justice in our whole national history.

In founding this government, or pretending to found it on the principles of human equality and justice and in forming our Constitution nominally on these principles—while actually holding and binding in abject slavery nearly one-sixth of our then population, the American recreants from a sound colonial and British policy perpetrated the most glaring and absurd injustice known in the annals of modern nations. Why Americanism is the synonym for injustice and tyranny.

It is needless to say that this injustice and unfairness went on till American abolitionists, inspired by English and Quaker Christian justice, upheaved the continent and buried at least one million of the best of our American race in its ruins.

Everybody knows that our American treatment of the American Indian has been as bigoted, unfair, unjust, inhuman and blasphemous as it was possible for the conduct of one race toward another to be. The Chinese represent a civilization which for education, equity and justice not only antedates the European and American by many centuries, but in many respects is superior to our American civilization up to this hour, and yet our national legislative and popular action toward the Chinese, prompted and dictated by ignorant, and bigoted Irish hoodlumism has been one of insufferable and inexcusable injustice and unfairness—even beneath contempt, and that during the last quarter of a century.

About forty millions of our so-called Americans of all European races—are so-called Protestants, of a hundred bigoted and contemptible creeds—and about fifteen millions of all European races are Catholics. A large majority of these Catholics are so conscientious regarding the matter of the importance of religious instruction for their children, that they simply cannot send those children to the modern Moloch known as the American Public School, and yet though those fifteen millions pay their full share of the school tax this beautiful sense of justice and fair play which the good Cardinal lauds so highly is so blasted, seared, rotten and damnable that no portion of the school tax is devoted by the Protestant American majority toward the schools which Catholics feel bound to provide for their children. Still—according to His Eminence of Baltimore, Americans are not bigoted, but are just and have a fine sense of fairness and fair play.

A pox upon such senseless palaver! I honor and love the Cardinal for his goodness, but I could almost despise him for his lack of clear and comprehensive intelligence on this and on other themes. The truth is that he and some other American prelates had better stick to their trade as teachers and examples of piety and let great and commanding national questions alone. For they simply do not understand them. Again if there is anything especially characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church it is obedience to constituted authority, and if there is anything especially characteristic of Americanism from ocean to ocean it is to be a law unto itself and not to care a rush for constituted authority. Americanism it is true makes enough laws in a quarter of a century to gag the universe for all time—but nobody minds those laws, and the eternal mischief of it is that they are not worth minding, but that ninety per cent. of them are beneath all civilized contempt. Still the Cardinal says we are a law-abiding people and without bigotry. Why ignorant bigotry is the air and life of average Americanism. New England Yankeeism is full of it. Our Middle States—Episcopacy—led by such organs as the *Churchman* of New York and the *Church Standard* of Philadelphia is full of it.

The South especially in Baptist and Methodist persuasions, is full of it to utter blindness. The West—especially in its legislative enactments is more than full of it, and if a real Jeremiah or a real Diogenes were among us I fancy that the one would tear his hair and the other dash his lantern to pieces in sheer despair of finding an unbigoted, just and upright American citizen.

Those at all familiar with the subject know that the hunkerite, liberal, scientific and educational bigotry of modern Americanism is at once more binding and blinding than the worst forms or phases of bigotry ever attributed to papists.

The infamous bigotry of the Puritanism of two hundred years ago now shows itself east and west in Maine laws—school laws—text-book laws—Raines bills—etc. etc. etc.

There are more beastly drunkards in the State of Maine than in any portion of this continent of an equal number of inhabitants—yet that wretched fool-fossil Neal Dow expresses himself satisfied with the working of his bigoted law.

All the intelligent people of the State of Maine know the facts to be as I have stated them, and most of these people drink liquor as freely as their intelligent fellow-beings in other parts of the world.

Maine legislators know these facts and they themselves drink as a rule; Maine authorities know these facts and do not hesitate to tax unlicensed saloon-keepers to aid in all their national and other holidays, and yet such is the blinded assinine bigotry of the people of Maine that no man can be elected to the Maine legislature who is not sworn, falsely, of course, to uphold the Maine law. And Maine is no more bigoted than New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio.

In South Dakota a neighbor is liable to be fined and imprisoned for offering another neighbor a glass of wine—yet saloons are everywhere open there as in Maine—and as all the world knows—the Dakotas are the Meccas of lascivious and adulterous husbands and wives who resort thither to secure lawful American divorces by the thousand.

Why ignorance and bigotry, unfairness and injustice are the very essences of American civilization, as far as it is or can be differentiated from the civilization of the nations of the Old World, and every foreigner that has come here these last two hundred years has become tainted therewith. It is not true moreover that the rattlecat and universal falsehood of our seasons of election are bloodless and mere vapor of earnest partyism.

It was rattlecat Americanism that slew Abraham Lincoln. It was election rattlecatism that murdered Garfield. Guiteau was only the weak-headed honest instrument of dishonest newspaper American injustice and infamy.

I am sorry to feel obliged to say these things—thousands of Americans are excellent people and many hundreds of them are personally dear to me—but the entire nation is cursed with bigotry, unfairness, injustice, insubordination, and nothing but conversion by the grace of God in Christ Jesus and obedience to this can save the American people—Protestant and Catholic from approaching hell-fire. The Cardinal's salve and soft soap will not do it. But if he knows no better, he must use the best elements he has at hand. I also, must do the same.

Of the chapters immediately succeeding the Preface one can speak only in praise for reasons already indicated. In truth the entire book—as far as it relates to the subject of its title breathes the same spirit of fatherly wisdom and charity based upon many of the most beautiful passages of Scripture; but when we get along to Chapter XII., for instance, and find some of the sublimest and most supernatural utterances of our Saviour, touching His voluntary obedience to the

Father's will even unto death, rather than to His own human will, followed by references to Samuel J. Randall's conduct on one occasion when he was speaker of the House of Representatives, as if illustrating the same order of "obedience to Teachers," it is very much like a drop into bathos or a mud-gutter, or a plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous, and far deeper.

This, however, is only one of many instances in the book wherein natural and prudent morality, based on a certain kind of Yankee shrewdness, is found side by side with some of the holiest examples and teachings of holy writ, as if the two were indicative of the same sort of impulse and injunction. Perhaps, the Cardinal did this to make his book popular with the average smart American public. For my own part I could wish that a book, so careful and beautiful in its earlier Scriptural and almost inspirational exaltation had been more carefully edited so that these confusions between the natural and supernatural in our lives had been avoided by deeper and more careful discrimination. In truth the Cardinal's circle of reading, hence of authors quoted, outside the Scriptures and the Fathers, seems to have been very limited and very unfavorable as aids to the subject handled in this volume. If it had ever been his good fortune to read carefully Matthew Arnold's "*Literature and Dogma*"—wherein the clear distinction is made between highest natural morality and true religion, I think he would have made much less of Randall and Blaine, and Dan Webster in this book than he has made, and in the end have made a much more valuable contribution to the church literature of the future.

In the same line it is a sort of duty to call attention to the fact that while frequent reference is made to the mere political rhetoricians of American literature and statesmanship, I do not recall a single reference to the writings and speeches of Emerson, Phillips, Sumner and others of similar though of less power and genius, and yet all the world knows that these latter were the greatest men of character, genius, and oratory that America has ever produced. In truth, outside of its direct Scriptural and ecclesiastical quotation, the book reads like a hap-hazard muck-heap of newspaper padding.

All this indicates to me that while Cardinal Gibbons is a man of undoubted Scriptural learning, with ability to apply this learning to the immediate use of the true Ambassador of Christ, he certainly is not a man of deep and comprehensive thought; in fact is incapable of writing on great international world problems or characters,

incapable of making clear and sharp discriminations as to the exact moral or mental comparative values of ancient or modern literary and political characters and for these very reasons, as I said, had better stick to his trade as a Cardinal, Archbishop and Scriptural teacher of souls in the peculiar and exclusive line of his own vocation.

In truth the Roman Catholic Church in America in this generation is literally cursed by the amateur literary and political utterances of some of its prelatial and priestly and lay writers—who, because they have exalted ecclesiastical positions, editorships, and titles are constantly publishing books, lectures, editorials etc., that ought to be put to soak in silence for at least one hundred years.

In view of these strictures it seems but just to speak of the Cardinal's handsome and liberal candor in admitting that the great upheaval known as the Protestant Reformation—while inexcusable in itself and especially in its renegade priests—was excusable, and in some sense necessary in view of the prevailing corruption of the Church during the centuries immediately preceding those dastards of apostate piety known to history as Martin Luther, John Knox and John Calvin.

This portion of the Cardinal's book no less than the far more beautiful Scriptural portions of it will be especially gratifying to American Protestants.

On the whole I should say that to have made the book what it ought to have been the Cardinal absolutely needed an assistant of far wider literary reading than he himself can be credited with, and of far deeper and sharper editorial discrimination as to what should and what should not have appeared in a book of this kind. But to the utterly blind a question of the delicate discrimination of the degrees and shades of light is of small importance.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

REST THOU, DEAR HEART.

Rest thou, dear heart, thy long day's work is done,
Damp shadows creep the hills—the Master nears the gate,
Soft fragrance of immortal blooms float up the vale,
Unwaning joys—the breath of His Elate.

Wilt open wide the gate, dear heart, He stands,
 His locks are languid with the sleeping dews,
 Hang forth your lamps, Faith, Hope, unwearying Love.
 Ah ! gentle blending of their peaceful hues.

I hear His voice, dear heart, though low He calls,
 A harmony unknown drifts wide my spirit o'er,
 As sacred cadence of seraphic dream, or flow
 Of singing waters, sweet, from the Eternal shore.

The gate then open wide, dear heart, nor let Him wait,
 Like dreaded forms press chilling glooms around—we are apart,
 Oh quick ! let me but look into His shining Face
 And lay my fears and burdens on His loving Heart.

He comes—He comes, dear heart,—the night is past !
 A glory blinds mine eyes—I cannot see.
 “Dear Master, Thou did’st give us work to do—
 But oh ! how poorly was it done by me !”

I hear again that Voice from far off Realm,
 I know my tears have all been soothed away,
 His tender arms outstretch to all my care—
 Oh, tell me—is this Light of Endless Day ?
New York.

E. C. MELVIN.

CATHOLICISM UNDER ELIZABETH.

THIRD PAPER.

IN the preceding articles on this subject, I have called attention to the gradually increasing severity of the penal laws enacted against the Ancient Faith, by the execution of which Catholics were vexed with fines, forfeiture of property, civil disabilities, imprisonment, exile, and various other penalties. I have mentioned that during the first years of Elizabeth’s reign, no one was actually put to death for religion.

The Queen and her adviser trusted that by rendering the lives of the Catholics unendurable, combined with the gradual decrease, hastened by want and poverty, of the deprived clergy, the old religion

would quickly disappear. "Time was on their side. They had only to be patient: and in a few years without any actual bloodshed" * their work would be accomplished. How this cruel and cold-blooded scheme of devilish ingenuity was frustrated, under Divine Providence, mainly by the labors of one man, William Allen of blessed memory, I have already indicated; and as we have now reached that period of Elizabethan History nicknamed by Froude "The Jesuit Invasion," it will be necessary to consider briefly, the methods employed by those blessed Martyrs of our Holy Faith who succeeded only at the sacrifice of their lives in averting a complete national apostasy and whose work was crowned by the preservation through centuries of "a bloody and crushing persecution" of a scattered remnant, through which the Faith in its integrity has been preserved "even unto the present day" in which it has been so unexpectedly and powerfully reinforced during the last half century of Catholic Revival and seems destined in the future to tower aloft amidst the disintegration of ephemeral beliefs as the only authoritative teacher of the Religion of Christ to the English-speaking race throughout the world.

At Oxford for some time after Elizabeth's accession the new religion was not strongly enforced, and although Allen resigned his office as Principal of St. Mary's Hall,† he seems to have resided there until 1561, in which year he proceeded to the University of Louvain. In a previous article we have seen that he was again in England from 1562 to 1565, during which time he resided first in his native county of Lancashire, then near Oxford and subsequently in the County of Norfolk, under the protection of the Duke of Norfolk, who though he had nominally conformed sheltered several learned Catholics. Allen was therefore acquainted with the exact state of religion in different parts of England and his statements are not only interesting but entirely trustworthy.

The successive changes in religion in the last three reigns, and the commotions that had attended them had, as might have been expected, produced a wide-spread tendency to compliance and religious indifference.

The vast majority were still Catholic at heart, but were not prepared to risk their lives and properties by open opposition to the

* Father Knox. Records of the English Catholics.

† His successor John Rawe was appointed about 1560. Le Neve, Fast. Eccl. Angl. III. 585.

authorities. It is true that, as Father Knox lucidly observes "there were not wanting men who boldly avowed and acted upon their convictions; some zealous for the Catholic Faith, others active in propagating the new religion. Still, their comparative fewness rendered them more valuable to the Government of the day as auxiliaries, than formidable as opponents." As Elizabeth sat more firmly on her throne and her administration acquired strength and organization, many who at first had kept strictly aloof from her religious innovations were forced from fear and want to comply outwardly, or at least assume an appearance of benevolent neutrality; in this manner securing themselves from the perpetual harassing to which their more conscientious neighbors were subject. This nominal conformity which a certain class of Anglican writers have adduced as evidence of their continuity theory, was defended by some on the ground that it was enough to hold the Faith interiorly while obeying the Sovereign in externals.

It appears that there were even many Priests who, to quote the emphatic condemnation of Allen, "said mass secretly and celebrated the heretical offices and supper in public. O horrible impiety." And it speaks volumes for his earnestness and those associated with him that notwithstanding the terrible rigor of the laws, they succeeded in persuading at any rate a considerable number to prefer, manfully, to submit to the more or less complete destruction of their temporal interests, than to break the eternal laws of God by dishonest dissembling and confusion of Truth and Error. Of this, writing September 16, 1578, Allen remarks, "and whereas in the judgment of many worldly-wise men this strict enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline seemed likely to lessen greatly the number of Catholics, the Lord God has shown by the experience of a few years the contrary to be true. For we have now more confessors and genuine Catholics than with all our indulgence and connivance we then had concealed Christians; a class of men moreover whose inward faith would have furthered neither their own salvation nor that of others, while their outward example would have led many to ruin, and thus without giving a thought to the sin of schism, or to the restoration of the true religion, but flattering themselves with their good will, and pleading in excuse for their unlawful acts the Sovereign's laws, they would have plunged themselves and theirs, unrepentant, into the miserable abyss of destruction." *

* MS. English College. Rome. Quoted by Father Knox.

It would be ungrateful to make no mention of some of Allen's associates and fellow exiles for the faith, as Richard Bristow, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, "who after Allen contributed perhaps more than anyone else to the success" of the Missionary College at Douay, John Marshall, Fellow of New College, Oxford, previously second master at Winchester under Dr. Thomas Hyde, who also resigned his preferment and died in exile for the faith.

Edward Ridsen of Exeter College, Oxford, John Wright of York, a Priest and very learned man, Richard Storey of Gloucester, a Priest. Thomas Darell, a student of New College, Oxford, a great benefactor to the seminary. The Rev. Morgan Phillips, a former tutor of Allen's at Oxford who resided at the college from its commencement and left it all his property. Dr. Owen Lewis, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and regius professor of canon law. Thomas Stapleton, fellow of New College, Oxford, and Canon of Chichester. Thomas Dorman, Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford. Edmund Campion, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and many others.

Of the course of studies of the Douay students, it is impossible not to be struck with the constant reading, explanation, and preaching of the Scriptures; even at meals "before they leave their places, they hear a running explanation of one chapter of the Old and another of the New Testament." *

They were also taught Greek and Hebrew "sufficient to read and understand the Scriptures of both Testaments in the original, and to save them from being entangled in the sophisms which heretics extract from the properties and meanings of words." †

They attended two lectures daily on Scholastic Theology and were instructed in every detail of Pastoral duty. Amongst the books recommended for their private reading to acquire "skilfulness in dealing with heretics," occur, curiously, S. Augustin's letters to the Donatists, the perusal of which in recent times was the commencement of the conversion to the Church of perhaps the greatest intellect England has produced since Shakespeare. ‡

Surrounded by a profoundly Catholic people performing their religious duties with devotion and diligence "we picture to them" wrote Allen "the mournful contrast visible at home, the utter desolation of all things sacred, which there exists, our country once so famed for its religion and holy before God now void of all religion,

* Allen quoted by Knox.

† Ibid.

‡ Cardinal Newman.

our friends and kinsfolk, all our dear ones and countless souls besides perishing in schism and godlessness, every jail and dungeon filled to overflowing not with thieves and villains but with Christ's priests and servants, nay, with our parents and kinsmen."

That there was not a word of exaggeration in this description is unfortunately but too clearly proved, by the published records of the period. It can hardly be credited that the last Abbot of Westminster the celebrated Dr. Feckenham a man beloved by all whom even Mr. Froude describes as "a man full of gentleness and tender charity," a man who had both denounced the Catholic reprisals under Mary and interceded for Elizabeth in her trouble, was treated with exceptional severity. In a letter from the council to the Bishop of Ely, October 23, 1579, Cox is directed "to cause him to be kept close prisoner in some fit room not suffering him to have any man of his own choice to attend upon him, and that such person as his Lordship shall appoint of his own servants to resort unto him, to deliver him his necessary food (*which their Lordships wish to be no larger than may serve for his convenient sustenance*), be known to be of honest behaviour whom he may not corrupt to receive or convey letters, but that his Lordship be made acquainted with his doings from time to time, and in this order to continue the said Feckenham until he shall receive other directions from their Lordships." And this because after twenty years' imprisonment, harassed with conferences thrust on him by those whose ministrations he could only have regarded with contempt and just indignation, he had presumed to express his disapproval "of her Majesty's godly proceedings in matters of Religion within this Realme." *

The rigor with which the laws were enforced may be surmised by the fact that in 1579, Sir John Arundell of Lanherne in Cornwall was brought before the Council to answer for such things as were found in his house, which he declared consisted only of certain pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary, that he had left there at the time of his departure, two years previously.

It is utterly destructive to some of the illusions of modern Anglicanism to find in the same year (1579) a letter from the Council "touching certain copes, vestments, tunicles," etc., found in Lichfield Cathedral, ordering the said Popish stuff to be sought out de-

* "Acts of the Privy Council," October 23, 1579.

faced and sold. It appears that in some instances those who refused to attend the Established Worship were at first committed to the custody of private persons, but if after conference with the Protestant ministers they remained unconvinced they were sent "to close prison in the common gaols." *

Commissions were granted to Bishops and others for the trial of persons "detected of hearing of masses and using other superstitions contrary to the present state of Religion." †

The influence of the Missionary Priests passing over from the Continent was now beginning to be felt.

We have seen that the first small batch of four had landed in England in 1574. Seven passed over in 1575. Eighteen in 1576 including the proto Martyr of the Seminary Priests, Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, fifteen in 1577, twenty in 1578, twenty in 1579, twenty-nine in 1580 and thus in varying numbers year by year a stream of devoted martyrs and confessors, carried on the work to the unspeakable joy of their afflicted co-religionists. Even as early as the end of 1575, Father Henry Shaw, one of those who had passed over the previous year, reported that the number of Catholics withdrawn from heresy was increased tenfold. In the year following Father John Payne, on his arrival in England reports that "very many persons in daily increasing numbers are everywhere reconciled to the Church." He adds, that the heretics are as much troubled at the name of the Anglo-Douay Priests, which is now famous throughout England, as all the Catholics are consoled thereby. Allen writing to the College from Paris, 1577, gives the intelligence, received from persons come over from England, that the numbers of those daily restored to the Church almost surpassed belief, he mentions that one of the younger Priests lately sent on the mission had reconciled no fewer than eighty persons in one day. When one reflects that before Elizabeth's reign had closed over four hundred Priests had been sent into England from Allen's College, it is obvious that the preservation of the Catholic faith is, in the main due, to the heroic efforts and self denying zeal of the secular clergy. Nevertheless it would be unjust to pass over the labors of others and undoubtedly

* See "Acts of the Privy Council," 1578-9. Letter to the Bishop of Norwich, February 15, 1578.

† Ibid. Letter from the Council to the Lord Keeper directing him to grant commission of Oier and Determiner to the Bishop of Bangor, the Bishop of S. Asaph and others.

in the first instance the good seed was sown by the heroic abnegation of the Catholic Hierarchy, who with the exception of one miserable time server, chose rather imprisonment and exile than position and worldly power purchased by a disgraceful apostasy.

Nor must we forget those of the Marian Clergy who at much risk and inconvenience to themselves remained concealed throughout the country, and by their private administration of the Sacraments and influence confirmed the faith of their brethren and both hindered and brought back many whom human infirmity had led to the paths of error. Even as late as 1596, it was estimated that about forty or fifty of these aged servants of God remained at their apostolic labors, "if so many remained after thirty eight years of blood-thirsty persecution, their number must have been very large during the first years of schism." *

The disguises assumed by the Priests engaged in the English Mission were numerous, some as officers returning from the Low Countries, some as merchants, some as serving men. Necessity is the mother of invention and many of these disguises were doubtless both excellent and adapted to facile variation in any emergency.

In the autobiography of Father William Weston † we find that on one occasion he appears to have entered a room as a venerable old man and left it as a young one. Of the life of the Missionary Priests writes Allen; in that deeply sympathetic spirit which perhaps was the secret of much of his influence over others: "I could reckon unto you the miseries they suffer in night journies in the worst weather that can be picked, peril of thieves, of waters, of watches, of false brethren; their close abode in chambers as in prison or dungeon without fire and candle lest they give token to the enemy where they be; their often and sudden rising from their beds at midnight to avoid the diligent searches of heretics; all of which and divers other discontentments, disgraces and reproaches they willingly suffer, which is great penance for their feathers,* and all to win the souls of their dearest countrymen, which pains few men pity as they should do and not many reward them as they ought to do." Of the difficult and delicate nature of their work, Allen proceeds, "Even among the Catholics of our country, needfully liv-

* Father Knox.

† See "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers," second series.

‡ Their secular disguises to which some, very unreasonably, took exception.

ing in awe of man's laws, there is such fear, such variety of humors, such perfect the more, such perfect the less, so diversely to be dealt withal, some to be handled softly, some hardly, and all so to be trained towards heaven that they lose nothing for it here in the world, that those which serve their souls in this pitiful case and state of things to every of their contentations and to the liking of all that be lookers on had need to be cunning carvers." During Elizabeth's reign 116 secular Priests, 7 Jesuits, 1 Benedictine and 1 Franciscan shed their blood for the faith. Many others died in prison or if released retired to the Continent with health shattered beyond repair in loathsome dungeons combined with every variety and degree of mental and physical torture. In face of the perfect spy system of Cecil, in daily receipt of reports and counter reports of officials, detectives, pursuivants, apostates, false brethren, the wonder is not that so many perished, but that every Catholic Priest was not swept from the face of England, but a large majority of the nation still leant to the ancient faith, and as Mr. Froude remarks "they had friends everywhere from the Palace of Westminster to the village ale house," who sheltered them at risk to themselves tenderly cared for them in sickness and privately buried in their own houses those who were fortunate enough to die in their beds.*

In June, 1580, the secular clergy in England were reinforced by two Jesuit Priests the renowned Fathers Parsons and Campion; and nothing was more natural than that Allen should have applied for assistance to the Company "then in all the fervor and glory of its beginnings." In a letter written about a year before his death to

* The terrible tortures inflicted on the staunch Catholics during Elizabeth's reign, the Rack, the Scavenger's Daughter, the Little Ease, the Dark Pit, the ears cut off and burnt through, the thumb screws, the cruel whippings, the wholesale executions and judicial murder of nearly the entire male population of districts after the Catholic rebellion of 1569, are omitted from Protestant text-books of History. Some of the Priests seemed to have almost borne charmed lives. For instance Father John Curry, a native of Bodenin, Cornwall, sent over in 1577, after nearly twenty years of missionary work during which time he never seems to have fallen into the hands of the authorities, died peacefully in London, in the house of the future Martyr Mrs. Lyne where he was secretly buried. Another still more extraordinary example was Father Richard Holtby, who for 60 years labored chiefly in the North without ever being captured, though he had several hair-breadth escapes. He died May, 1640, aged 87.

Cardinal Pole S. Ignatius had expressed "the ardent desire which the divine and supreme charity had imparted to him of serving the souls in that realm." Moreover his order had been augmented by many recruits from the Douay College and in its whole history nothing is more touching than the beautiful, ungrudging spirit in which Allen and his associates gave up some of the most promising of those they had trained for the English Mission, to the Society of Jesus, thanking God devoutly for having given them a higher vocation to a religious order.

The Jesuits were received by the English Catholics with great joy, Priests and people alike welcoming them both as distinguished fellow countrymen and members of the great society, then as now ever before the enemy, the vanguard of Catholic Truth from China to Brazil, from Canadian snows to the burning sands of equatorial Africa.

To the English Government Campion was from the first a marked man. A bright lad of fourteen, one of the most promising pupils of the Blue Coat School, the future martyr had greeted Mary Tudor on her entry into London in 1553. Thirteen years later a distinguished member of S. John's College, Oxford, he had welcomed Elizabeth and Leicester to the University and had been complimented by both Queens for his orations.

The most popular man at his university, although still probably a Catholic at heart, he was induced to accept Deacon's orders at the hands of the solitary High Church representative amongst Elizabeth's first Episcopal Bench, Richard Cheney, Bishop of Gloucester.* His conscience troubling him, he seems to have passed into Ireland, where the Lord Deputy and others of high rank scarcely concealed their Catholic leanings. Even here his views were so pronounced, that fearing arrest he fled to Douay and shortly afterwards joined the Society of Jesus in Bohemia. His brief but eventful career in England is best described in his own words, portraying vividly as they do the real feeling of the great majority of the English nation.

"I came to London": wrote Campion, in November, 1580, to the General of his order; "and my good angel guided me unwittingly."

* It has been said that Cheney died a Catholic. A letter to him from Campion seems to imply that although he had conformed to the State Church, his good faith was doubtful.

tingly to the same house that had harboured Father Robert Parsons before, whither young gentlemen come to me on every hand. They embrace me, re-apparel me, furnish me, weapon me and convey me out of the city. I ride about some piece of the country every day. The harvest is wonderfully great. On horseback I meditate my sermon, when I come to the house I polish it. Then I talk with such as come to speak with me or hear their confessions. In the morning after Mass I preach, they hear with exceeding greediness and very often receive the Sacrament, for the ministration whereof we are well assisted by Priests whome we find in every place. . . . I cannot long escape the hands of the heretics, the ennemies have so many eyes, so many tongues, so many scouts and crafts. I am in apparel to myself very ridiculous, I often change it and my name also. I read letters sometimes myself that in the first front tell news that Campion is taken, which noised in every place where I come, so fills mine ears with the sound thereof, that fear itself hath taken away fear. My soul is in mine own hands ever, let such as you send make count of this always. The solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only counter-vail the fear of what temporal government so ever but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing, a conscience pure, a courage invincible, zeal incredible, a work so worthy, the number innumerable of high degrees, of mean calling, of the inferior sort, of every age and sex. Among the Protestants themselves that are of a milder nature, it is turned into a proverb, that he must be a Catholic that payeth faithfully that he oweth. In so much that if any Catholic do injury, everybody expostulates with him as for an act unworthy men of that calling. To be short, heresy heareth ill of all men, neither is there any condition of people commonly counted more vile and impure than their ministers, and we worthily have indignation that fellows so unlearned, so evil, so derided, so base, should in so desperate a quarrel overrule such a number of noble wits as our realm hath."

"There was too much justice in Campion's description of the Protestant clergy," says Froude. "The Bishops seemed determined to deserve the name which Elizabeth was so fond of bestowing on them. The House of Commons had many times, in vain, remonstrated against their commutations of penance, their dispensations for pluralities, their iniquitous courts and the class of persons whom they ordained to the ministry. The Bishop of Lichfield made seventy ministers in one day for money, some tailors, some shoemakers and other craftsmen." Father Campion continues, "threatening edicts come forth against us daily, notwithstanding by good heed and the Prayers of good men we have passed safely through the most part of the Island. I find many neglecting their own security to have care of my safety . . . the persecution rages most cruelly. At the house where I am is no other talk but of death, flight, prison or spoil of their friends, nevertheless they proceed with courage,

many even at this present are being restored to the Church, new soldiers giving up their names, while the old offer up their blood, by which Holy Hosts and oblations God will be pleased, and we shall no question, by Him overcome. There will never want in England men that shall have care of their own salvation, nor such as shall advance other men's, neither shall this church ever fail, so long as Priests and Pastors shall be found for these sheep, rage man or Devil never so much."

The Catholics, for the first time, now refused generally to attend the Anglican services and one of Walsingham's spies in England warned him "that the times were perilous, the people wilful and desirous of change with greater danger on hand than was provided for."

At the beginning of the next year, 1581, a bill was passed forbidding the saying of Mass in even private houses; it was enacted that whoever should say or sing a mass should be fined 500 marks and imprisoned for a year, and that those who refused to attend the service of the Established Church should pay £20 a month for their exemption. It was a serious step, the last clause especially was equivalent to the confiscation of the estates of the Catholics. In an old MSS. Domestic State Papers, 1581,* the Catholic position is accurately stated. "No Catholic Christian, it was said, could go to church without danger of damnable schism. The Anglicans might claim the title of Catholic, but their ministers were some Protestants, some Puritans, some holding other plain heresies. He that was a Protestant to-day would be a Puritan to-morrow or some other sectary. . . . Christians were bound fully and wholly and not by pieces and patches."

The letters of Mendoza to Phillip throw an interesting light on the straits to which those who professed the ancient Faith were now reduced. "The leading Catholics of this country," he wrote on April 6, 1581, "have signified to me that, besides the troubles and miseries which they have undergone in the last two years, a persecution now awaits them of which the first was but a shadow. They must not depart from the realm; and unless they will forget God, and profess the errors which are here established, they will not only lose lands, liberty and perhaps life, but through these laws now passed through Parliament, they may leave tainted names to their children."

* Quoted by Froude.

The strong Catholic spirit that still lingered at Oxford may be inferred from Mr. Froude's remark "that *Campion's* ten reasons for being a Catholic threw the university into an ecstasy of enthusiasm." But the Missionary Priests had to deal with stern and determined men ; on July 31st, of the following year, 1581, Everard Harte a seminary Priest was hanged and quartered under the late act at Tyburn. "He died," says Mendoza, "with invincible resolution to the wonder of the heretics and the great edification of the Catholics. Two nights after there was not a particle of earth which his blood had stained that had not been carried off as a relic, and infinite sums were given for his shirt and other clothes." *

Apprehended at Lydford in July,† and taken prisoner to London tied on a horse, remaining obdurate under the severest racking, *Campion* was brought to trial on the 14th of November with fourteen others, on a charge, which as a recent Protestant authority admits, was absolutely unfounded,‡ for while it might be difficult to establish the same of some others; it is positively certain that *Campion* never even in the slightest degree meddled in political matters. When called on to plead he was unable to raise his arm, the joint being broken from the torture, and two of his companions raised it for him, first kissing the broken joints. Ten days later *Campion* with *Sherwin* and *Bryant* were brought out of the Tower to die, so "they had suffered their last miseries there, and little ease and the scavenger's daughter and the thumbscrews and the rack and the black cells and the foul water, were parted with forever. Peace at any rate and after one more pang a painless rest now lay before them. The torture chamber brought one blessing with it. Death had ceased to be terrible. . . . *Campion* as the eldest was allowed the privilege of dying first. . . . 'We are come here to die but we are no traitors' he said. 'I am a Catholic man and a Priest, in that faith I have lived and in that faith I mean to die. If you consider my religion treason then I am guilty. Other treason I never committed any as God is my judge.' At his quartering a drop of blood spurted on the clothes of a youth named *Henry Walpole* to whom it came as a divine command. *Walpole*, converted on the spot, became a Jesuit and soon after met the same fate at the same place. *Sherwin's* turn came next and then young

* Quoted by Froude.

† 1581.

‡ See notice of *Campion* in last edition of *Chambers' Encyclopedia*.

Bryant's and their innocent faces called out general emotion." * In a weak or pliable race Catholicism might have perished; at any rate for that generation; in these terrible holocausts of blood, but Englishmen are ever most themselves in moments of greatest danger.

"Through the whole Catholic population there rose one long cry of exulting admiration. An arm of *Campion's* was stolen as a relic from the place where it had been hung. *Parsons* secured the halter and died with it about his neck thirty years after at *Valladolid*. The Pope had the passion of the English martyrs painted on the walls of the English College at Rome to stir the emulations of the rising students." †

Of the clergy of the New Establishment during this period, it may be said, that they seemed to devote more time in squabbling over the plundered Catholic temporalities, than in converting the nation to Protestantism.

The Warden and Fellows of New College in Winchester were informed by the Privy Council; that if they neglected the rule, by which each of them was bound to preach at least twice a year in the chapel of their own house, "their Lordships will have a regard to reform them." ‡

Enquiry was ordered as to the "waste committed in the woods belonging to the see of Winchester," with a view of making the executors and estate of the late Bishop responsible.§

The widow of the Dean of Durham charged the Bishop and Chapter of unjust dealing with regard to the property left by her late husband.||

Ecclesiastical scandals were rampant in the Diocese of Peterborough.¶

A Prebendary of Worcester was accused of having obtained his preferment by forging the signature of the Bishop of Winchester. In his defence he protested that the signature was genuine and had been obtained from the Bishop for a bribe of five pounds.**

One of the Prebendaries of Canterbury was charged with "certain horrible offences." ††

The dealings of some of the Protestant Hierarchy with their Church lands excited the displeasure of the council who informed

* *Froude*.

§ *Ibid*.

† *Ibid*.

‡ *Ibid*.

‡ "Acts of the Privy Council," Vol. XI.

¶ *Ibid*.

** *Ibid*.

†† *Ibid*.

the Bishop of London "that their Lordships do not a little marvel at the fact which he confesseth to have been by him committed," * and the same Prelate was subsequently required to reform his officers, who had abused the authority of the Court of High Commission, "summoning poor men to their great charges and hinderance. Nothing at their coming being laid unto their charge, but offered to be excused for a little money."

Some of the wild and dangerous opinions that had developed among the extreme reformers in the Edwardian period were revived. Conventicles were set up in Gloucestershire. In the Dioceses of Norwich and Exeter, the sect called the Family of Love were rapidly increasing.†

The bloodthirsty executions had only put the Catholics on their mettle.

"What greater comfort can there be," wrote a Jesuit Priest, "than to see God work these strange wonders in our days, to give such rare grace of zeal, austerity of life, and constancy of martyrdom unto young men, learned men brought up in the adversaries' own schools, and to whom if they would have followed the pleasures of the world, it had been lawful to have lived in favour and credit." This cannot come of flesh and blood, when the tenderest and frailest flesh passeth valiantly to heaven through rackings, hangings, drawing, quarterings, and through a thousand miseries.

The Cross appears, Christ doth approach a comfort to us all
For whom to suffer or to die is grace celestial
Be therefore of good courage now in your sharp probation
Which shall bring you to glory great and mighty consolation
If you persevere to the end of this sharp storm indeed
You shall confound both foe and friend and Heaven have for meed.‡

"We must think," wrote another of these devoted missionaries, "that we have deserved a great deal more punishment for our faults. Nevertheless when God suffers us to receive punishment and wrong for His sake, it is a manifest token that He intends to forget our faults; and no doubt one day's sufferance here of so small grief in this behalf doth discharge a whole year of intolerable punishment

* See "Acts of the Privy Council," Vol. XI.

† Ibid.

‡ MS., endorsed. Letter from a Jesuit to a friend on Campion's condemnation, 1581. Quoted by Froude.

in the world to come. We have lost the chief pearl of Christendom, yet we are to hope that by the shedding of His innocent blood God will the sooner appease His wrath against us; and all men are of that opinion, that the offence and negligence of our forefathers were so great and all our sins so many, as they must needs be redeemed by the blood of martyrs." *

Every state service, public or secret was put in action against the unfortunate Catholics. "The persecution ruins us," wrote Mendoza to Phillip. "The Catholics are crushed by the fines which are levied on them if absent from church. Some have relapsed to escape payment. Their alms have fallen off and scarce suffice for the prisoners." †

That large numbers; probably the majority; of even those who had complied or remained neutral, were still Catholic at heart, is evident from the state papers of the period. The county magistrates and authorities were brought before the notice of the council, as unwilling to enforce the new laws against the Catholics, in Cheshire, Lancashire, Herefordshire, the Welsh marches and Wales itself. Grand juries failed to find true bills against notorious Papists. In Staffordshire a royal messenger was assaulted in the exercise of his duty.

Search was ordered in Dorset "for Priests and very dangerous Papists lurking within that county, and all such superstitious ornaments and trumpery as they can by diligent search find out."

The Diocese of Winchester was similarly affected. In Oxfordshire Sir Edward Stanley and others did not conform in matters of religion and boldly refused to enter into any bonds. In Norfolk the residence of the aged Sir Henry Bedingfield was a headquarters for those badly disposed to Her Majesty's "godly proceedings."

To add injury to insult, the Preachers detailed for the instruction (?) of the Catholic prisoners, were paid out of the fines levied on the recusants. The keepers of the London prisons were ordered "to take a note of all such persons as should bring or send relief to any of them," with the consequence, that, to quote the prisoners' petition, "they were shut from all charity and relief in their wants, sicknesses and common distresses, their friends, kindred and alli-

* Father Eyermann to his brethren, February 6, 1582. MSS. quoted by Froude.

† Mendoza to Phillip, November 19, 1581. MSS. Suicancas, quoted by Froude.

ances not daring to come or send unto them for fear of displeasure, whereby and by their straight and close keeping, wanting open air, most of them were fallen into sickness and thereby their lives endangered, as also by lack of relief and sustenance." *

Nothing can more clearly disprove the contention of some of the modern High Anglican School, that the Elizabethan persecution was political not religious, than the frequency with which women, in some instances women whose husbands had actually conformed, were committed to prison for refusing to attend the Anglican service.

Towards the end of 1583 "there was a flight of Catholics over the channel thick as autumn swallows. . . . Suspected persons everywhere were either sent to prison or ordered to keep their houses under surveillance. Mendoza calculated that by the middle of the winter eleven thousand were under arrest in one form or another. Lord Paget escaped to France. . . . The earls of Arundele and Northumberland were sent to the Tower." †

Of the damnable perfection to which the spy system was developed in the Protestant interest, Mr. Froude remarks: "Walsingham had apostate Priests everywhere in his service, who had saved themselves from the Tower rack by selling their souls. Some of them were in the seminary at Rheims, some were prisoners in English dungeons, sharing the confidence of their comrades by seemingly partaking of their sufferings. Others were flitting in the usual disguises about country houses, saying mass, hearing confessions, and all on the watch for information; and a number of curious notes from unknown hands, written or signed in cipher, survive as evidence of the hundred eyes with which Elizabeth's secretary was peering."

No profession or class escaped the vigilance of her advisers. "In 1584 a visitation was instituted of the inns of court, the lawyers being still constant to precedent and the old faith. . . . Conformity of religion was made henceforth a condition of admission to the bar. Commissions were issued in every county to examine suspected magistrates on their allegiance, and if they gave uncertain answers to remove or imprison them. There were or were believed to be still five hundred Jesuits ‡ and seminary Priests in England. A

* See "Acts of the Privy Council," Vol. XIII.

† Froude.

‡ As a matter of fact, there were never more than *five* Jesuits in England, at one time, during Elizabeth's reign.

great many had been seized and batches had from time to time been executed. The council ordered that every Priest now under arrest in any house or gaol should be examined on the authority of the Pope. . . . as many as should be thought requisite should suffer death, others should be banished with judgment to be hanged if they returned, others should be straightly imprisoned where they could infect no one with their doctrine, while the charge of their diet was to be furnished out of the forfeitures of the recusants, and in Parliament (1584) an act was passed ordering all Jesuits and seminary Priests to leave the realm within forty days. If they remained beyond that time or returned; unless for special causes; they were to suffer as traitors; and those who harbored them were to be hanged as felons.*

Yet spite of all this, the little headway made by the New Establishment, especially in districts where Catholics held more or less together, may be inferred from a letter in this year † of Cardinal Allen, in which he states, that mass had never ceased to be said at his family residence in Lancashire, every Sunday and on the anniversary of his brother's death ten masses.

No doubt the prevailing political confusion, the uncertainty as to the succession, expectations of Elizabeth's marriage to some Catholic Prince, with at least toleration for the old Faith, all, in addition to purely religious considerations, contributed powerfully to the aversion which the greater part of the nation felt to the Queen's ecclesiastical administration.

Mr. Froude remarks "As long as a single turn of the wheel, a violent revolution, or the Queen's death, might place a Catholic on the throne, the established Church held a mere conditional existence. It had no root in the nation, for every earnest man who was not a Puritan was a Catholic; and its officers for the most part, regarded their tenures as an opportunity for enriching themselves which would probably be short, and should in Prudence be made use of while it remained."

The worst abuses of the unreformed system were revived or continued. Benefices were impropriated to laymen, sold or accumulated upon favorites, churches in many places were left unserved and cobblers and tailors were voted by the congregation into the pulpits. "The Bishops," said Cecil,‡ "had no credit either for

* Froude.

† 1584.

‡ MSS., November 28, 1585. Quoted by Froude.

learning, good living, or hospitality." The Bishops who by their teaching and devotion and relieving the poor, ought to have won credit among the people, were generally covetous and were rather despised than revered or beloved. Sandys the Archbishop of York, had scandalized his province, by being found in bed with the wife of an innkeeper at Doncaster. Other Prelates for reasons best known to themselves had bestowed ordination on men of lewd life and corrupt behavior. The entire Bench was noted as avaricious. They had commenced business at the beginning of the reign with alienating their livelihoods for the use of their children, giving their families the lands of their sees on leases renewable forever. Parliament having interfered, they gathered wealth by sparing or made their fortunes by the help of the courtiers, by yielding to make grants of their lands to the Queen's majesty, not for her profit, but to be granted by Her Majesty to the Bishop's friends, so as they would part stakes with such as could obtain such suits of Her Majesty. To the Queen their performances were not of vital moment. She required qualities in her Bishops which were not compatible with elevation of character. . . . Elizabeth preferred persons whom she could sound from their lowest note to the top of their compass; and she accepted moral defects in consideration of spiritual complacency.

The deep social changes in every class and their inter-relationship engendered by the so-called English Reformation have yet to be worked out in detail and disentangled from the false light with which religious prejudice has obscured the main results by confusing them with side issues to which they possess no logical connection. Mr. Froude acknowledges, "that adulteration and fraud the besetting sins of English tradesmen, had run rampant in the disorganization of the ancient guilds. Two years before the coming of the Armada more false cloth and woollen was made in England than in all Europe besides. The aggregation of farms had recommenced after the check which had been imposed upon it at the beginning of the reign. The small holdings had been once more devoured by the large. The labouring peasants had been huddled into villages where with no other tenement beyond the rooms which they occupied, they were supported only by daily or weekly wages; while through neglect in enforcing the statute of labourers, they had been driven to accept such wages as the employers would give, rather than the fair and just equivalent for their work which it was

still the theory of English legislators that they ought to receive. It is interesting to observe that on the return of composure and confidence the Parliament undertook to deal with these disorders *on the old principles*. Besides stringent measures to check adulteration and false weights, an act was passed that four acres of land should be attached to every cottage intended to be occupied by an agricultural labourer, for the use of him and his family. Another act reinsisted on the breaking up of the large farms, the preamble sharply marking the grounds on which the agglomeration was disapproved. It might be true that the large cultivation was more profitable in proportion to the labour employed upon it; *but the interests of capitalists were not yet supreme*, and the aim of Elizabeth's Parliament was 'that by the maintenance of husbandry the greater part of the subjects of the realm might be preserved from extreme poverty, and the wealth of the realm be dispersed and distributed in many hands.' "

We have now arrived at a period at which it will be in place to briefly examine the relation of the great mass of English Catholics to the Spanish armada. Nor can it be doubted that over twenty years of severe and unrelenting persecution of the Church in England was one of the causes that led up to that memorable expedition. Nor can any candid Protestants; considering that they themselves twice changed the Dynasty; on religious grounds, at the Revolution and accession of George I., reproach Catholics with having sought extraneous assistance in the cause of religious liberty. Indeed nothing but the deep reverence for authority and love of country, so intertwined with every Catholic sentiment, can explain the patience with which they had endured the horrors that I have described in this and two previous articles. Mr. Froude justly remarks "The English Catholics *as a body* had given Elizabeth no reason to complain of them. Through three-quarters of the nation they had endured the proscription of their creed. They had submitted to make professions which they disapproved, or they had paid for nonconformity by severe fines and by exclusion from the public service. They had seen their spiritual knights-errant from the seminaries imprisoned, racked and dying traitors' deaths and they had not rebelled. They had refused, with a few passionate exceptions, to sacrifice their country to their religion, and they had proved at once that they were not the dupes of a wild fanaticism, and that they could not and ought not to be permanently disabled from a voice in the administration of their country."

Cardinal Allen was distributor of Phillip's alms to the English exiles for religion in Flanders, a position of great trust and delicacy, but he certainly took no part in politics before the spring of 1582. The movement which culminated in the despatch of the Spanish Armada was in its origin essentially connected with Scotland. At this time no invasion of England was anticipated, but for the protection of their own religion the Scottish nobles seem to have desired a guard of soldiers from the Pope or Spanish king. Father Parsons spent the winter of 1581-2 at Rouen where he conferred with the Duke of Guise who as a near relation of Mary Queen of Scots was anxious to put an end to her captivity. The cousin of James, Esmè Stuart who was known to be attached to the Catholic religion was now in high favor with the young king and created Duke of Lennox; he had crushed for the time the Elizabethan party at the Scottish Court and Catholic hopes ran high. James was only a boy of fifteen and although he had been educated a Protestant might have probably been induced to change, which would have secured him the support of the Pope and the King of Spain, as well as the adherence of the English Catholic party for the succession. Father Creighton was sent to Scotland via Rouen in January, 1582, and returned to France the same spring, conferring with the Archbishop of Glasgow and Allen at S. Dennys and proceeding thence to Rouen with letters from Lennox to the Duke of Guise, who seems to have soon left his chateau of Eu for Paris, where he saw the Papal Nuncio; and the agent of Phillip, J. B. Tassis, was also interviewed by Fathers Parsons and Creighton, who informed him that the consciences of Catholics were much disturbed and that the North of England was well disposed for some Catholic movement. From the report of Tassis to Phillip, dated May 18, 1582, it is clear that the Spanish agent was only a listener. He had no official instruction to oppose or condemn. So far the design is distinctly of Scottish nature, English interests being secondary. The Scotch borders being Catholic are to be gained over and Allen appointed Bishop of Durham. Dr. Owen Lewis was to be used to raise Wales, where the new religion had as yet failed to penetrate.

The seizure of the young king in the Elizabethan interest by the Earl of Gowrie at his Castle of Ruthven, and the banishment and subsequent death of Lennox, obviously altered the original conception of the enterprise and lost Scotland as a basis of operation; and although James, acting with for him, unwonted courage and energy,

recovered his freedom; yet the influence of Lennox removed and becoming more infected with heresy as he increased in age, he relied more on diplomatic measures to secure his mother's release and his own eventual succession to the English crown. Although Philip of Spain had, before this, consented to assist in the enterprise, he remained inactive, whether from his habitual procrastination or want of money as Father Knox surmises; or as I think more probable from policy.

The death of the Duke of Anjou the heir apparent of the French throne in 1584, constituted the Duke of Guise the natural champion of the Catholic party in France, as against Henry of Navarre, who although direct heir yet being a relapsed heretic would never have been tolerated by the great majority of the nation. Under these circumstances the energies of the Duke of Guise became necessarily concentrated on home affairs and removed from the expedition. The execution of Mary Queen of Scots, who seems to have astutely warned the Duke of Guise against the Spanish policy of the Company, yet by her will disinherited her son for heresy, threw everything into the hands of Phillip, who now began to advance claims to the succession, in virtue of his descent from John of Gaunt. Nothing can be clearer by the extant state papers, than that both the aged Pontiff Gregory XIIIth who died in 1585 and his successor Clement Vth, were from beginning to end drags on the expedition. While in all reason and charity unable to disapprove of any legitimate measure for the restoration of the Faith in England; both from prudence and the international obligations of their office they directed their efforts to acquire, if possible, a peaceful toleration by diplomatic methods; no doubt, also, clearly seeing through Phillip's crafty design of almost universal empire, under cover of a genuine zeal for the Faith.

The Catholics in England, who still remained numerically the majority of the nation,* now became the objects of the suspicion of Elizabeth's Government. We know, on the authority of Camden, some of her advisers suggested that the leading Catholics should be put to death and although this barbarous project was not executed, the severest measures were put in force, "under the plea of precaution, all recusant convicts were placed in custody; a return of persons suspected for religion was required from the magistrates

* Allen was certain two-thirds.

of the Capital; in several counties, perhaps in all, domiciliary searches were made; crowds of Catholic of both sexes, and of every rank, were dragged to the common jails throughout the Kingdom and the clergy from their pulpits declaimed with vehemence against the tyranny of the Pope and the treachery of the Papists." *

The real feelings of the English Catholics is accurately portrayed in a letter from the celebrated Dr. Gifford, Dean of Lille afterwards Archbishop of Rheims, to Cecil dated April 18, 1586, in which after returning thanks for safe conduct granted to him to visit England on private affairs, he strongly implores toleration; while not denying that some ardent spirits, maddened by nearly thirty years' severe persecution might be driven to welcome any means having for its object the restoration of religious liberty; which however he strongly disapproves of and denounces; and it is only fair to say that the very ecclesiastic accused of the most extreme furtherance of the Spanish interest, Father Parsons, in a letter from Seville, dated April 4, 1591, complains, "that at no time, either at the time of the Armada or since have the English Catholics been consulted or trusted by Phillip," and we know that without exception the Catholic nobility and gentry armed their tenants and dependents in the Queen's service, equipped vessels and gave the command to Protestants, and when not trusted with the leadership asked permission to fight in the ranks against the invader; as the old Protestant historian, Stowe, records, "not one man appeared to favour the Spaniard, the very Papists themselves being no less unwilling than the rest to see their native country in subjection," and even the prisoners for religion at Ely declared their readiness to take up arms against the enemies of their sovereign.

England.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS.

FOREGLEAMS—SONNETS.

THE MASTER SINGERS.

Within the harmony of thy great soul,
 O life seraphic ! all our music dwells ;
 The brooklet music of the dappled dells ;
 The requiem anthems that forever roll

* Lingard.

Along the ocean waves, from pole to pole;
 The thunder's martial march, that, rising, swells
 To mighty triumph, and thy glory tells;—
 The songs of birds and children, sans control.

But in the master singers thou dost rise
 To harmony divine: In Mendelssohn,
 In Beethoven, the singing earth and skies
 And angels, all thy quenchless songs intone,
 Afame with love's own bleeding sacrifice—
 The songs of songs, that, last, must reign alone.

SIGNS AFAR.

The tremble of the birches in the breeze;
 The flutter of our thoughts, when life is still;
 The prattle of a tiny mountain rill,
 Far echoed in the voices of the trees;
 The sullen murmur of the raging seas;
 The twitter of the song-bird's happy trill;
 The blushes of the early dawn that fill
 The waiting skies with splendor,—what are these,

My life, my love, my soul, but signs afar
 And near, to comfort, to console and cheer
 The lost, as was the sign of that famed star
 Of Bethlehem, now to mankind so dear?
 And what the heavenly ministry of pain,
 But golden sunlight in the garnered grain?

LOVE'S CALVARY.

O! life, in all thy countless flowering weeds,
 Thou still art beautiful, as in the day
 When first the heaven-planted, fragrant May,
 The rose and primrose sprang from Eden's seeds—
 Long ere the cant of vexing, clashing creeds
 Had robbed the world of its sure guiding ray
 Of faith and love adown time's dusty way,
 Whereon men fell 'neath over-burdened deeds.

And all along the dawning skies, where stars
 Their faithful vigils keep at day's decline;
 In every act of love that heals the scars
 Of hate and war thy radiant face doth shine
 With beauty which time neither blasts nor mars—
 But on love's Calvary thou art all divine.

THE HEART OF NATURE TRUE.

I think the heart of Nature must be true—
 For in these moments when my anxious heart
 Kept questioning—or would my friends depart
 And walk no more with me—as yon traitors flew
 When words of living truth—like morning dew
 Fell from the Master's lips—or bear their part
 Of that dire hate for words of mine that smart
 And rankle in the envious bastard crew—

Just now—as on the wings of angels—borne
 Across the radiant, echoing akey,
 Come words as if from human souls were shorn
 Of all but love and life and truth:—so fly
 The doves of Peace that lead unto each morn
 And so must fly, till life itself shall die.

THE ROSY FINGERS OF DAWN.

Along the crimson pulses of the morn;
 Up through the rosy fingers of the day,
 I trace the throbbings of that loving sway
 Was born of God, ere time itself was born;
 And far beyond the realms of night and scorn,
 And far beyond the realms of light, its ray,—
 As in the roses and the new-mown hay,—
 Doth all God's universe inspire, adorn.

Yea, most of all where least its light would seem
 To live, or breathe, or shine, or even dwell
 As faintly as within the gates of hell:—
 In human grief and agony, its gleam
 Hath filled our world with love's own rarest song,
 Which, through the ceaseless ages rolls along.

KISSING THE MAY.

Quickly, toward the rosy dawn of day,
 We lift our waiting and our grateful eyes,
 To greet the new-born glory of the skies;
 And as the sun pursues his royal way,—
 Touching the rose with light, kissing the May,
 Painting all lands with splendor, man still vies
 With man, and in all languages still tries
 To weave its chaplet, its immortal bay.

And why should not all nations fly to song
 In view of that divinely richer morn,
 In which the stars' angelic, joyous throng
 Sang greeting, since the Prince of Peace was born ?
 For then, through life and love's immortal sea
 The soul was found that won love's victory.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Amid the murmur of the mighty sea,
 At midnight when the air is thick and still,
 And in the day, when raging billows fill
 The very heavens with wild mutiny
 Of mad and wrecking storm,—thy victory
 O Love, my love ! through every flash and thrill
 Is manifest, as in the rippling rill,
 All sunlight, flowing onward in its glee.

Yea, through the shriekings of the lost I see
 Thy ever shining face, and hear thee say,
 That pain and anguish, at thy voice, shall flee,
 And e'en death's blackest darkness turn to day;
 And I believe thee, in the night, and pray,
 That thou wouldst ever lead me thine own way.

OUR LIFE HEROIC.

In truth we held thee quite immortal where
 Yon little band of Grecians kept at bay
 Countless hordes of Persians, and, Thermopylæ
 Stands out in everlasting glory there,

Because our life heroic, stainless, fair
 Held up the record of the years, that day;
 Nor aught can dim the warrior's rich array
 Of splendor, or his mighty deeds impair.

But, to stand alone, in close league with truth—
 To see the cherished face of God's own love,
 Whose fadeless beauty long hath held thy youth
 Entranced with glory, *fade*—and heaven above
 Shut down in utter darkness—still to say—
 "I conquer"—leads the universe thy way.

A WORLD-DREAM.

It seems to me that in the dawning day
 Of our own mortal life upon this ball
 Of earth there was a two-fold act we call
 Creation, and that when the "gods" did say
 Let us make man unto our image they
 Had long since finished earth and man and all
 Material things far beyond recall:—
 That then the work began which lasts for aye.

That is, the quenchless moral work and war;
 The spiritual creation—the fall:
 The battle manifold, the mighty scar
 Of agony and death that in one small
 Hour did revive the sting of death and pain,
 Which, conquered, we, God's glory shall attain.

SUN-FED SOULS.

And shall I say that love itself is dead,
 Because, perchance, it may not smile on me ?
 Or yet, because of wrecks upon the sea,
 That angels from the universe have fled ?
 That martyrs who the mighty ages led—
 Whose sun-fed souls went out in agony,
 Hissed by serpent lips of foul infamy—
 Are not by everlasting fountains fed ?—

Though sharper than a serpent's tooth, the sting
 Of thanklessness in friend and foe and child
 May burn into my very soul and ring
 The changes of ingratitude—the wild,
 Deep curse that rules the nations of our day ?
 Nay !—but that God and love are one, alway.

LOVE-ENAMOURED FLOWERS.

The love-enamoured flowers, O love, are thine !
 The honeysuckle's ever fragrant breath;—
 Fond roses blooming on the graves of death;
 Spring's first violets and the columbine;
 The pansy, which has ever stood for sign
 Of all the fondest thoughts the lover saith
 Of love beneath the stars, ere vanisheth
 The trust that doth all loving hearts entwine.

The primrose and the cowslips all to thee
 Do lift their fragrant, their adoring eyes,
 Or bow their heads in sweetest modesty:—
 So charming is thy charm in earth and skies;
 So bright the ever penetrating glee
 Of thy dear light, O love ! that never dies.

MINOR-TONED.

I love thee in the roseate dawn of day;
 In every little wild flower of the plain.
 I love thee e'en when life and love are pain;
 When sun and stars have vanished quite away,
 With all the friendships of this life astray,
 And all the music of the world's refrain
 Is minor-toned with death—Thou wilt regain,
 I say, the heights of love, and reign alway.

I know that life was even born of love.
 The proudest crest upon each mighty wave
 That bringeth death to me—as yon sweet dove
 Of peace—is pledge that thou wilt always save
 The deathless sunlight of thy sun-born soul
 And pierce all realms of death though demons rave.

HOW LONG, O ! GOD ?

When I reflect on all the ways I've trod,
 In wandering through these three-score years ;
 When I recall the blighted hopes—the fears,
 The dread of countless spectres, and the rod
 Of heaven's righteous vengeance—see the sod
 To right and left, now grave-crowned—full of tears—
 That mine is 'but the lot of all my peers,
 While thousands, far less blest, are forced to plod
 Through poverty and darkness, lust and shame;
 Through hunger, contumely, bitter wrongs,
 Compared with which my life is sun-crowned fame;
 And when I see earth's countless, eager throngs
 Hiding the curse that hurts, bearing the hod
 Of burden, sore,—How long—I say—O ! God ?

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

FATHER CASAS ON THE CUBAN REBELLION.

“La Guerra Separatista de Cuba”—“The Separatist War in Cuba ; its causes, means of ending it, and how to avoid another,” by Dr. John Bautista Casas, was brought out in Madrid in 1896. The work first appeared as a series of articles in the *Madrid Press*, and attracted so much attention, that it was subsequently issued in book form.

Dr. Casas is a doctor of divinity ; a priest in the Catholic Church, and was Governor of the Bishopric of the Diocese of Havana from July 20, 1893, to November 16, 1894, during the absence of the regular incumbent.

The thesis of this work is : Dread of annexation of Cuba to the United States, and the trend of the author is to uphold monarchical institutions, to establish the supremacy of the Catholic Church, wage a propaganda against Protestantism and Free Masonry, and to bind Cuba still more closely to Spain. Not, however, by the introduction of reforms in administration or home rule. The first he considers equivalent to Pandora's box which only contained calamities ; the second the preliminary step towards separation from the

Mother Country and independence. Although willing to concede their rights or *fueros* to Navarre, Aragon and Catalonia, should they demand autonomy, he does not consider that Cubans have any right, to demand reforms—because he believes that Cuba belongs to Spain by the right of conquest, colonization and sovereignty.

The author decries the enthusiastic admiration of Cubans for the United States, and attributes all rebellious sentiments against Spain to American influence. From childhood Cubans acquire a love for the Great Republic, and Cubans prefer the United States to Spain for educational purposes. The worthy prelate is most bitter in his denunciation of Americans, whom he persists in calling Yankees. And he warns Cubans of the terrible fate in store for them should Cuba ever become annexed to the United States, stating that the indomitable Yankee would absorb or annihilate them, or if any were able to survive his supremacy, that he would be despised by his stronger brother.

"The American eagle now threatens to despoil us of Cuba, as it did of Texas, New Mexico, and California, as well as Louisiana at an earlier period," he says. "It may yet seize Mexico, and all Spanish America if we do not clip its wings. Yankeeism and foreignism are the real causes of ill-will towards Spain. From their earliest days Cubans are taught to admire every other country except the Mother Country," Dr. Casas goes on to say.

"Protestantism is another powerful factor against Spanish dominion, for Protestant preachers scoff at our country. A Cuban Protestant is anti-Catholic as much as anti-Spanish and usually changes his faith on account of his hatred to Spain. The first and foremost object of a Cuban apostate is to take out naturalization papers as an American citizen. And when he returns to Cuba he shields himself in the folds of the Stars and Stripes, in order to defy the Spanish flag.

"Free Masonry also is a turbulent factor in Cuba because that institution is and has always been anti-Spanish." Dr. Casas would increase the supremacy of the Catholic Church, and would choose good, faithful sons of the Church for public office. Furthermore he would provide a spiritual counsellor for each and every governor. In addition, to strengthen the power of the Church he would establish an ecclesiastical censorship to watch public functionaries, call them to account, hold them for trial and remove them from office if need be, such acts being authorized by the Colonial Minister.

The author dwells on the plan he proposes of concentration in towns and cities, and to compel the rural population to abandon their little homes, which he advises burning to the ground. They would thus be obliged to eke out a subsistence within the city limits, and could hold no intercourse with the rebels.

Dr. Casas would wage war with sword and fire, and set loose hounds to hunt down the hapless insurgents. He believes also in patrolling the coast to keep off filibustering expeditions from landing. As the thick growth of shrubs and vegetation along the coast and lowlands provides a safe hiding-place for the rebels, he would have this cleared away, and the *débris* burned after saturating it with petroleum. To destroy alligators and snakes and other venomous creatures which infest the swamps,—and he infers that the insurgents might be included,—he advises throwing poisoned meat to them, and then using some disinfectant to clear the atmosphere.

Dr. Casas also recommends the use of balloons in the army to reconnoitre the enemy's quarters.

The author believes that the seeds of rebellion were sown through readers in cigar factories, and would forbid such diversions, as while the skillful fingers of the listener are manipulating the fragrant weed, their ears are eagerly catching socialistic and revolutionary theories.

"Anarchism and *nañiguismo* (a secret society of negroes and desperadoes) are rampant in Cuba," Dr. Casas adds. "And the latter is the outcome of the evils of the slave trade, for the African race has always been refractory to Christian teaching, and apt to relapse into its primitive barbarism and evil proclivities, the curse which has descended to that unhappy people from the time of Noah."

Dr. Casas advises Spain to seek an alliance with England, who helped her to drive out the French invader during the Napoleonic *régime*, when the ill-starred Joseph Buonaparte occupied the throne of Spain. He scorns any alliance with France—as she has always been a marplot—and he refers to the time when Spain joined France to lend assistance to the American colonies in securing their independence from England, while he attributes her subsequent loss of Spanish America to that fact.

Commercial relations between two countries serve to bind them more closely—therefore Dr. Casas advises reciprocity and free trade between Spain and Cuba.

He would add to the number and power of religious orders of the

Catholic Church in Cuba, and increase Catholic teaching and propagate that faith to a greater degree. Dr. Casas would also deprive Cubans of their immunity from conscription. He would also keep alive sectional feeling in Cuba by promotion of Spanish patriotic societies.

Civil marriage was the bone of contention between ecclesiastics and civil authorities in Cuba at the period that law was made valid in Spanish territory. Dr. Casas was opposed to this, and refused to abide by the law, or to allow access to parish registers for copies of baptismal papers for parties about to contract a civil marriage.

For this refusal to comply with the new edict he was sentenced as an enemy of the State to fourteen years' banishment from Spanish territory. But he appealed from the sentence of the Havana Court, to a higher court, and the sentence was abrogated. In his panegyric on Spain the author would go back to the days of Torquemada, Philip II. and the Duke of Alva.

"The war in Cuba is not a racial war," Dr. Casas says, "although it may become so, as I think that the most intelligent men of the colored race cherish ambitious designs which they now conceal from policy. Although several Cuban leaders were colored men, yet the majority are white.

"The population of Cuba was 1,600,000 according to the census taken in 1887. There are 500,000 colored people, 80,000 Chinese, and the balance is white. It is calculated that Cuba can maintain six millions of people.

"According to Cuban sympathizers," he proceeds, "the economic crisis was the cause of the war, but they take this as a pretext to cast off Spanish dominion. The separatists allege that Spain compelled Cuba to receive Spanish products while she restricted exportation from Cuban markets, but the fact is that foreign nations flood the Cuban market with their goods, especially the United States.

"The sugar trade has been injured by the beet sugar of Europe, but Cuban planters should try to manufacture sugar by some cheaper process."

Dr. Casas dwells on the enormous wealth of natural resources in that beautiful Island, which only require development.

"The separatists and those anxious for annexation to the United States complain of the ineptitude of government employees, and home legislation," he adds. "'Cuba for Cubans!' they cry. Some

even say they would gladly drain their veins of Spanish blood. War and banishment are the only arguments against such traitors."

Mutterings and rumblings announced the irruption of the political volcano, and rumors were rife that the separatists in Las Villas were about to raise the banner of revolt on January 24, 1895, in Cuba. The Spanish authorities lent little attention to these rumors, and like the old story of the wolf, paid no heed to danger until the wolf appeared.

The outbreak finally occurred in February, 1895.

Previous to that event, Serafin, Sanchez, Quesada and José Martí were actively engaged in raising funds among the tobaccoists in Florida, and in fitting out filibustering expeditions for Cuba.

Havana has an university with chairs of law, *belles lettres*, philosophy, natural sciences, mathematics, medicine and pharmacy. There are six institutes in other towns. Furthermore Havana possesses a conservatory of music, an art league, school for technical design and two normal colleges.

The Belen College of the Jesuit Fathers and the Montserrat in Cuenfuegos and the Padres Escolapios's College in Guanabacoa are partly sustained by government.

Father Vines, one of the Jesuits, is an eminent meteorologist.

"Cuba is a sort of footstool for the great North American Republic while it serves also as a barrier to prevent it from encroaching further south." Dr. Casas says that if Cuba should belong to the United States that country with its exuberance and impetus would fall upon the other Antilles, would constantly threaten Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragua—and would oppress Mexico, as it already does in the northwest. Therefore Europe should not look with favor on this possibility, because it would injure her commerce—which would be monopolized by the United States of America.

"Another factor to be considered in the Cuban problem is the climate, which is so enervating, it is only by change of air that its inhabitants are able to keep healthy, while the infusion of fresh blood is needed to keep up the population. This immigration should come from Spain, but not from the United States, because if Cuba should separate herself from the mother country, Yankees, white and black, would overrun the Island and dominate and exterminate as they always do, and native Cubans would disappear, or if one were left, he would be considered an inferior race.

"The United States is the instigator and abettor of the war against Spain, with selfish views, but we warn her if she succeeds in her designs, she will be the sufferer through the realization of her selfish schemes."

"The black man was cursed in Noah's time, and still suffers under that curse. The religion of Jesus Christ redeemed all mankind, but nations as well as individuals of the colored race still refuse to participate in that privilege. The Black Continent refused Christianity, and is victim of slavery imposed by the Evil One, and passions of bad men. But Christian doctrines prevailed in Cuba and slavery was abolished in 1885.

"Good, upright and pious Catholics should be appointed governors over the different provinces of Cuba." And Dr. Casas considers that two or three priests designated by their superiors, and appointed by government, should be chosen as their counsellors. He adds that the practice of seeking spiritual advisers is not new, as in olden times monarchs and leaders always consulted the clergy before embarking on any great undertaking.

Their advice and co-operation should be gratuitous during the war, but the state should provide them with all that they need for their daily expenditures.

"A friar should accompany every battalion, and watch over the morals of the troops," he says.

"Sisters of Charity should attend to the commissary department."

"Neither pensions nor promotion should be conferred during the war. But after the war is over all meritorious officers should be promoted."

"No chief who openly displays an envious rivalry towards his fellow-officers should be tolerated in the army.

"No official news of the campaign should be published, or at least, all news should be kept back as long as possible.

"No officer should be allowed to publish any speculations in regard to the outcome of the struggle.

"Greater attention should be paid to hygiene, and proper care taken of the troops and their comfort as well as morals."

Dr. Casas also advocates a strict censorship, and suppression of all pamphlets or books unfavorable to Spain.

"In order to prevent complaints, discord and wars in future," Dr. Casas says, "it would be better not to vest the command of the Island of Cuba in one man alone, who cannot be a brave general

and an able civil governor at the same time. A valiant soldier is not always a good statesman, neither is a good statesman always capable of commanding an army, although each may excel in his own particular calling. Therefore it would be better to divide the government of Cuba into different branches of civil and military government."

Dr. Casas admits that corruption and abuses exist among the Custom house and Revenue officers, and that such abuses also exist in the bureaucracy in Spain, "to a smaller degree."

Dr. Casas approves of the command of such men as Polavieja and Salmeron, while he heartily disapproves of mild, benignant rulers like Vives, Lersundi, Dulce and Jeronimo Valdes, the latter especially, who introduced a number of so-called political and economic reforms, during the unsettled period of Spanish history from 1833 to 1840—when the constitution and parliamentary system was acclimated in Spain.

Dr. Casas would like to see such rulers as Tacon, or statesmen like Villanueva rule over Cuba.

"Different peoples require special legislation," Dr. Casas says.

"For example Rome extended certain privileges to her conquered colonies in order to pacify them. Teodoredo demanded certain rights which were conceded by the Moorish conqueror to his Spanish subjects in order to make his yoke less galling.

When Aragon, Catalonia and other provinces united, each preserved its *fueros* or privileges, which unfortunately have been gradually disappearing since the fatal French centralization policy invaded Spain. Other confederated peoples, not having any ancient laws, reserved the right to manufacture their own, as the Americans did in the greater part of the branches of legislation. Some Arabian kings of Spain became tributary to the Christian ruler, either through force of arms or because they needed help against their enemies.

Autonomy or self-government is the right that a province possesses to administrate its own affairs separately or independently from the mother country. Dr. Casas declares what is really meant is that the province or country desires to set up housekeeping for itself. "So long as everything goes smoothly," he adds, "they do not remember their parents, but if tempests come, and they find themselves in trouble, they call on their dear father and mother to help them.

"The autonomist hoists his banner on his feudal domain up far enough so that all the world may see it, but they are somewhat like the Jansenists who venerated the Eucharistic bread so highly, that they kept it on an altar near the roof, or an arch of the temple.

"Autonomists desire to govern themselves without the expense of representation abroad, which they leave to the mother country, while they allow her to send out a governor in name only.

"Such is the autonomy desired for Cuba, as a heroic measure to cure the Island of all moral and administrative evils which now afflict her and by which to dissipate all troubles, discord and civil war."

"The Decalogue is the best model for legislation," Dr. Casas sententiously observes. "It embraces all the different races of the earth, every land and every clime—while it defines all the rights of man and all his duties."

PRISCILLA ALDEN.

New York.

AN OCTAVE.

To me, the groaning of world-worshippers
Rings like a lonely music played in hell
By one with art enough to cleave the walls
Of heaven with his cadence, but without
The wisdom and the will to comprehend.
The strangeness of his own perversity,
And all without the courage to disclaim
The profit and the pride of his defeat.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

Gardiner, Me.

CATHOLIC LIBERALISM AND NATIONALITY.

I HAVE made the title brief even at the risk of ambiguity; but in writing this article I have in mind three distinct phases of modern American Catholic evolution, which I wish and intend to condemn with all the ability in my power, and at the same time to point out what seems to me the only true Catholic cure for the evils under review.

In order to justify my manner of approaching and treating this subject I quote from various sources the definitions and conduct of certain prominent Catholics bearing upon the different phases of Catholic agitation involved in the title of this article. It seems that His Holiness, Pius IX., once wrote—"Liberal Catholicism is a heresy," and it would seem that his definition ought to have been sufficient for all time; but we make and unmake history fast in these days, and when you imagine, for instance, that His Grace, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, is at home quietly looking after the spiritual affairs of his diocese and attending to the vast financial interests of his own personal investments, the first thing you know he is in Washington looking after the appointment of his friend, Storer, of Cincinnati, to some diplomatic position in the gift of McKinley and at the same time playing substitute for his absent friend "Keane," in defending "American Liberalism," etc., in the Catholic Church;—and all this during the Lenten season.

The tail end of the above paragraph was occasioned by reading the following Washington dispatch which explains itself.

"Archbishop is Angry. Ireland Bitterly Resents the Published Attack of Mgr. Schroeder, of Catholic University. Washington, April 5.—Archbishop Ireland has made a bitter attack upon Mgr. Joseph Schroeder, the Professor of German at the Catholic University, for the latter's recent attack on certain prelates of the Church, and has invoked the aid of Mgr. Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate.

"The trouble was caused by an article signed by Mgr. Schroeder attacking the liberals. After the use of terms such as 'the liberalism that luxuriates in the garden of the Church like tares sown by Satan,' the article went on to accuse certain prelates of absolute heresy.

"Mgr. Schroeder disclaims responsibility for this particular article, but says that he did write such an article in German, and adds that he will not retract a single sentence of it."

At this point I wish to say with the profoundest sincerity of which I am capable that I deeply deplore the revival in the public press of what is known as the contest between Germanism and American Liberalism in the Catholic Church. I think that there was no need of this public revival. I think that all parties to the controversy should have fought out their differences in private contention either before His Grace Martinelli, the Pope's representative in this country, or before the Pope, himself:—and I thoroughly despise this eternal parade of certain prelates before the American public.

If they believe that the voice of the people, or the voice of the newspapers, is the voice of God, in God's name let them quit their prelatical robes and honors and appeal for once and all to the Palladium of public opinion and go to the devil where they and public opinion belong: but if they believe that the voice of the Pope is the voice of God—and if they are good Catholics they cannot help believing this—then in God's name let them appeal their differences to the Pope alone and abide forever by his decision.

I do not here intend to venture to define what Leo Thirteenth's decision has been on the subject of American Catholic Liberalism. All well-instructed Catholics knew this. Bishop Keane's removal from the Catholic University at Washington and his present well-understood position in Rome all testify to this. That Mgr. Schroeder should have been moved to chastise the final utterances of Bishop Keane before he went to Rome was not surprising; nevertheless, I think that Schroeder was unfortunate and perhaps uncharitable to a fallen foe in so chastising him. But this phase of our subject will come more naturally when we speak of nationalism.

At present I wish to confine my remarks to so-called American "Catholic Liberalism."

We have seen Pius Ninth's estimate of it. We know too well from recent experiences, just named, what is Leo Thirteenth's estimate of it. Nevertheless, and in spite of these oral and practical definitions of the last two popes, our much-admired friend Father Lambert is quoted as having said, "The word 'Liberalism' is a venerable bugaboo. Like all bugbears of the nursery it frightens only those who do not stop to enquire of what stuff it is made." Quite in harmony with this, though more foolishly committal in a posi-

tive way, a Northwestern Catholic paper recently said that "Liberalism is religion unadulterated with reactionary politics."

By reactionary politics as here used I suppose we are to understand what our friend, Priest Zurcher, of Buffalo, N. Y., would call "European ideas," etc.

Two years ago it was my good fortune to be called to revise for publication the very extended and elaborate manuscript of one of the ablest Redemptorist Fathers now resident in this country,—said manuscript being in review of the "Vatican Council and Catholic Orthodoxy." In this manuscript several thorough and most painstaking chapters were given to the consideration and refutation of so-called "Catholic Liberalism."

From said manuscript wherein were quoted the publicly spoken and printed utterances of certain American prelates,—here, for the time being, at least, to be nameless,—it was plain as the nose upon your face that, strictly speaking, and in any exact, theological and historic Catholic sense, some of our prelates not only were not orthodox, but apparently deemed the matter of exact Catholic theological orthodoxy of about as little moment as the late Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Boston, considered it.

Hence it is now and long has been perfectly clear to the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* that in this matter in any contest between Mgr. Schroeder and Archbishop Ireland, or any other American prelate who chooses to pose as the champion of Catholic Liberalism, Schroeder is right, and the posing "Liberal" prelate wrong and sure to be condemned as wrong by the eternal authority of Rome.

I am not a priest—hence I do not wish to go into the exact definitions of Catholic orthodoxy as opposed to Catholic Liberalism,—but in due time I will make it plain enough that I have studied theology alike from Protestant and Catholic standards—and I may suggest here, for instance, that any Liberal Catholic priest or prelate who teaches that Protestant Christian faith is sufficient for salvation is in absolute heresy from the standpoint of all Catholic orthodoxy; though no Catholic pretends to limit the possible extension of the mercy of Almighty God, or its application to Protestant rebels, or to pagan unbelievers, holding all the while, however, that when such pagans or Protestants are saved they are saved by this mercy of heaven, extended to them in consideration of their invincible ignorance of true Catholic faith, and not by virtue of their Protestant or pagan faith at all.

In this way I simply hint at one of the phases of modern so-called "Catholic Liberalism," especially as held in America to-day.

Again, other Catholic priests and prelates are enamored of our American ideas of human equality,—of Public School instruction,—of Neal Dow Temperance reform,—of secular Summer School humbuggery,—of promiscuous Religious Congresses, and the like,—etc., etc.,—and their Liberalism is such that they denounce, plot against and deliberately misrepresent and try to ruin any and all Catholics who do not run with their gangs; whereas Catholic orthodoxy is inclined to the simple "reactionary" teachings of our Lord as expounded by His Church, with unvarying, yet with cumulative clearness, consistency and authority, during these last nineteen hundred years—the last exponents and friends of this being Pius IX. and Leo XIII.

Of course this is reactionary, especially when applied personally to gad-about, light weight, liberal Catholic reformers bent on substituting some fad for the religion of Jesus Christ.

Any careful and candid examination of the points and pretensions of Catholic Liberalism, here very imperfectly hinted at, will convince every intelligent reader that Fr. Lambert's definition of it is very wide of the mark and reads very much as if he, in his old days, were trying to straddle the question,—though this is very unlike his usual way of proceeding.

In a word it will be seen that American Catholic Liberalism flies in the face of some of the most ancient as well as the most recent and most important rulings of the Popes and is in fact as truly heretical as was Arianism or Lutheranism in days gone by.

In fine, it will be seen that so far from being "religion unadulterated with reactionary politics," it is the quintessence of irreligion, that is, rebellion against divine authority as to dogma, etc.; and further that it is at heart the darling of the most impious of our American national politics, the very child of falsehood and of hell—simply a new outcropping of the old reactionary politics of the Devil himself the essence of which as I understand it, was proud rebellion against divine authority.

In a word Catholic Liberalism is simply Americanism carried into Catholic theology and Catholic discipline; that is, it is a negation of all that the Church has stood for, suffered and died for, since our Lord, himself, was crucified.

I do not pretend to intimate that Keane and Ireland and their lay

followers see it in this light, or that they would dare to pursue their mad career of ignorance, if they saw it in this light ; but their ignorance of the truth does not in the slightest lessen its importance or excuse their madness ; and some of us, who have suffered through all phases of modern Liberalism, so-called, in order to reach clear and all-embracing Catholic truth, will be the last in the world to yield either to their ignorance or their splurging and soaring pretensions.

At this point I must still further call attention to the fact that modern Catholic or Protestant Liberalism, so-called, is not only heterodox, ignorant and based on falsehood, but that at the same time it is the most illiberal, tyrannical and unjust of all modern phases of religious belief or pretension of belief.

Many years ago, after quitting the Presbyterian ministry, I preached for two or three years in various Unitarian churches, East and West, and the uniform testimony of so-called " liberal " preachers and congregations proved to me that what the New England preachers called " Liberal Hunkerism " was the hardest and narrowest phase of all so-called Christian faith. In short, hide bound Boston Unitarianism was the severest foe that Emerson and Parker ever found, though itself in the last stages of heresy.

Unfortunately I am bound to confess that the same features betray themselves in so-called Catholic Liberalism. In a word Catholic American Liberalism not only insists upon bossing the conscience the belief and the conduct of the universe, but will damn you on its own personal dicta, if you resist its tyranny.

In this connection I wish to drive the nail into the brazen head of another falsehood originated and sent broadcast through the newspapers by so-called Catholic Liberalism.

In the December GLOBE REVIEW, of 1896, in pointing out certain absurd falsehoods published in the *Ledger*, of Philadelphia, concerning Bishop Keane's removal, I briefly stated that whatever divisions there might be in the Catholic Church in this country, it was as false as it was scandalous to assert that the Church was divided into two opposing armies known as Americanism and Germanism. I did not go into the matter, then, because I hoped that the fool newspaper Catholic screamers over Keane's removal would subside and not oblige me at least to point out their many and glaring weaknesses. It seems, however, that the controversy will not down ; and, as it looks to me, Keane and Ireland are primarily to blame for this and that Schroeder is only secondarily to blame for it, if,

indeed, he is to blame at all. But, be the blame where it may, the contention is on again and in the public newspapers.

Let me lay a few rays of light across it.

In the first place, let it be remembered that, as defined by Pius IX. and Leo XIII., Catholic Liberalism is heresy. In the next place let it be remembered that American Catholic Liberalism is the worst, the most ignorant, the most tyrannical and the most unreasonable form of this heresy. Next, let it be remembered that at least nine thousand out of the ten thousand Catholic priests and prelates in the United States to-day—not to speak of the thousands in Canada and South America—have no sympathy with this Catholic Liberalism, but are simply good and true and loyal Catholic priests and prelates, well satisfied with their vocation and sure that it is God's own perfect way of redeeming the world and leading all nations into His truth. Let it be further remembered that these nine thousand priests and prelates are the cultured representatives of all modern civilized Christian nations,—a majority of them are probably Irish and of Irish descent,—but they are also English and of English descent—American born, French, Italian, German and of German descent;—but to class this nine thousand, out of the ten thousand priests in the United States, as German is a simple and infamous falsehood; to class them as foreign is a scandalous libel. They are no more foreign than Keane and Ireland; thousands of them not as much so. In a word the vast majority—say at least nine-tenths of the Catholic priests, prelates, and people, of the United States—are true and loyal Catholics, as all Catholics have been true and loyal these last nineteen hundred years, hence the newspaper and other talk to the effect that there is an American party and a German party in the Catholic Church in the United States, the one representing progressive American ideas and the other representing reactionary German ideas, is a baseless and infamous falsehood.

If, then, you ask me how it has come about that such a repeated representation of the case has been published and asserted, I answer plainly that when a few years ago the Germans in the United States, feeling that they were being wronged in a prejudicial apportionment of the priests of their own language, entered complaint at Rome—just as the French Catholics have done in later years—a self-styled committee of American prelates, headed by Ireland and Keane, went to Rome and deliberately misrepresented to the Pope alike

the claims, aims, complaints and position of said German complainants ; further, that when Satolli first came here these same leaders of "American Catholic Liberalism" captured him and for a time roped in other prelates on the ground of and only through the same misrepresentations that they had made at Rome. And this went on until the Pope was disabused, until Satolli was disabused, until a half dozen of the most prominent American prelates were disabused—in a word until the nefarious misrepresentations of two or three persistent so-called Catholic Liberals were fully understood at Rome and by all the leading prelates of America, except Ireland and Keane,—and, cut to the quick, it takes a vivid imagination to name these gentlemen as leading American prelates at all.

I am grieved beyond measure to feel obliged to say these things ; but they are God's truth, and, unless Ireland and Keane can repent, they are certainly damned.

If you ask my authority for this arraignment I refer you to a pamphlet published last year by Fr. Zurcher, of Buffalo, N. Y., one of the few staunch friends of Ireland and Keane, a man who did not intend, by any means, to make the revelations his pamphlet contains.

If you ask me how it is, then, that a few men in the Catholic Church in the United States have succeeded in making themselves so prominent, not exactly in its councils but before the American public, I ask you how it was that the late P. T. Barnum succeeded in making himself so prominent before the American public ? And I will answer,—simply by shrewd and unprincipled advertising.

But the Catholic Church, which is kind, considerate, patient, long suffering and charitable toward all her children, can not be hoodwinked for long.

Hence it is to-day that the American Catholic prelates, who kept quiet while Ireland and Keane were blustering, are now and will continue in control of the Catholic Church in the United States ; and Ireland and Keane, *et al*, will have to fall into line or go to Luther, Calvin and the father of lies.

In treating Catholic Liberalism thus freely I have also exposed the falsehood implied in the quotation from the Northwest, viz.:—that the opponents of Catholic Liberalism may easily be condemned as reactionists towards nationalism or national politics. Indeed, the case is falser than this, the truth being that while the opponents of Catholic Liberalism—that is, the opponents made up of all nationalities including the American—are old-fashioned loyal Cath-

olics, the representatives of Catholic Liberalism are really the uncatholic national bigots in the controversy—only they happen to belong to the last brood of American national pups with their eyes as yet unopen.

I am fully aware of the gravity and severity of my words and if necessary I will go further into detail hereafter in justification of the same.

The truth is that if they had their way, Ireland and Keane, and Doyle of New York, and Zurcher of Buffalo, and Cashman and Sheeran of Chicago, and Cleary of Minneapolis and a few other still less important Catholic Liberals would turn the Catholic Church in the United States into a sort of Methodist papal summer-school camp-meeting,—with unkept and contemptible Puritan Sunday Laws and Neal Dow Maine Laws as the new regulations of their Liberal Catholic wigwam ; and all this in the place of those clear, lucid, pure, rational, wise, charitable, humane, divine and eternal principles of truth and liberty for which Christ died, upon which the true Catholic Church was founded and on which it has flourished and conquered the nations these last nineteen hundred years.

In a word it is Ireland and Keane, plus a lot of Protestant and half-converted Protestant sympathizers, full of the crass ignorance of raw American conceited cussedness, *versus* the old and new loyal Catholic millions of all ages and nations of the world—and if Ireland wants to be the American Luther of the nineteenth century, in God's name let him come out and say so.

I have no doubt that McKinley and Wanamaker, and the Storers, and some of their slaves and friends would welcome the rebel, and everybody knows that the Devil would be very well pleased.

That there have been and that there are now undeniable assertions of nationalism in the Catholic Church in European countries and in the United States is most unfortunately true.

It was to point out these tendencies and to plead against them that I wrote the article on "Race Prejudice and Catholic Faith," in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, last year ; and in treating this phase of my subject, in this instance, I shall be just as candid with these undesirable phases of nationalism as I have been with its worst phase, which is, Catholic Liberalism ;—that is Catholic American Nationalism.

I am not at all sure but Mgr. Schroeder was unwise in taking up so severely the impassioned words that Bishop Keane uttered on

the occasion of his final and farewell address at the Catholic University. Keane was naturally impetuous, and having been lifted down, though very gently, from the stilts on which he had been striding for a while, it was natural that he should kick his heels as high as possible ; and, for one, I was inclined, as most English speaking Catholics were inclined, to pity his impetuosity, to excuse his lack of humility, and to pass in silence the final outburst of his over-exaggerated self-esteem—knowing all the while and gladly admitting that at heart he was an earnest and a most lovable man.

But the Germans are not made that way. Moreover, the Germans are to-day the profoundest and most exact theologians in the Catholic Church, precisely as the French are its most accomplished rhetoricians and the Italians its most subtle philosophers. Moreover, again, Schroeder had gone in and out with Keane at the University ; doubtless had often enough been snubbed by him, knowing, however, all the while that Keane was merely a light weight, popular writer and speaker, and by no means as thorough a scholar as Schroeder himself. Hence, when the time came for the heavy German to get in his blow, it was such a “ knock-out ” that the majestic Ireland, the blizzard of the Northwest, felt called upon to come to the rescue. But Ireland had better have kept still. No doubt he is a very earnest man, but he is not a thinker. Much less is he an accomplished theologian, like Schroeder ; and he may be as sure as that his name is Ireland, if he has appealed the case to his Grace Martinelli, or if he should appeal it to the Pope, he will be defeated, snowed under, simply squelched and brought to terms.—Not, however, because Schroeder and Martinelli are foreigners ; but because they are exact theological thinkers and because Ireland is not, and, therefore has, time and again, laid himself open to more than one charge of uncatholic teaching and conduct.

In a word, again, it is not foreign nationalism but Catholic truth and Catholic justice that are opposed to Ireland, Keane and Co.

As to nationalism in the Catholic Church in America,—that is, in the United States, there are manifestations of it that are inevitable, excusable and justifiable, and others that are despicable, petty and dangerous.

I have made it clear enough in previous articles that the GLOBE has not a particle of sympathy for the foreign nationalism of any European race or nation that would *perpetuate* its language, its customs or its prejudices in these United States.

The United States were settled in the main by English speaking peoples. It is true that these same peoples routed the French speaking settlers of Northeast New England in the most dastardly manner. It is also true that, especially in New England, they did the most despicable things to their fellow English speaking settlers that were not of Puritan faith and bigotry ; and that, gradually, the same process has been going on toward the primal settlements of the French in Louisiana and Florida ; but all this, bad as it has been in many aspects of the case, is in evidence that the dominating sentiment in the United States is an English speaking sentiment,—our nurseries, our schools, our churches, our newspapers, our courts of law, our State and National legislatures ; our business, our commerce, our lying and stealing, our literature and our love-making are all done in English,—that is, officially ; and when one considers the statistics of the advance of the English language, as given in my article on “Race Prejudice and Catholic Faith,” and remembers how utterly it dominates this land, one is simply amused at the petty, fatuous pipings of the Germans, the French, the Italians and the Irish, as if any one of them or all of them combined could long retard the absolute dominion of the English speech on this broad continent. For there have been Irish Catholic national tendencies here that were as uncatholic as anything the French or Germans were ever charged with advocating.

By all means, swing your foreign brogue and accent and construction of sentences as long as you *cannot* help it, and cursed be the wit that makes sport of you ; but when you say that because Milwaukee, for instance, was settled by Germans therefore the German speech should be perpetuated there, you are simply shooting Niagara and are sure to get drowned under the Falls. If I recollect, the Dutch-Germans settled New Amsterdam before it was called New York ; but the fellow who would now claim that because of this fact the language of the State of New York ought now to be Dutch should be caught by one of Roosevelt’s police or by one of Fr. Doyle’s Temperance patriots and sent to the Keeley cure or to an insane asylum.

Milwaukee, to-day, is as truly an English-speaking city as Berlin is a German-speaking city, and the Dutchman who can not size up to this march of the English tongue had better take himself as quietly as possible to the sylvan retreats of Rip Van Winkle or the military garrisons of Billy Hohenzollern.

The same is true precisely of my good friends, the French, and the French Canadians, wherever they find themselves in little or larger coteries in New England, in Illinois, in Louisiana or in any other part of this land. They know and their tyrant enemies know that I have the most devoted regard for all their early settlements in this country, and many of them know how sincerely I love the simplicity and sincerity and the culture of their leaders in those sections of the country where they still cherish their mother tongue and try to keep out the sunrise of English speech and literature. But their task is a hopeless one. They must learn to speak English or soon learn to be dumb. In my article on Race Prejudice I named certain impossible Irish dreams and condemned them.

As regards recent attempts to revive the ancient Gaelic, or Irish, or Celtic speech in this country, or to do anything more with it than to preserve its records and here and there educate an enthusiastic Irishman to learn the barbaric doggerel, you may as well try to revive the ancient Druidic religion or to teach the "don't-ye-know—I swaung" young ladies and gentlemen of Boston to make love and sing Wagner in Choctaw. It simply can't be done. In other words and in the immaculate cant of Boston, "yer cawn't do it—yer know!"

In view of these intimations, though very briefly and very imperfectly stated, it must be clear to every intelligent Catholic that *all* the children, born in this country, of German, French, Italian or other foreign Catholic parents, ought absolutely to be taught their religion in the English language; and for this all-sufficient reason, if for no other—that they will have to learn all their other lessons, all their conversation with their fellow-beings, all their commercial dealings and all their American patriotism in English. It is not a theory of preference, but a condition of existence that we are facing, and any man is a fool who kicks against the goads.—Nor should any German, Frenchman, Italian, or other foreign language speaking immigrant, or the descendant of such, complain of this position or of this inexorable condition of things. Nobody forced these people to come here; nobody forces them to stay here. It is not as if they were conquered nationalities, as under the old Roman Empire of the Cæsars, or, like the Poles under the modern heel of the Czar of Russia, or even like the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Nothing in all modern history has ever caused my blood to boil

with such indignation as the forcing of the Russian language upon the more cultured but less powerful and conquered kingdoms of Poland. In the case of the forcing of the German language upon the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine there was ample excuse in the fact that only a few hundred years earlier these provinces were German and in the last transfer it was only as if a rejuvenated grand-parent had resolved to teach his great-grandchildren the ancient language of their forgotten grandmothers.

But none of these cases are analogous to our Anglo-American situation. The foreign language speaking peoples of Europe came here voluntarily ; they elect to stay here voluntarily. No force is used to bring them or to keep them here.

When they come here they find a great and growing nation entirely under the control of English speaking people. Very soon they set to work to study and pick up enough English to ask for bread, and to work for bread, and pay for bread, through the vehicle of wages, in money coined and stamped with the English language :— and the weak and foolish pretense that, in spite of these facts, they should go on generation after generation learning their catechism and saying their prayers and hearing sermons in German, French, Italian or what not, is the pretension of senseless imbecility.

Let me not be misunderstood. I take precisely the same ground that Leo XIII. has taken—that priests of their own language, and religious service in their own language should be provided for the actual first generation of emigrants and that this should continue throughout *their* lives ; but at the same time, for their own sakes, for “ the sake of their souls,” for the sake of their position in society, and for the sake of their influence on our modern world of Catholic thought, the children of all these foreign speaking peoples of all nations, should be taught, religiously as otherwise, primarily in the English tongue, and I here beg to assure my German, French and Italian friends that it will come to this, whether they will it so or no. That many of them have persisted in the opposite custom I am well aware of, and their persistence I consider as uncatholic as it is unwise.

We can not resist the tides of the times.

In this way I have covered the ground that at the outset I meant to cover in a somewhat different way.

In a word I have combined the phases and rights of foreign nationalism in America that are reasonable and placed them in juxtaposition with those that are unreasonable.

In my judgment the complaints made by the Germans to the Pope a few years ago to the effect that their rights in this country were being denied them by an over-assertive Irish Americanism were justifiable and inevitable. In my judgment more recent complaints on the part of our French Canadian residents in America were also justifiable and inevitable,—though perhaps exaggerated,—and that the Pope and the powers that be have taken this view of the case is now known to all men, except Ireland, Keane and Co.

To my mind, again, the organized Ireland and Keane opposition to the German complainants named was as unchristian, uncatholic, unmanly and unfair in spirit and in action as it was possible for great men to be unchristian and unfair ; and it is because of these convictions and not because I have any sympathy with the advancement of foreignism in this land that I have taken my stand in favor of the oppressed as against their unjust oppressors and calumniators.

It would be infinitely more to my tastes and to my interests to sail with the popular American Liberal Catholic winds. But I hate injustice as the very core of hell, and I hate rebellion against all true authority as I hate the devil himself—he being, as I understand it, the chief rebel and liberalist of the universe.

Having lived and visited quite as much among German and French Catholics as among Irish and American Catholics, while making my studies of this subject during the last five years, I could, were it worth while, give literally thousands of personal incidents and observations,—naming prominent priests and scholars and the children and children's children of well known Catholic laymen in the East and in the West,—to justify the grounds I have taken ; but I am not writing newspaper gush or sensational garbage. I only mention names that have been freely before the public and I defy any of these to gainsay my teachings.

In this article I have not even named the great, spiritual and moral argument that I made prominent in my article of last year, already referred to. But Catholics of all nations must face and study it far more carefully than they ever yet have done.

Absolutely,—in Christ Jesus there is no national prejudice, but perfect fairness, perfect Cosmopolitanism, perfect charity ; and the Catholic prelate, or what not,—Irish, German, or what not,—who has not risen to this first principle of Christian faith had better follow Keane to Rome and get the Pope himself to teach him.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

From the heart of this strong excitement came the "Oxford Movement."

Its spirit was that of a generous defense of the English Church, a willingness to stand by her and face her foes. And who better fitted to deal with the points at issue than the trained scholars of her noblest University? So, at Oxford, the strife began.

On July 14, 1833, John Keble delivered his great discourse on the "National Apostasy." It was a fiery protest against the suppression of the Irish sees, a political measure supported by the Whigs for purely political purposes. "It was also a challenge," says a recent writer, "a summons to meet the new state of things face to face, full as it was of immediate and imminent peril,—to consider how it should be received by Christians and Churchmen,—and to study the causes and significance of this hostile action by the Houses of Parliament."

Among the throng that flocked to hear him was John Henry Newman, already a man of note in his College. He saw, at a glance, that Keble's address was the trumpet-blast for a rally, and stood ready to become its leader. The first actual step in the great forward movement was taken at Hadley, where a small caucus was held. Out of this meeting came the "Tracts for the Times."

These famous essays appeared at Oxford during the years between 1833 and 1841. In most cases, Dr. Newman was their author, though Keble aided in their revision. Other able writers joined them as the years went by, drawn by sympathy with the new movement. Among its principal promoters were R. H. Froude, a Fellow of Oriel; Rev. Isaac Williams, Fellow of Trinity, author of the "Cathedral and other Poems"; Rev. Hugh Rose, of Cambridge; Ward, Oakley and others.

The Tracts, themselves, at the outset, were short essays,—sometimes mere notes,—designed to rouse the members of the Church to a sense of the alarming position wherein she was placed. But other and more important matters strode in. Tenets closely resembling those of the Church of Rome were put forward, and the anonymous authors urged the restoration of High Church theology as held by the Anglican divines of the seventeenth century.

The year succeeding the Hadley Conference passed quietly. Newman was at this time Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford (which was also the University Church), and its regular preacher.

His discourses supplied, as it were, a key to the Tracts, giving
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full explanation of their tendency and scope. The doctrines of Apostolical Succession, Priestly Absolution, Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence, the Authority of the Church and the value of Tradition, which had long lain hid in the language of the Prayer-book, were rescued from oblivion and shown as treasure trove. The Tracts were widely read, and, plainly, doing their work. To all this Newman's beautiful sermons brought most powerful aid. Intellectually and spiritually, his sway over his fellow-men could not fail of recognition.

Yet, what the new movement greatly needed, at this point, was official support, the approval and sanction of some recognized authority. This neither Keble nor Newman could give, since, as yet, their fame had not overleaped University limits. Therefore, the adhesion of Dr. Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, who joined the movement in 1835, was greeted with great enthusiasm.

His influence was at once felt. "Under his direction," says one authority, "the Tracts took on a different tone and shape. Instead of being the brief and incomplete essays, which had previously appeared, Tracts sixty-seven, sixty-eight and sixty-nine formed three divisions of a Treatise covering more than three hundred pages. From this time on the Tracts became serious and well-prepared productions."

At this time, very nearly, Dr. Pusey issued his Tract, "On the Benefit of Fasting" and the two previously mentioned, sixty-seven and sixty-nine, "On Holy Baptism."

On all sides rose an outcry. It was asserted everywhere that these writings, by men in authority, would eventually lead those concerned in the effort from the Anglican belief to the Roman Catholic fold. In short, the movement was felt to be dangerous.

The first opposition appeared in 1838. The Bishop of the Diocese entered complaint in the matter of the Tracts, yet failed to officially demand their suppression. So the Tractarians went on their way.

Newman, himself, made the first break in their ranks. The next year, 1839, found him seriously disturbed in mind. Thus far he had been an earnest antagonist of the Roman Church. He was one of those who transferred their support from Sir Robert Peel to Sir Robert Inglis on occasion of the former's introducing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill; and one object of the present Oxford Movement, as he well knew, was to antagonize the Romanizing as well

as the Dissenting tendencies of the times by restoring the primitive and catholic character of the Church. Yet, now, doubt began to cloud his soul.

And here, for the first time, we feel that the place whereon we are standing is holy ground. Newman's spiritual struggles, after all is said, are what give this matter of the Oxford Movement its vital and human interest. The sensitive sympathizer would, indeed, give thanks if that cup might have passed from him. The pathos of his wonderful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom," is felt wherever it goes and the lines of sorrow on his face tell the same story. They are not lines of bitterness, but of supreme grief—overpassed indeed, through the Lord's mercy, but never to be effaced. For Newman's was an intense nature, deep and strong, the last in the world to throw off its religious allegiance, as one draws off a glove.

We cull from his biographers something of the story,—part of the poor fraction, which is all they have to give. Only his Master and Lord knows the whole. It is the secret of those heavenly places whither His servant has gone to meet Him.

The first touch of power which he felt and recognized seems to have been at the hand of Cardinal Wiseman.

"While reading the history of the Monophysites," says one narrator, "a friend placed before him an article by Mgr. Wiseman, dealing with certain "Anglican Pretensions." In this paper he found a clue to the real difficulty of the Monophysites. For one instant the veil was lifted and he comprehended "*that the Church of Rome was, after all, in the right.*" But the shadows fell over him anew and sharply vexed with himself, he decided to depend, in future, wholly upon the light of his own reason.

This momentary uneasiness of soul he mentioned to only two persons. But he no longer spoke with the same clearness and confidence as to the "value of the Anglican position."

After this experience, in the month of August, 1839, he ceased to attack Rome as schismatic. His new teaching was that "Rome is the Church and we, too, are the Church." This was the idea of his article on "The Catholicity of the Church of England," issued in January, 1840,—which his biographer describes as "the first-fruits of restored spiritual peace within his soul."

Then, early in 1841, came the famous Tract number 90, which drove the authorities of the University to open warfare. The Heads of Houses, at Oxford, condemned it and the Bishop of Oxford called

upon Newman to discontinue the publication, a request with which he at once complied. Yet, in his letter to the Bishop on the matter, although he tendered ready submission,—for Newman was in no wise contumacious and too great a man to miss the grace of humility,—he calmly defended the positions assumed in his Tract and in the series as a whole.

Tract No. 90 was designed to show that much Roman doctrine might be held consistently with subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; that the Articles do not contravene Catholic teaching,—as far as this coincides with that of the Fathers and the Primitive Church;—that they only partially oppose Catholic dogma and are mainly directed against certain special *errors* of Rome.

“But between the months of July and November,” says the biographer, “in this same year, 1841, Newman received three blows which crushed him to the earth. In the course of a translation from Saint Athanasius”—a series of these versions had been issued, together with the Tracts, called a “Library of Translations from the Greek and Latin Fathers,” Newman editing, in conjunction with Keble and Dr. Pusey,—“his old doubts started again to life. In re-perusing the history of the Arians he came anew upon the truths taught by the primitive Church. They stood out before him with increased clearness and he was continually beset by his old thought, that, ‘*after all, the Church of Rome was in the right.*’”

He was suffering tortures from this dislocation of things, spiritually, when the second blow fell.

The Bishops, one after the other, denounced the Tracts. In this general Episcopal action Newman saw his condemnation.

Under the third blow he could no longer keep silence. It was in regard to the famous bishopric of Jerusalem. He drew up a solemn protest which he sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury as well as to his own Diocesan.

But Newman’s career, in connection with the Oxford Movement was over. He withdrew to meditate in quiet upon his future course. And he had many allied topics for meditation.

For he was in a net-work of difficulties. His influence over others had become very great. The whole Tractarian movement circled round him. Its supporters looked to him as its head: and any important decision on his part was liable to disorganize it or destroy it altogether. Then, there were many young people under his care, placed there by confiding Anglican relatives. He could not allow

these to enter the Roman Church—as many of them were inclined to do—unless his own convictions, on the whole matter, should grow more clear. He could not lead others toward a step which he was not, himself, ready to take. Upon his College, upon the English Church, upon the world of letters, even, his action would take effect. His very strength as a leader and teacher made him weak at this juncture. The Valley of Decision was, to him, a valley of darkling shadows.

“His soul,” says the biographer, “was rent by attractions and repulsions, at war with each other.”

He could not go to Rome “on account of the honors paid to the *Virgin Mary and the Saints*.”

“His chief desire, nevertheless, was for union with Rome, as of Church with Church.”

His first action was to resign his position as editor of the *British Critic* and it passed over into the hands of Ward and Oakley. This review had been the chief organ through which these thinkers imposed their views on the Oxford party. Of Ward it has been said that his writings always tended to establish a comparison between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. As a general result, this comparison grew more favorable to the claims of the latter—claims that were far from losing force, as felt by these men amid the on-rushing of events. As to Ward, personally, nothing can add to the poetic tribute paid him by Lord Tennyson. In this elegant sonnet we find the generous analysis of friendship, expressed with great beauty and alive with poetic power.

In 1843 the *British Critic* was discontinued, to be replaced by a more moderate publication, the *Christian Monitor*, edited and directed by Dr. Pusey.

It was now Pusey's turn to receive rebuke. In consequence of a sermon on “The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent,” preached before the University, he was suspended from preaching by the Vice-chancellor for three years, on the allegation that his language on the subject of the Real Presence was beyond what is sanctioned by the Formularies of the Church of England. Dr. Pusey entered protest, however, and appealed to the teaching of former English divines.

In the same year Newman reached two most important and significant decisions; in February he wrote a formal retraction of all the harsh and painful things he had said or written against the

Church of Rome and in September he resigned the Vicarage of Saint Mary's at Oxford.

The new Puseyite review raised much excitement and alarm. Party susceptibilities grew more intense; there was war in the air.

Ward, however, rose to the height of the occasion. He went to work at once and produced his famous book, "The Ideal of a Christian Church."

For six months the authorities took no official cognizance of its publication; a committee, nevertheless, examined the work. A certain number of alarming propositions were culled from it and laid before the entire Faculty.

Then, the authorities held session. Ward's book was quickly condemned and he, himself, deprived of his University degrees.

The day of Ward's condemnation,—being that, also, of his book,—February 13, 1845, marks a memorable point in this religious drama of England.

"From this hour," says the *Ecclesiastical Review*, "it was plain what would become of a goodly number of these men, full of virtue, ability and learning, who but recently gave promise of remaining forever valiant servitors of the English Church. If, up to this point, there had been room to doubt, in many cases, whether they would linger in her fold or not, this doubt could no longer exist. It was now only a question of time, how soon they would break the bonds which held them to that body and renounce their ancient allegiance.

"An infallible sign was showing what must needs be done by those who had struggled so painfully—often, indeed, so pitifully—to keep faith with God and conscience; on one side, they were invited to come,—on the other, they were bidden with asperity of scorn, to go. What resulted could be no secret to anyone."

During the autumn and the year ensuing, the friends, whose names and faces had been so long familiar in Oxford, disappeared from their places, withdrawing one after the other.

In September, 1845, Ward was received into the Catholic Church. In October, Newman likewise sought admission. Later, Faber, Manning, Spencer, Oakley, Morris and others followed.

The Oxford Movement had done its work. The results of that work are facing us to-day.

The wave which swept Romeward was of priceless value to her communion. It is a curious study of influence, as from one mind to and upon another. Cardinal Wiseman, in some mysterious spiritual

way, touched Newman; the latter, again, flung his wonderful power over Faber, whose poems are touching the whole world—Anglicans, Dissenters and Catholics alike—while his prose works form the best of weapons for the Catholic cause; and thus we see the links forged—the first few links—of an endless chain. The growth of the Roman Church in England, of late, has been something phenomenal and the seed sown at Oxford—how or why the Lord of the harvest alone knows!—in the hearts of Newman, Ward and Manning is still bearing abundant fruitage.

Throughout the Anglican Church the power of the Oxford Movement, though less direct, has been no less actual. The teaching of Keble and Pusey, who remained within her pale, only brought it to bear more fully on the men of their day and generation. It has been and still is permeating her whole life, not alone in Great Britain but throughout her world-wide empire. Even here, in the Episcopal Church of the United States, its touch is daily felt. The number of so-called "High Church" Bishops has been steadily increasing for the last twenty-five years; and what that means of spiritual change among her laity and lower clergy is past human estimate.*

What will be the end of this silent change of attitude toward the vital truths of the Oxford Movement, what this intimate molecular alteration of feeling may bring about, at last, it is hard to tell. But we may well thank God, every day, for its practical fruitage in self-sacrifice, in larger measure of Christian giving, in sisterhoods and brotherhoods—both unknown of old—in organized charities, in a fuller ritual, in retreats and humilities of prayer.

That the outcome of a willing reception of Divine truths—as of Absolution, the Real Presence and the like—should be the illumination of heart that leads to the reception of more truth, is to be expected; that more of Christ and more of grace should bring the Anglican Church into more sympathy with those who know and prize a like grace is to be hoped for; and the lesson of closer comprehension of each other and a deeper charity should come out of it all—and to us all.

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

* Within the past few weeks one of the ablest and most conscientious representatives of this movement—Rev. Fr. Maturin of Philadelphia has become a convert to Roman Catholic faith.—The Editor.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' NEW BOOK.

THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST. By James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore, New York, and London: John Murphy & Company. 1896.

THIS book was sent to me by the publishers with a special request that I would write a review of it, and I gladly comply because, after a careful reading of the work, I find that I can, in the main, speak well of it. I must say, however, that I have no sympathy with the rhetorical unmixed laudations that various Catholic hack writers have already heaped upon the Cardinal's excellent book, and if I at all understand what seems to me to be the sweet simplicity and sincerity of his nature, he is one of the last men on earth to derive any pleasure from such fulsome and senseless flattery. In truth Cardinal Gibbons has always seemed to me nearer akin to a select circle of Protestant preachers who were among the friends and idols of my own early ministerial life than to any of the Catholic prelates of our time or of preceding times.

I refer particularly to such men as the Rev. Albert Barnes, and the Rev. Dr. Boardman (Presbyterians of Philadelphia) and the Rev. Dr. William Adams and Rev. H. B. Smith, also Presbyterians, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon—Congregationalist, of New Haven—all of whom were still in their later prime about forty years ago—and they were all learned men, gifted men, and of the sincerest type of Christian life and orthodoxy. I may be pardoned for adding here that between those men and the upstart impertinent nobodies of the Parkhurst type—who occupy their old pulpits in these days, there is such a gulf of descent that I often wonder what this nineteenth century may yet come to if the present rate of fearful ministerial degradation goes on.

It gives me pleasure to say in this connection that the reading of Cardinal Gibbons' latest book has confirmed my good opinion of the man. Nevertheless my criticism of his work will not be wholly in praise.

The salient and striking points of the book—are FIRST its beautiful and exalted piety ; so evident and so sincere that none but sheer blasphemers could question or do other than admire it.

Second—its easy familiarity with the sacred Scriptures and its apt and copious quotations from the same ; and I hold that these points alone are sufficient to commend the book as a safe and excellent guide for the students—Catholic and Protestant—of the present and of future generations. I think, moreover, that this last named feature of the Cardinal's work will more than anything else commend it to the reverent attention of the Protestant world.

For while it is true that the Church is older than the Scriptures it is also true that it is only the apostolic and directly inspired Church that is older than the Scriptures, and there is a strong and lurking suspicion not only among ignorant Protestants, but throughout the modern intellectual evolution of Protestantism that the Roman Catholic Church of these late centuries—without showing any proofs of apostolic inspiration—is showing many proofs of a mistaken consciousness of superiority to the Scriptures and a tendency to ignore them.

In view of these Protestant notions—which I am by no means defending—I look upon Cardinal Gibbons' new book as in some sense a providential work inspired of heaven for the especial benefit of our times.

Again there is a beautiful fluency in the composition which implies that the Cardinal, with or without assistants, and though no longer young, is growing clearer and stronger in his style as a writer. The style is hardly to be called masterful. It frequently falls to the commonplace and is partially lacking in literary dignity; but it is sweet, lucid and mind-fastening by reason of other excellent qualities already named. These are among the more praiseworthy properties of the book and it were easy to weave sentence after sentence from numberless pages in justification of such praise.

Within certain familiar circles of classical scholarship the book is also very apt in its quotations and references. The oratory of Demosthenes, the rhetorical patriotism of Cicero, and the philosophy of Seneca are all brought into the service of this latest eulogy of the many excellencies that ought, and that—as a matter of fact—do frequently adorn the lives and services of the Ambassadors of Christ.

I do not understand, however, that any or all of these points of excellence mark any especial greatness of mind or any especial literary greatness on the part of the author—and I fancy the Cardinal himself would be the last to claim such greatness in either line; but the qualities named do show a chaste and beautiful life,—which is of

infinitely more value than literary genius, and they also show a patient, even, intelligent study of the Scriptures, in the spirit that gave us the Scriptures, and for these reasons the book will serve as a chosen land-mark of the scriptural learning and piety of the American Catholic hierarchy of our day.

My complaint with the book for other reasons will be just as emphatic as my praise of it, for the reasons named.

In some respects the preface to this book is the most important part of it, and at the same time the most unsatisfactory part of it.

It is the most important, because it, more than any other portion of the book, deals with one of the living if not burning questions of our own day—namely—what is called “Americanism” in relation to religion in general and to Catholic religion in particular; and it is here—I think, that the Cardinal shows most palpably the limited and local character of his intellect. The preface opens beautifully as follows—“A pious, learned and zealous priesthood is the glory of the Church of God.” To this sentiment all earnest Protestants as well as all true Catholics will respond, at once, with a hearty—*amen*, and it must be admitted with gratitude that the Cardinal, in the best chapters of his book, goes on to show in what this glory consists and what beneficent service it renders to mankind.

He takes no cognizance of the well-known fact, however, that in our times many thousands of intelligent American citizens—“progressive, scientific,” etc., etc., are of the opinion that neither God nor man has any real need of or use for this priesthood. Perhaps he is not familiar with this fact—and, perhaps, his ignorance of it may have much to do with what seems to me his over-estimate alike of the “piety, fairness and justice” of the American people.

Here, for instance, are expressions that might have been written by an Angel in Heaven out of sheer charity, or by a diplomat for mere bunkum, but which, to my mind, show an utter ignorance of the prevailing type of American character.

“It may also be observed that rabid bigotry is not a plant that flourishes on American soil.” . . . “Americans are fundamentally a religious people.” . . . “They have a deep sense of justice and fair play.” . . . “They are, withal, a law-abiding people”—and finally—“While the Catholic religion accommodates itself to every form of government it has a special adaptability to our own political system and to the genius of the American people,” etc., etc.

Now all this may be good Pharasaic *policy*. It may be a sop to

Cerberus. It may be spotless charity, but I call it senseless taffy, showing on the part of the writer a lamentable ignorance alike of the prevailing character and history of the American people.

It will not do, my dear Cardinal, to take a few exceptional American characters who—through various processes of supernatural grace, have become loyal converts to Catholic faith, or a few exceptional characters of any sect.

We must take Americans and American history *en masse*—from the time of the discovery of this country until now—in making up our estimate of what Americanism really means in world-history, before we can safely pronounce upon the theme in general terms, such as you have used.

What are the facts? Something as follows. Going back to our earliest times—in the South—Spanish Americans—and Catholics at that—were such bigots, and so full of injustice and unfairness that they never tried to comprehend the simple and natural virtues of the American Indians, but outraged, enslaved and murdered them as if they—these Catholic Christians—had never heard or known of the true principles of Christianity.

In the North the English Americans not only treated the Indians with more brutal tyranny and slaughter than the Spanish treated them in the South, but the American "Puritans," in particular, manifested their bigotry, unfairness and injustice with equal severity toward Quakers, Episcopalians and especially toward English, French Canadian and other Catholics. In truth the rottenest core of all human bigotry, unfairness and injustice centred in New England America from its incipency, and has been the vilest upas tree of all human history during the last two hundred years, and to-day it is harder and more narrow-headed than ever.

Moreover, as the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians grew to power in the now called Middle American States they violated every principle of fairness and justice not only toward the more peaceful and more just and more refined English Quaker elements that preceded them in these States, but showed no regard either for colonial, British or other principles of loyalty or justice, and the combination between these American, Scotch and Irish Calvinists and the Yankee infidels led by Sam Adams, Ben Franklin and Co.,—which in utter lawlessness overthrew the American Colonial governments and set up for themselves, will eventually appear in the annals of the future as the most dastardly contradiction of all the principles of justice and fair-

ness that civilization, so-called, has ever witnessed. In truth there is no signal act of justice in our whole national history.

In founding this government, or pretending to found it on the principles of human equality and justice and in forming our Constitution nominally on these principles—while actually holding and binding in abject slavery nearly one-sixth of our then population, the American recreants from a sound colonial and British policy perpetrated the most glaring and absurd injustice known in the annals of modern nations. Why Americanism is the synonym for injustice and tyranny.

It is needless to say that this injustice and unfairness went on till American abolitionists, inspired by English and Quaker Christian justice, upheaved the continent and buried at least one million of the best of our American race in its ruins.

Everybody knows that our American treatment of the American Indian has been as bigoted, unfair, unjust, inhuman and blasphemous as it was possible for the conduct of one race toward another to be. The Chinese represent a civilization which for education, equity and justice not only antedates the European and American by many centuries, but in many respects is superior to our American civilization up to this hour, and yet our national legislative and popular action toward the Chinese, prompted and dictated by ignorant, and bigoted Irish hoodlumism has been one of insufferable and inexcusable injustice and unfairness—even beneath contempt, and that during the last quarter of a century.

About forty millions of our so-called Americans of all European races—are so-called Protestants, of a hundred bigoted and contemptible creeds—and about fifteen millions of all European races are Catholics. A large majority of these Catholics are so conscientious regarding the matter of the importance of religious instruction for their children, that they simply cannot send those children to the modern Moloch known as the American Public School, and yet though those fifteen millions pay their full share of the school tax this beautiful sense of justice and fair play which the good Cardinal lauds so highly is so blasted, seared, rotten and damnable that no portion of the school tax is devoted by the Protestant American majority toward the schools which Catholics feel bound to provide for their children. Still—according to His Eminence of Baltimore, Americans are not bigoted, but are just and have a fine sense of fairness and fair play.

A pox upon such senseless palaver! I honor and love the Cardinal for his goodness, but I could almost despise him for his lack of clear and comprehensive intelligence on this and on other themes. The truth is that he and some other American prelates had better stick to their trade as teachers and examples of piety and let great and commanding national questions alone. For they simply do not understand them. Again if there is anything especially characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church it is obedience to constituted authority, and if there is anything especially characteristic of Americanism from ocean to ocean it is to be a law unto itself and not to care a rush for constituted authority. Americanism it is true makes enough laws in a quarter of a century to gag the universe for all time—but nobody minds those laws, and the eternal mischief of it is that they are not worth minding, but that ninety per cent. of them are beneath all civilized contempt. Still the Cardinal says we are a law-abiding people and without bigotry. Why ignorant bigotry is the air and life of average Americanism. New England Yankeeism is full of it. Our Middle States—Episcopacy—led by such organs as the *Churchman* of New York and the *Church Standard* of Philadelphia is full of it.

The South especially in Baptist and Methodist persuasions, is full of it to utter blindness. The West—especially in its legislative enactments is more than full of it, and if a real Jeremiah or a real Diogenes were among us I fancy that the one would tear his hair and the other dash his lantern to pieces in sheer despair of finding an unbigoted, just and upright American citizen.

Those at all familiar with the subject know that the hunkerite, liberal, scientific and educational bigotry of modern Americanism is at once more binding and blinding than the worst forms or phases of bigotry ever attributed to papists.

The infamous bigotry of the Puritanism of two hundred years ago now shows itself east and west in Maine laws—school laws—text-book laws—Raines bills—etc. etc. etc.

There are more beastly drunkards in the State of Maine than in any portion of this continent of an equal number of inhabitants—yet that wretched fool-fossil Neal Dow expresses himself satisfied with the working of his bigoted law.

All the intelligent people of the State of Maine know the facts to be as I have stated them, and most of these people drink liquor as freely as their intelligent fellow-beings in other parts of the world.

Maine legislators know these facts and they themselves drink as a rule; Maine authorities know these facts and do not hesitate to tax unlicensed saloon-keepers to aid in all their national and other holidays, and yet such is the blinded assinine bigotry of the people of Maine that no man can be elected to the Maine legislature who is not sworn, falsely, of course, to uphold the Maine law. And Maine is no more bigoted than New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio.

In South Dakota a neighbor is liable to be fined and imprisoned for offering another neighbor a glass of wine—yet saloons are everywhere open there as in Maine—and as all the world knows—the Dakotas are the Meccas of lascivious and adulterous husbands and wives who resort thither to secure lawful American divorces by the thousand.

Why ignorance and bigotry, unfairness and injustice are the very essences of American civilization, as far as it is or can be differentiated from the civilization of the nations of the Old World, and every foreigner that has come here these last two hundred years has become tainted therewith. It is not true moreover that the rattlecat and universal falsehood of our seasons of election are bloodless and mere vapor of earnest partyism.

It was rattlecat Americanism that slew Abraham Lincoln. It was election rattlecatism that murdered Garfield. Guiteau was only the weak-headed honest instrument of dishonest newspaper American injustice and infamy.

I am sorry to feel obliged to say these things—thousands of Americans are excellent people and many hundreds of them are personally dear to me—but the entire nation is cursed with bigotry, unfairness, injustice, insubordination, and nothing but conversion by the grace of God in Christ Jesus and obedience to this can save the American people—Protestant and Catholic from approaching hell-fire. The Cardinal's salve and soft soap will not do it. But if he knows no better, he must use the best elements he has at hand. I also, must do the same.

Of the chapters immediately succeeding the Preface one can speak only in praise for reasons already indicated. In truth the entire book—as far as it relates to the subject of its title breathes the same spirit of fatherly wisdom and charity based upon many of the most beautiful passages of Scripture; but when we get along to Chapter XII., for instance, and find some of the sublimest and most supernatural utterances of our Saviour, touching His voluntary obedience to the

Father's will even unto death, rather than to His own human will, followed by references to Samuel J. Randall's conduct on one occasion when he was speaker of the House of Representatives, as if illustrating the same order of "obedience to Teachers," it is very much like a drop into bathos or a mud-gutter, or a plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous, and far deeper.

This, however, is only one of many instances in the book wherein natural and prudent morality, based on a certain kind of Yankee shrewdness, is found side by side with some of the holiest examples and teachings of holy writ, as if the two were indicative of the same sort of impulse and injunction. Perhaps, the Cardinal did this to make his book popular with the average smart American public. For my own part I could wish that a book, so careful and beautiful in its earlier Scriptural and almost inspirational exaltation had been more carefully edited so that these confusions between the natural and supernatural in our lives had been avoided by deeper and more careful discrimination. In truth the Cardinal's circle of reading, hence of authors quoted, outside the Scriptures and the Fathers, seems to have been very limited and very unfavorable as aids to the subject handled in this volume. If it had ever been his good fortune to read carefully Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma"—wherein the clear distinction is made between highest natural morality and true religion, I think he would have made much less of Randall and Blaine, and Dan Webster in this book than he has made, and in the end have made a much more valuable contribution to the church literature of the future.

In the same line it is a sort of duty to call attention to the fact that while frequent reference is made to the mere political rhetoricians of American literature and statesmanship, I do not recall a single reference to the writings and speeches of Emerson, Phillips, Sumner and others of similar though of less power and genius, and yet all the world knows that these latter were the greatest men of character, genius, and oratory that America has ever produced. In truth, outside of its direct Scriptural and ecclesiastical quotation, the book reads like a hap-hazard muck-heap of newspaper padding.

All this indicates to me that while Cardinal Gibbons is a man of undoubted Scriptural learning, with ability to apply this learning to the immediate use of the true Ambassador of Christ, he certainly is not a man of deep and comprehensive thought; in fact is incapable of writing on great international world problems or characters,

incapable of making clear and sharp discriminations as to the exact moral or mental comparative values of ancient or modern literary and political characters and for these very reasons, as I said, had better stick to his trade as a Cardinal, Archbishop and Scriptural teacher of souls in the peculiar and exclusive line of his own vocation.

In truth the Roman Catholic Church in America in this generation is literally cursed by the amateur literary and political utterances of some of its prelatial and priestly and lay writers—who, because they have exalted ecclesiastical positions, editorships, and titles are constantly publishing books, lectures, editorials etc., that ought to be put to soak in silence for at least one hundred years.

In view of these strictures it seems but just to speak of the Cardinal's handsome and liberal candor in admitting that the great upheaval known as the Protestant Reformation—while inexcusable in itself and especially in its renegade priests—was excusable, and in some sense necessary in view of the prevailing corruption of the Church during the centuries immediately preceding those dastards of apostate piety known to history as Martin Luther, John Knox and John Calvin.

This portion of the Cardinal's book no less than the far more beautiful Scriptural portions of it will be especially gratifying to American Protestants.

On the whole I should say that to have made the book what it ought to have been the Cardinal absolutely needed an assistant of far wider literary reading than he himself can be credited with, and of far deeper and sharper editorial discrimination as to what should and what should not have appeared in a book of this kind. But to the utterly blind a question of the delicate discrimination of the degrees and shades of light is of small importance.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

REST THOU, DEAR HEART.

Rest thou, dear heart, thy long day's work is done,
Damp shadows creep the hills—the Master nears the gate,
Soft fragrance of immortal blooms float up the vale,
Unwaning joys—the breath of His Elate.

ported by Christian testimony amounts to nothing more than Christian testimony. Consequently, the only thing that this Heathen testimony proves is that during the time when these Heathen writers wrote, certain reports of Christ were extant and were believed by very many Christians.

Let us now examine carefully fair samples of passages directly from the pens of those Heathen writers who give us an account of the Christian Religion. The exposition of these passages is intended as a key to unlock or interpret, in its true light, any other passage that may be advanced from the pens of Heathen writers and which limited space will not allow us here to quote. In every case we shall find that (1) the Heathen writer gives us merely a faithful report (not admitting the truth of such report himself) of things told him relating to Christ by persons who believed these things at the time when the Heathen writer wrote ; or (2) the Heathen writer denounces Christianity as a fraud and superstition ; or (3) the Heathen writer argues thus : granting (not necessarily admitting or proving, however) that such wonders and miracles were performed by Christ, then they must be attributed to the magical arts. Our first passage shall be from the pen of that great Jewish historian Josephus (Ant. XVIII., Cap. 3, Sec. 3), to which Ohristians have attributed much weight : " Now," says the historian, " there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man ; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, they that loved him at first did not forsake him ; for he appeared to them alive again the third day ; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day." The air of reality which rings throughout this passage from Josephus, notwithstanding what has been said, might still leave the unguarded in doubt, if not advised to attend to one important fact ; viz., that this account by Josephus is merely a *report* of a report. Josephus was born four years after Christ's death. He, therefore, did not witness the things he relates concerning him. The most favorable authority, then, from whom he could have obtained his information would have been an eye-witness. Granting this, then, what does it prove ?

Nothing more than that Josephus' report is a faithful record of what he was told. Josephus, himself, attempts to prove nothing. The fact that, as an historian, he records such things of Christ is no more a proof of their reality than that the miracles recorded by Livy prove the truth of such absurd things. The proof in each case rests upon other authority. Josephus, in War 6, Cap. 5, Sec. 3, Vol. VI. (q.v.), in speaking of certain wonders and especially of those referring to Jesus, the son of Ananus, tells us with respect to such wonders, where the burden of proof rests: "I suppose the account of it would seem a fable, were it not related by those that saw it." In like manner (as has been already shown) the burden of proof, respecting Josephus' account of Christ, rests upon the shoulders of those who related to him this account. So by taking into account the time when any Heathen writer wrote, that he was not an eye-witness of the things he relates of Christ, that he obtained his accounts from others, and that the real burden of proof lies on the shoulders of those from whom he obtained his account, it will readily be seen that every such Heathen account of Christ is merely a faithful report of what others have related to him of Christ. Now, we have shown, that such a report *alone*, and unsupported by Christian testimony carries with it, absolutely, no weight.

We now come to the only remaining Jewish testimony that is supposed to give us an authentic account of Christ; viz., the traditions of the Jews contained in the Talmud and to which Christian advocates attribute much weight. The Talmud is a Jewish compilation and consists of two distinct parts; the Mishna, containing a collection of Jewish traditions, and the Gemara, being commentaries upon the traditions in the Mishna. The Mishna was first compiled in the year 180 A.D. (some writers think later than this) by one Jehuda, a Jew who collected, as Lardner tells us, the Jewish traditions from the mouths of the Jews themselves. The Mishna and the Gemara together form what is called the Talmud, or, by way of eminence, "The Study." There are now extant two editions of the Talmud; viz., the Jerusalem Talmud compiled about 300 A.D. and the Babylonish Talmud redacted about 500 A.D. The last mentioned is held, by the Jews, in great repute. In it are supposed to be the traditions recorded of Christ. These traditions are thought by Christians to carry much weight in proving those things reported of Christ in the New Testament. Let us examine into the matter.

It must be well borne in mind that the first collection of these traditions, as already stated, was made by R. Jehuda in 180 A.D., that is 147 years after the death of Christ. As far then as the testimony of Jehuda himself, taken alone, is concerned, it carries no more weight than the testimony of Josephus or any other Heathen writer. For what Jehuda has penned is simply a collection of reports (called traditions from the belief that they were handed down from mouth to mouth) related to him by persons in the same manner that similar reports were related, as already shown, to other Heathen writers. The truth of these traditions, then, does not depend upon anything that *Jehuda* has written, but, clearly upon the character and veracity of those persons from whom he has collected these so-called traditions. Now to facilitate our examination into the truth and reliability of these traditions, we must consider several questions. *First*, who is the writer that has collected these traditions, and is he a trustworthy compiler? He was Rabbi Jehuda, a Jew who, as we have seen, compiled these traditions of the Jews not earlier than 180 A.D., at a time when Jews and Christians were most implacable enemies. His compilation, naturally, was mostly intended for Jewish readers. *Secondly*, who were the persons that related these so-called traditions to Jehuda? Undoubtedly, the Jews, a people whom Tacitus tells us (Lib. V., Cap. 13), had "the usual propensity of men ready to believe what they ardently wish." Josephus, in War 6, Cap. 5, Sec. 2, tells us that "there was then a great number of false prophets suborned by the tyrants to impose upon the people." We thus see among the Jews, a people both credulous and ready to falsify things, as the doing so might advance their interests. *Thirdly*, how long a time intervened from the time when these traditions are supposed to have originated to the time when Jehuda recorded them? At least 147 years during which time the land of the Jews was thrown into the utmost confusion. Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, the Jews themselves were divided into many factions, and false prophets arose in numbers, deceiving and misguiding the populace. In view of all these facts, we are to believe (if it be possible) that a people who hated the Christians, who were credulous, and who never hesitated to falsify anything have given to the world a reliable, unalterable account (retained solely in their memories for 147 years) of certain things reported of Christ. *Fourthly*, who originated these traditions? Christians tell us that they originated with Jews who lived

during the time of Christ and saw those things reported of him. But they advance absolutely, no proof, worthy the name, in support of such a statement. On the other hand, we shall presently show, that these supposed traditions referring to Christ are not only in the entire fabrications, but that they probably originated about the time that they were collected by Jehuda. Josephus tells us, in a passage already quoted from him, that, in his time, "the tribe of Christians were all but extinct in Judea." Tacitus says that Christianity "though checked for awhile, broke out afresh, not only in Judea, where the evil first originated, but even in the city of Rome." Knowing the hatred with which the Jews regarded the Christians, it is not to be supposed that during the time that the Christians were all but extinct in Judea that the Jews would be very careful, especially as we shall see that they have actually fabricated lies concerning Christ, to store in their memories correct accounts of him; and, on the other hand knowing the disposition of the Jews to falsify things, when Christianity revived in Judea, there is nothing improbable in supposing that the Jews would originate or fabricate, especially as Christianity attacked their own religion, false reports of Christ. This view is greatly strengthened by what follows.

Fifthly, what is said or reported in those traditions contained in the Talmud and said to refer to Christ? It may be stated here that the majority of these traditions in the Talmud supposed to relate to Christ are denunciatory of him. Some are disgustingly so, and attest to the baseness of the Jewish character. It also attests that the Jews would not hesitate to stoop to any statement. Lardner (see Vol. III., p. 553) quotes a passage from the Talmud in which one Akiba, a master attempts to prove Christ the illegitimate son of a woman selling herbs in the market place. Upon this passage Lardner has the following remarks: "An absolute fiction, the fruit of deep-rooted malice! Though no person is here named (mark this), there can be no doubt who is intended. And it is adopted by the author of 'The Toledoth Jeshu.'" It is to be observed here (and we are not tripping Lardner up on mere words) that Lardner is one of those many Christian advocates who quotes "The Toledoth Jeshu" (now conceded spurious) as authority equally as good as the Talmud. We have a right, then to take, *cum grano salis*, his statements concerning the Talmud, till we have made a fair examination of those traditions concerning Christ contained in this Jewish Book.

When Lardner states that the passage referred to (and others of a like nature contained in the Talmud) is a fiction, as respects what is said, he has a good reason for upholding his statement ; for the hatred of Jews towards Christians supplies a reasonable motive. Further, every Christian must stamp such passages from the Talmud concerning Christ, as in part, fictitious ; for there are only two other alternatives ; viz., (1) to admit as true what the Jew says (which it is scarcely necessary to say no Christian could do) or (2) to reject the whole of such passages as carrying absolutely no weight, whatsoever. But as Lardner stamps these passages from the Talmud to be fictitious only in part, what is it, it may be asked, that he states to be true in them and what proof does he advance to support his statement ? He has already told us in the passage quoted from him : " Though no person is here named, there can be no doubt who is intended." Lardner sees in this and other passages from the Talmud statements bearing a certain resemblance to things reported of Christ in the New Testament. Thus Christ who is said, by Christians, to be born of a Virgin and to have performed miraculous things is misrepresented, by Jews, to be an illegitimate son and to have performed wonders attributed to the magical arts. But Lardner and other Christian advocates, in presenting this argument, do not reason very deeply. They forget to take into account one very important fact. When were these traditions first collected ? We have already seen that the earliest collection of these traditions extant was made by Jehuda, certainly, not earlier than 180 A.D., or 147 years after the death of Christ. Now since the Gospels, at this time, were preached throughout the known world, what was to prevent R. Jehuda, or the Jews, who related to him these supposed traditions concerning Christ, from fabricating them ? Do these supposed traditions contain anything, thought to relate to Christ, that could not be taken from the Gospel writings and turned into fictions as they appear in the Talmud ? We must confess that it is not at all impossible for them to have been fabricated during the time when Jehuda wrote. And when we consider the credulity of the Jews, their hatred toward the Christians, and the fact that these traditions supposed to relate to Christ in the Talmud are, without the slightest doubt, *in part*, fictitious, we have proof reaching further than a mere probability that all passages in the Talmud, supposed to relate to Christ, were either fabricated by Jehuda himself to please his Jewish readers or else were fabricated by the Jews who

reported these things to Jehuda. If these things reported in the Talmud, are not entirely fabrications, let Christians advance good arguments showing that they are not. Let them show that Jehuda, or the Jews from whom Jehuda received these reports, did not invent them ; then let them show that the Jews who related these reports to Jehuda obtained them, through a period of at least 150 years, unchanged and unaltered, from those who during the lifetime of Christ, are supposed to have originated them ; and lastly, let them prove that those who first originated these reports did not themselves fabricate them. We do not hesitate to say that anyone will find this a task more arduous than, on first appearances, he might be aware of.

But further Lardner, in speaking of the passage from the Talmud we have referred to in particular, tells us that in this account no name is mentioned of Christ. Dr. Gregory Sharpe mentions the same fact with respect to similar accounts of Jesus, supposed to be found in the Talmud. Dr. Gregory Sharpe also supports the decision of every historian, worthy the name, that "the Jews are well known to be very bad chronologers at best. So that they are of no authority in determining the age of Jesus." Now let us turn, for a moment, to Josephus. In his "Antiquities" (Lib. XVIII., Cap. 3, Sec. 3) he gives us an account of one Jesus, who is reported to have done wonderful things. In War 6, Cap. 5, Sec. 3, Josephus gives us a more particular account of another person named Jesus who, also, as he relates, is reported to have done wonderful things. In this last account of Jesus, the son of Ananus, we find a striking resemblance between his words and those reported of Christ in the New Testament. Thus compare, "wo, wo, to Jerusalem," from Josephus, with "woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites !" from Matt. 23, 14. This is certainly as fair a resemblance as that drawn by Lardner ; viz., between a child born of a Virgin and an illegitimate son. Besides all this, if we examine Josephus carefully, we shall find that he records twelve other persons (not including the two already made mention of) by name of Jesus, and false prophets innumerable. Now in view of the fact that no name, as Lardner and Gregory tell us, is mentioned in these passages they quote from the Talmud and knowing the chronology of the Jews to be utterly unreliable, how is it possible for anyone to assert at all (much less positively) to which of these fourteen persons possessing the name Jesus (or perhaps to anyone of the innumerable prophets)

these passages from the Talmud refer ? And even if the name Jesus had been employed, how is it still possible to state, with certainty, to which one of the fourteen persons named Jesus these passages may be ascribed ? The fact is that the entire matter is very doubtful and hidden in irrecoverable obscurity. But as the preponderance of weight lies clearly, against these traditions in the Talmud concerning Christ, we must reject the authority of the Talmud (so far as it is supposed to attest to those things related of Christ in the New Testament) as evidence entirely too flimsy, unreliable, and inconclusive to carry any weight. Hence we now see, also, that if the Greek and Roman writers obtained their account of the Christian Religion from the traditions of the Jews, such accounts by Heathen writers would carry less weight than they do now.

Our next quotation is from the pen of Celsus as recorded by Origen Lib. VII.: "Then," says Origen, "he (Celsus) accuses Our Saviour himself, as if he wrought miracles by the help of magic." This passage as many others from Heathen writers, is advanced by Christians to show that while Celsus attributes the reported miracles of Christ to magic, still he thereby admits that certain wonders were actually performed by Christ. We have shown already that, even if Celsus or any other Heathen writer believed such to be the case, his testimony would go no farther than a mere belief and could never really prove true such reports of Christ. But the probability is that Celsus did not admit or believe that Christ had actually performed any wonders. Like any opponent of Christianity to-day, Celsus assumes certain things to be true in order that he may combat them : Granting (by no means admitting, even should the form of his argument imply so) that Christ performed certain wonders called miracles, then, I, Celsus attribute such wonders to the arts of magic. Upon such a supposition, which is a perfectly fair mode of arguing, Celsus then enters upon his main arguments against the Christian Religion.

Our last quotation is from Lib. XV., Cap. 44, of the "Annals" of Tacitus : "For this purpose he (Nero) punished, with exquisite torture, a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians. The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under Pontius Pilate the procurator of Judea." This passage is quoted merely as an instance to show what Heathen writers, in general, thought of Christianity. If then the testimony of these Heathen writers, as

conveying their opinions (for such testimony conveys little else) carries with it any weight at all, it is directly against the Christian Religion.

It is now a fit place to show here also, that while there can be no doubt in the minds of sane men that such a person as Christ actually lived, still Heathen testimony, considered alone, *cannot* and *does not* prove true even this. The only real and trustworthy authority, now extant, to prove true the existence of such a person as Christ rests with the eight original writers of the New Testament ; and their authority, alone, is more than sufficient to prove, as might easily be shown, that such a person as Christ existed. But with respect to Heathen writers, we have already shown that no Heathen writer who has given us an account of Christ ever saw him, that such Heathen writers wrote after the Gospels were written, and that they obtained their accounts from sources that may be traced to Christian authority. It is not to be denied, however, that since so many Heathen writers have given to the world an account of Christianity it is proof sufficient to show that these Heathen writers did not deny but granted or admitted that such a person as Christ actually lived. But to grant, to admit, to believe, or even to be convinced of a thing is by no means *to prove* it ; and even the concurrent beliefs of all these Heathen writers cannot prove the existence of Christ as some think who mistake what circumstantial evidence is. For the beliefs of all these Heathen writers, either separately or concurrently, may be shown to rest on Christian authority. Finally to make clear that *to believe* a thing is not *to prove it*, we hold up the concurrent opinions of all Atheists who believe and are convinced that there is no God ; and still the greatest minds, in all ages, *have proved*, beyond a doubt, that there is one good, infinite, and all merciful God.

Much more Heathen testimony, supposed to support those things relating to Christ, might now be adduced and shown to carry as little weight as the passages already quoted. Space, however, will not admit of this and we must rest content to refer the candid reader to Lardner's "Heathen Testimony" which, being a Christian work, we cannot be accused of any mean or narrow prejudice in the matter, other than, as Goethe said when expiring, to "open the shutters, and let in more light." If, however, the reader will examine all these Heathen writers in the same pure light that we have endeavored to shed upon the matter in this paper, we do not

fear the result. And we are convinced that after such an examination has been made, every truthseeking mind whether Christian or not, must agree with what has been proved ; viz., that the only weight that such Heathen testimony can carry is to show that during the time when these Heathen writers wrote there were many professed Christians who believed the things that they reported of Christ to such Heathen writers. On the other hand, it must also be conceded that the only real testimony that could ever bear weight to support those things related of Christ in the New Testament, rests entirely upon the testimony or authority of Christians themselves. Christians, therefore, in advancing this ignis fatuus testimony of Heathen writers to attest the truth of those things upon which the Christian Religion is built must not only deceive themselves by blindly following such misleading testimony, but, necessarily, must injure and weaken their cause, in the eyes of every free, rational, and truth-seeking soul.

New York.

GEORGE PARBURY.

BETTERMENT OF THE MASSES.

The New York newspapers of Tuesday March 16th reported that on the evening of Monday March 15th there had been a large and a very enthusiastic mass-meeting in Lenox Lyceum—called and conducted, it seems—to consider “The Social Betterment of the Masses.” Here are a few clippings of the report of said meeting as given in *The New York World*, my own estimate of some of these clippings and a general view of the important subject under consideration.

“His Grace Archbishop Corrigan presided. It was a meeting organized by Roman Catholics, but Protestants took part. On the platform sat noted philanthropists and the clergy of some of the biggest and most influential parishes in the city. Around the great hall in the boxes were the temperance societies that make up the Archdiocesan Union of Temperance Societies. Under their auspices the meeting was held.

“Flags and banners decked the hall. The band played stirring music. The vast audience sang ‘America’ and ‘The Battle Hymn of the Republic.’ Enthusiasm ran high.

"Father A. R. Doyle, secretary of the meeting, opened the speech-making by stating its object—a more intelligent, earnest effort towards a bettering of the condition of the masses. He hoped that the seed thus sown would grow and ripen, resulting in widespread discussion throughout the United States. Then he introduced the Archbishop, who was received with tumultuous applause.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure," began Archbishop Corrigan, "to preside over a meeting called for such a laudable and worthy purpose. Before you leave I am sure you will be convinced that the Holy Father's encyclical on labor does not shirk any responsibility, goes to the root of the social discontent and suggests the remedies which, if properly and independently applied by Church and State, would lighten the burdens of the masses! (Great applause.) These differences of capital and labor can be settled. They can be settled by pleading with the spirit of justice and of charity."

"Then the Archbishop introduced Bishop John M. Farley, who vigorously attacked the question at issue.

"Your attitude," he cried, "towards the drink question, which is the bond of your society, yields you a right to take a prominent place in any scheme for the social betterment of the toiling masses. You have a wide field for your best work; we all have a wide field for our best work in bettering the condition of the toiling masses."

"Then Bishop Farley read from the Pope's encyclical on the condition of labor, which says it is shameful and inhuman to treat workmen as goods and chattels, and that it is the employer's duty to see that his workpeople have time to attend to their families, to exercise the duties of piety, and to treat all in accordance with their age and sex.

"It behooves us, all of us," the Bishop declared solemnly, "who, by our intelligence or sympathies are able to see, to cast about us and look for a remedy for these ills which do truly exist, and apply it where it will do the most good.

"It is only the Catholic Church that can exclude from her fold the demon of divorce that is devouring the classes to-day and threatens to sink down into the masses.

"It is only the Catholic Church that can exorcise the demon of anarchy—there are no anarchists in the Catholic Church!

"And it is only the Catholic Church that can work good for the present condition of labor!" (Great applause.)

"Next came these resolutions, adopted with a hurrah, as the sense of the meeting:

"Religion, whose chief object is to lead men to the Divinity, can best accomplish its purpose by extending a helping hand to poor humanity. Therefore following Him who said, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' and guided by our great leader, Leo XIII., we deem the earnest consideration of social problems a religious duty of the utmost importance, and in the solution of them we must be guided by the lamp of inspiration and dogma, for any

solution that leaves God and the eternal principles out will very soon end in disruption and catastrophe.

“‘Society, with its lawless elements, may well be compared to a city built on a mountain within whose bosom burn a thousand volcanic fires. Wild and unrestrained passions, avaricious greed for gain, antagonism of the classes against the masses, selfish interest as set over against the common weal, municipalities ruled by liquor legislation—these slumbering fires, if fanned into a blaze, will leave nothing but awful destruction and ruin behind them.

“‘It is not the standing army, it is not the cannons, shot and shell, it is not the huge, well-disciplined police force, that can smother the raging fires beneath the surface of society; but it is that power, and that power alone, which can reach the human heart and so bend the will according to the principles of eternal justice.

“‘Religion alone can give to the morals an enduring basis and to legislation a lasting efficacy.

“‘Therefore the most effective method for the social betterment of the people is to continue more and more to hallow the relations of man with man by the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and to infuse more and more the Christian ideals into the relations of capital and labor.

“‘If the Gospel spirit that urges us to love money less and man more were the dominant one, then would be bridged the great gap between the poor and the rich; then would every man of wealth be solicitous for the toiler in his hard necessities, sympathetic towards the poor in their dire needs, and make the homes, the schools, the recreations of the common people subjects of study, with a view to the purposes of social betterment.

“‘If America will continue to fulfil her great mission—that of diffusing a wider liberty and a higher happiness to all classes—she must guard the home life of the people, for the home is the nursery of more vigorous manhood, cleaner living, better citizenship. The education imparted to the children must be the reflex of a mother teaching in the home.

“‘Hence we Catholics again remind our fellow-citizens that our contribution to better citizenship in this city of New York is the education of 34,000 of the children according to the highest ideals of Christian citizenship, without one penny of expense to the city’s purse.

“‘It is undeniable that four-fifths of the social degeneracy, including pauperism, criminality, insanity, is the direct result of intemperance. Hence any scheme of social betterment that will not include temperance propaganda, vigorous and practical, will be weak in method and futile in purpose.’

“Next on the list was Justice Joseph P. Daly, of the Supreme Court. A storm of acclamation greeted him. The audience was well worked up by this time to the spirit of the occasion. Justice Daly’s proposing definite experiments was enthusiastically received.

" 'There is one thing noticeable,' said he, 'in the Pope's great encyclical. That is that it keeps in view the great question of the prosperity of the masses. It is a great comfort to know that the duty of caring for our fellow-beings is recognized. It is recognized in the law because we are taxed to care for the dependent.

" 'But this duty is best performed when voluntarily assumed. Whereas there are not twenty State institutions for the care of the sick and the destitute and little children, there are at least 240 supported by private means and regulated by great religious and other societies.

" 'I ought to include in this list the 500 churches in this city, for each church has its charitable work. In this city there are 470 distinct societies. There are 29 for the care of the aged, 23 for the homeless, 123 for hospitals and dispensaries and 164 miscellaneous ones. There are nearly 300 religious societies for the care of children. There are nearly 1,200 co-operative societies for the aid of those who are ill or need a little help.

" 'But there are things that can only be done by the whole people of a city in concert. One is the question of proper houses for the laboring people to live in. This subject is receiving attention in every city in the world. There may be those who disagree with me, but I think that if the State should interfere to build homes for the poor the interference would be tolerable.'

" 'Before introducing Commissioner John T. McDonough, of the Labor Statistics Bureau, Albany, Archbishop Corrigan spoke a word in addition to Justice Daly's in favor of State dwellings for the poor. He said that Pope Pius IX. forty years ago did the same thing, turning much of the revenue of the Papal exchequer towards making the poor of Rome healthier, happier and more comfortable in the dwellings he built. Mr. McDonough said : 'Is it any wonder that the masses cry out when they look into their empty coal-boxes and realize that the action of four or five railroad presidents can raise the price of coal 50 cents a ton, pouring \$40,000,000 more into their coffers to pay usurious dividends on watered stock ? A corporation is an artificial person without a body to be kicked or a soul to be damned.

" 'In introducing Assistant District-Attorney Francis Oliver the Archbishop referred to his life among the laboring classes. Mr. Oliver smiled with pleasure.

" 'I have lived,' he began, still smiling, 'all my life on the great east side. I have come from the people myself. I know something of the injustices that have been heaped upon them ; I know something of the triumphs they have achieved by their unions and their organizations. I think I am a little qualified to speak on this subject.

" 'Here in this great city, here in these United States, of course you have your remedies. Each one of you, as a citizen, has in his hands a ballot. Having in your hands a ballot, it remains for you

to wipe from the statute books the laws that oppress you. Bear in mind that many of you have within you the ability to obtain for yourselves and your families what those that are rich now have obtained—prosperity.

“ ‘There is a United State Senator to-day who ten or twelve years ago was a railway car porter. He took advantage of the circumstances around him. He did not oppress the poor. But, bear in mind, we are not here to revolutionize the society of which we are members.’ (Applause.) ”

With the object of this meeting, as stated by Fr. Doyle, I have the profoundest and keenest sympathy.

For the last thirty years I have preached in pulpits and in literature the Gospel as defined by the Pope—in short that it is only by applying the golden rule individually to every human action that any real betterment of society can be brought about. The only trouble is, to apply it.

From recent exchanges I learn that the notorious Fr. McGlynn claims that he, as a disciple of Henry George, is the source of all the humanitarian ideas expressed by Leo XIII. and the late Cardinal Manning touching the betterment of the conditions of the masses, etc.

For the spirit of kindly wisdom manifested by Archbishop Corrigan at this meeting—as in all his public utterances as far as I know them—I have the sincerest and most cordial admiration; but at this point my comment of approval ends, and my judgment is that the Archbishop himself is too easily led by a set of men that are far his inferiors.

For the general hurrah spirit of the meeting as if it really were or by any possibility could be of any great service in the work of the betterment of the masses or in any other real reform work I have the most unutterable contempt, and I simply pity the clerics who, leaving their own heavenly vocation, condescended to be mixed up in such a popular display of folly.

For the real gospel of this mass meeting as preached by Doyle and Farley representing the Temperance organizations under whose auspices the meeting was really held I have a profound disgust bordering on the contempt I have always felt for cranks of all grades who would substitute some temporary and cranky notion of their own for the ethics of the Lord Jesus Christ as declared in the Scriptures and held by the Catholic Church.

With the notion of Justice Daly endorsed by Archbishop Corrigan

and alleged to have been initiated by Pius IX. viz.—that in the building of state dwellings for the poor a panacea may be found for the social betterment of the masses I have not a particle of sympathy, but am satisfied that the incipency and execution of any such schemes would be cursed with dishonesty in contracts etc., and that the outcome would be a viler and lower form of slavery to political and plutocratic patronage than any one of the many forms of such infamy that exist to-day, and God knows they are numerous and despicable enough as it is.

All the resolutions read by Fr. Doyle at this great mass meeting, except the last, might have been cut out of the pages of the *GLOBE REVIEW* any time these last seven years. It has been my constant gospel that literature and every other refining and restraining influence of civilization proved weak and practically useless without Christian principle or applied Christian faith. But the last resolution touching temperance crusades was really the object for which the meeting was held; and, in regard to that I have to say first that its opening assertion to the effect that four fifths of our social degeneracy etc. etc. result from intemperance is an absolute falsehood.

In recent statistics of prison life gathered and given out by the able ex-postmaster of Chicago, it is claimed that 60 per cent. of the crimes that send men to prison result from the extravagance of women, wives, daughters, etc.—who are not classed among criminals themselves, and it is and long has been my firm belief that another good 30 per cent. of the crimes committed by men, including those usually traced to the liquor habit, result from the fact that the homes, and so-called homes of men—including and especially emphasizing the cooking provided for them, the unhome-like spirit that pervades them, etc.—are such as to drive men to saloons for comfort and stimulation. But crank-like clerics of the Farley and Doyle type know nothing of these things.

And if Farley and Doyle and other temperance cranks who, in their conceited and self-righteous verdancy exaggerate the evils of intemperance in order to give their own cant of temperance a proud place in the betterment of the human race, and who apparently expect to redeem the world by the tinsel and hurrah of temperance organizations still more verdant than themselves, would study the teachings and life of our Saviour more and give less heed to the notions of their own Americanized vanity they would prove

better priests and more effective moral forces in the social and other betterment of mankind.

I do not wish to belittle the evils of intemperance. I have had my own seasons of enthusiasm in favor of temperance reforms. I have carefully watched the entire business for the last forty years. I am aware that intemperance has proven a bitter evil even among priests themselves—but when we remember the average social conditions out of which priests are evolved, and when it is considered how comparatively few of them fall into the evil of intemperance or any other social evil, and when it is remembered how comparatively few men become drunkards out of the whole populations of the nations, as compared with the numbers who drink regularly and derive benefit from it, and yet never drink to excess, the wretched and false assertions of such men as Doyle are clearly seen to be as unchristian, and unmanly, as they are untrue and hence unworthy of priestly or other utterance.

There can be little question that Jesus was a “wine bibber.” According to the Scriptures he was on one occasion at least a wine manufacturer. There is every reason to know that St. Paul approved of wine drinking and in all probability practised it. The Old Testament clearly approves of wine drinking and just as clearly condemns drunkenness. The ablest men of the human race these thousands of years have been wine-bibbers. There is not a word traceable to our Saviour which condemns the habit of wine drinking—and the wretched sophistry to the effect that the wine He drank and approved of and that was in use in His day did not intoxicate if taken to excess is too thin and contemptible except for temperance cranks and utter fools.

I am not pleading for intemperance or insisting that temperance enthusiasts—like Doyle and Farley—should be forced to drink wine. I am simply pleading for human and Christian truthfulness of statement and for common Christian liberty and decency of life: not to speak of Christian charity at all.

Again, when it is considered that those States and sections of our own country which have made the temperance craze the main basis of their morality—are sections now and long since given over to the most sottish intemperance and to every other vice calculated to retard the social and other betterment of the masses, an intelligent person is simply amazed to find Catholic priests and prelates committing themselves to such lifeless tissues of falsehood and humbuggery.

If they do not need or desire wine, in God's name let them have liberty to refrain from it. Nobody is desperately anxious to treat Doyle or Farley, much less to force them to get drunk.

If they have drunkards in their parishes—as is most likely—let them apply every known power of Gospel truth and supernatural authority, or any iron-clad temperance-pledges to prevent such drunkards from drinking wine, but let them speak the truth in public and in private. Let them act like honorable gentlemen in public and in private, and not assume that because they no longer drink wine they are saints on that account, or that those who choose still to drink wine are on that account less saintly, manly or honorable than themselves.

The Catholic Church is divine. It is the only divine institution in this world, but it is not true that there are no Catholic anarchists. The Catholic Church is divine and its head infallible, but if Doyle or Farley or the Archbishop of New York, or any dozen archbishops, influenced by American temperance cranks, undertake to teach publicly or to rule officially that manufacturers of liquor, or saloon keepers, or drinkers of stimulants—usually called intoxicants—are not and cannot be members in good standing in the Catholic Church, they are as sure to be broken on the wheel of fate—snowed under, despised and rejected of the true head of the Catholic Church as any other false notion of doctrine and reform has been rejected from the days of the Apostles until now; and it is simply a contemptible falsehood and foolishness to state that any effort for the betterment of the masses that does not include temperance—that is total abstinence, that is prohibition propaganda, in its schedule will be futile etc.

Did the Apostles of Our Lord include total abstinence propaganda in their crusade of the early Gospel? Nay, nay! Yet they had some success.

Did any crazy set of lunatics out of pandemonium ever include total abstinence propaganda in the preaching of the Gospel for the betterment of the masses—until the infernal Protestant rebels of Yankee self-conceit concluded that some easy up-start, wild-cat scheme of their own was better than daily obedience to the principles of charity and duty as promulgated by our Lord and inculcated by the Catholic Church throughout its whole history?

Is Doyle a better Catholic than St. Paul? Is the Archbishop of New York superior in wisdom or in life to the Lord Jesus Christ?

In God's name, what are we coming to ? Is any and every verdant whipper-snapper who has become enamored of the cant of temperance or other reform, to bully the earth into his notions simply because he happens to be a Catholic priest or a Catholic prelate ?

The Catholic Church has enough hypocrites in it already, without adding to its numbers thousands of young men and young women or posing priests who would make new conditions of morality or piety other than those proclaimed by our Lord and His apostles—and who moreover do not and will not live up to their own stupid gospel.

In the third and fourth centuries the most subtle and dangerous enemies of the Church were kings, like Constantine, who, under the guise of faith and friendship led the Church to depend too much on the temporal power and promises of kings. The same sort of influence grew and intensified until Charlemagne consummated it by such lavish gifts and patronage that popes began to dream that earthly possessions, temporal favor, the pledges of emperors, the guarantees of potentates, and palaces of luxury were of greater power and importance than poverty and sacrifice and simple loyalty to our Lord Jesus Christ.

In truth it was all a sort of prelude to a thing called the "Missouri compromise" in our own century. Men thought they *could* serve God and Mammon spite of our Saviour's words to the contrary, and all this resulted in the monastic piety of the 12th to the 16th centuries when so many princes and princesses became monks and nuns that the Church in its utter worldliness seemed to think that the millenium of perpetual power had come. Instead of this came Luther, and Calvin and Knox—renegade and worldly priests—it is true, but, the natural and inevitable result of a long heritage of worldly ecclesiasticism that had wandered from the simple Gospel of Christ and had substituted sacrifice for obedience—worldliness for wisdom, false standards of piety for true standards, until to-day—even, after three hundred years of penance and a noble effort toward true Christianity (for which, God bless her) the Church is still largely a minus quantity, and a neglected glory in the very haunts of her old splendor, and so will it be again unless she ceases to put cant for candor, pride for piety, self-righteousness for justice, and any and every fuming of prelatical tyranny for the wisdom that is full of the spirit of Christ and his eternal charity.

What do I mean ? Simply this—that Protestant Americanism

under the claptrap shibboleth of liberty, temperance and patriotism is the blackest and subtlest lie extant in our era of the ages, and unless the Church—looking utterly away from these fixes her gaze, her heart, her soul, upon the spirit of liberty, and charity and justice as taught and lived by Our Lord Himself, and understands that these principles are not American, or Irish, or English or modern—but God-like, Christ-like, human, eternal, broad as the race and applicable to the race, the Catholic Church in America, though apparently successful for a day, will suffer again the wrecks that have split and blasted her in the past—and it is because of these convictions that I say to Doyle, Farley and company stuff your temperance propaganda in your pockets—study more carefully the spirit and teachings of your Master, and let all Protestant Yankee notions alone.

What is true of Neal Dow Temperance falsehood is also true of Major McKinley tariff damnation.

Christ and Christianity and the true Church know no race or nation. The true Church is for all times, all nations and all conditions of men. No true theory of government can be truly Christian or Catholic that engages in the defense of a so-called principle or creed or dogma that is not at once and palpably applicable to and clearly for the benefit of the masses of all nations of the world. Is a Temperance propaganda or a McKinley Tariff law thus applicable?

Why, the best species of Darwinian apes know to the contrary. To perdition with Americanism as far as it is narrow and bigoted and based on eternal lies!

You cannot lift up one portion of the race to the injury of another portion without denying the first principles of Christian truth. Leave such work to Protestant bastards—Catholics should be more Christianly engaged. If this hurts any archbishop or bishop—let him hate me and pose as my superior if he chooses, but let him also remember that there is One who judgeth all men—that is, God.

In the next place I wish to suggest that the next time the Catholics of New York hold a mass-meeting under the auspices of temperance cranks or others, it might be well for the clerical and other speakers to be a little more modest in their claims concerning the ideal lives and doings of Catholics in general.

As a matter of fact there are many Catholics who are anarchists, but bad Catholics of course—as a matter of fact the European coun-

tries that were most solidly and devotedly Catholic for centuries, are now, next to the United States, the most atheistic and anarchic countries in the world (I refer of course to Italy, France and Germany)—and what is more seriously to the quick and soul of this question is the fact that they were driven to this spirit and conduct of anarchy because of the thousandfold luxury, extravagance, and injustice of their rulers and their rich people as in fearful contrast with the ignorance and poverty of the laboring classes—and all this under the eye if not under the approval of Catholic popes and prelates.

As a matter of fact again I have time and again been asked why it was that I did not show up the corruptions of certain very prominent Tammany Hall leaders—who, while claiming to be and claimed as practical Catholics were, in and by their public lives, a stench and a by-word of eternal scorn. The Catholic Church is divine, but lots of, so-called, Catholics are as devilish as the Church itself is divine. I am not complaining of the fact. It is in perfect accord with human nature and human history. In truth I agree with the now half-converted Rev. Dr. Parkhurst that New York would and will be better off under Tammany rule than under Platt or Roosevelt rule, and it is simply a question of bosses.

What I am aiming at is to intimate very respectfully that before such poorly informed persons as Farley and Doyle undertake to make public speeches on secular questions they should write them out and after getting the Archbishop or some competent layman to revise them carefully, commit them to memory and so in public delivery keep somewhere within the bounds of good sense and common veracity.

One of the strongest points made by Lawyer Oliver in his speech for the betterment of the condition of the masses was that "There is a United States Senator to-day who ten or twelve years ago was a railway car porter." He might have added that many other members of our national and State legislatures were a few years ago in far less reputable employment than that of railway car porters, but instead of referring to this fact as one of the signs of the glorious goals to which the masses may attain in this land—if you only build houses for them and feed them on taffy and water—I hold the fact above as quoted by Mr. Oliver to be one of the many eternal blunders of our entire American existence. Our deepest curse to-day is not whiskey, but the fact that we have tens of thousands

of ignorant boobies—public school boobies—alike for legislative and moral teachers.

Untaught and half-taught mechanics, slaves and scoundrels are too often our rulers and would-be teachers. Thousands of upstart, mere pettifoggers are our masters in so-called courts of law and of justice, all too frequently mere clerics—who in their own vocations are worthy of all respect and honor, parade their ignorance of public and secular questions in public speeches and in the newspapers. Mere boys and girls who happen to belong to the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, to some summer school committee, or some so-called temperance society sit in judgment upon their elders and betters, upon scholars and saints who happen to believe in the old-fashioned notions of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hence it is no wonder that mere antiquated spinsters of the Miss Anthony type and mere boy priests of the Doyle and Farley type consider themselves superior to all mankind and much wiser than God Himself, in this generation.

Every enthusiasm for good and goodness, for true temperance, charity and justice, is good in itself, and especially good when applied *first of all to one's self*—but any notion of reform—like the total abstinence, the prohibition or the Puritan Sabbath notion, which is an ignorant falsehood regarding the ingredients, the nomenclature, the consequences and the patrons of the subjects denounced is born of pride, self-righteousness and hell, and the priest who thinks he cannot save souls without bearing these notions on his banner of reform had better quit trying to save souls at all and devote himself to some secular vocation more in accordance with the twisted, thwarted and tyrannical elements of his own low-grade being and conception of what true salvation and true liberty mean in this world and in all worlds to come.

If the new Firm of Redemption—which for brevity's sake we will call—Farley, Doyle & Co.—insists upon having no wine at its banquets and golden jubilees, I for one will make no objection. More than likely their heads could not stand it, anyway, but if they insist upon committing the Catholic Church to the doctrine of total abstinence from stimulating liquors or to the still stupider doctrine of Prohibition, I simply tell them they have no grounds in the Scriptures or in church history for such doctrines or expectations, that, by the Eternal, they simply cannot and shall not commit the Catholic Church to any such doctrines, and that unless they lay aside

some of their officious superiority, some of us may feel bound to expose the groundlessness of these pretensions more keenly than we ever yet have exposed them.

The editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, is unutterably disgusted with all the posings and pretensions of reform represented by the clerics and the Catholic "Temperance societies" represented at this "mass meeting" on the one hand and unutterably indignant at the treatment the *GLOBE REVIEW* has received at their hands on the other hand, and the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* is so fully persuaded that their course is alike uncatholic and senseless, and that what they and the Catholics of the Archdiocese of New York need is a little more true Catholic intelligence, such as the *GLOBE REVIEW* is trying to scatter, that he is willing, yea, obliged to put himself in direct opposition to the verdant boomerangism of this entire so-called Catholic movement for the betterment of the American masses.

The real betterment that these clerics and the Catholic masses of New York, and all other American classes and masses are in dire need of is such an enlightenment of mind as will lead them to comprehend the true principles of Catholic truth and Christian liberty. But instead of seeking this, or accepting it when it is thrust into their eyes they rush to a sort of McKinley Tariff religion as the quickest way of raising the needed revenues of the soul, and dream of redeeming the world by windy Neal Dow absurdities.

In conclusion I beg to suggest that, if Farley, Doyle & Co.—and by the Company I mean to include all Catholic priests and prelates in America who think they can do better work out of their vocation than in it—are really anxious to promote the social and other betterment of the masses—in heaven's name let them find a few old negro mammies of the old slavery classes, and a few old Irish or English housekeepers—of the kind that existed before the despicably incompetent Irish and nigger lady cooks and housekeepers of our day—and having found such let these clerical and other American liberal reformers establish a school of housekeeping, cooking and home-making instruction and insist upon it by stern Catholic authority,—that every Irish Bridget in their congregations shall contribute 50 cents a week toward defraying the expenses of such "summer" and "winter school" of reform, and that the same Irish Bridgets, now by the thousand incompetent and bungling servants in American households and incompetent housekeepers in their own households—shall attend the instructions of such ancient

mammies and old-time housekeepers until they know how to cook decently, how to ventilate a house properly—how to make home comfortable for their employers and their husbands, etc.—and if the superintendence of such summer and winter schools of reform is not sufficient to employ their gigantic and progressive intellects for work outside of their own and divine vocation, let them establish other schools to be superintended by any old-time, but now depleted mistresses of old-fashioned politeness toward superiors and equals and inferiors and persuade the most advanced of their pious girls and boys to attend such schools and to pay for the instruction received therein, and to quit—at least for the next one hundred years, their puerile and laughable efforts to teach philosophy and the modern ethics of moonshine and bosh to men and women who have not yet learned how to keep their own bodies or their kitchen stoves clean.

I know how ridiculous this will seem to such august moralists and summer school and Paulistic cranks as Farley, Doyle & Co.—but if they would attend such schools themselves they might be much wiser and better men. Truly,

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE DEATHLESS DEED.

To feel the surging blood within each vein
 Tumultuous rush as though 'twere liquid fire,
 And these were conduits, made but to restrain
 That flood impetuous, so it mount not higher ;
 —This,—this is exaltation, and each thought
 An inspiration. Seize, aye seize the power
 Supreme enravishment hath on your spirit wrought ;
 Then gain the height ;—then scale the lofty tower !

If you would win and wear immortal fame,
 Seek it alone in moments that inflame.
 Our best is from emotion's conflict torn ;
 Then when our noblest holds resistless sway
 By sublimation of our better clay,
 Then,—then alone the deathless deed is born.
New York. J. W. SCHWARTZ.

GLOBE NOTES.

I HAD intended to devote this entire June number of the *GLOBE REVIEW* to the publication of one hundred sonnets upon which I have been at work for several years. I knew that a number of the *GLOBE* thus made up would be a gratification to a large number of my lady readers as well as to many priests and laymen of special literary tastes, and I thought that it might possibly do something toward appeasing the clawing and burning wrath of such bears' cubs as the editors and writers that with low malice and contemptible ignorance have of late made furious attacks upon me in the *Boston Pilot*, the *Catholic Witness* of Detroit, and the *Catholic Tribune* of Springfield, Mass.

When men write of me as these men have written I can only pity and despise them. Their matter is as false as their souls. They are not men of any such position, even in Catholic journalism, as to justify them in expecting that I will, under any circumstances, be provoked into arguing with them. They are simply tenth-rate hack-writers, and slaves at that. They have neither mind nor honor enough to see the truth when it is presented to them, and if they had ability to discern the truth their positions as slaves of the men I have criticised, is such as to prevent them from acknowledging it. I can only say therefore that their references to my teachings, to my position in the general serious literature of the world, and the position of my *REVIEW* are absolute and malignant falsehoods, and that these assertions, coming from so-called Catholic "*Pilots*," "*Witnesses*" and "*Tribunes*" prove such to be the pilots, witnesses and tribunes of hell.

I will add further that if my faith in the Catholic Church were not well founded it would long ago have been broken to pieces by the low-bred treachery, the mean-spirited falsehood and the damnable ignorance of quite a number of its so-called respectable representatives.

I try to be unassertive regarding the position this magazine has won in the world, mainly in consequence of my own writings therein, but when such Judases of the fold of Christ come at me as these soulless scribblers come I am obliged to make prominent some of the testimony regarding myself.

In a recent issue of the *Catholic Witness* of Detroit, among other falsehoods there is this—"This REVIEW has never achieved very great prominence in the literary world"—the despicable ignorant booby—does the writer imagine that because he may not have heard of the long established reputation of the GLOBE that therefore it has not achieved very great prominence? Does he imagine that very great prominence must include the slums, the kitchens, and the rumshops of Detroit?

During the three years that this magazine was published before I became a Catholic and resolved to wield it for Catholic truth—its masterly ability was recognized all over this land.

After its second issue the *Unitarian Review*—with headquarters in Boston and Cambridge, Mass., frankly admitted that it was so far in advance of anything then extant and that its only risk was in keeping equal with itself; and throughout the country this was the estimate forced from unwilling minds.

In further refutation of this *Catholic Witness* I here quote a few brief testimonials to the ability of the GLOBE—a few notices out of thousands at hand in the line of recognition:

"One of the ablest Reviews in the English language, and we cheerfully commend it to all intelligent readers."—MT. REV. P. J. RYAN, *Archbishop of Philadelphia*. HON. A. K. MCCLURE, *Editor Philadelphia Times*.

"The spiciest and most thought-provoking magazine that comes to this office."—*The Boston Herald*.

"Will certainly catch the public ear, and has set itself a hard task to keep equal with itself."—Prof. J. H. Allen, in the *Unitarian Review, Boston*.

"Chaste, pure, original, and reliable in every sense."—*The True Witness, Montreal*.

"Mr. Thorne is a brilliant essayist, and he has made the GLOBE an organ of opinion in social, literary, religious and political matters, quite unique in contemporary letters."—*The Boston Times*.

"The GLOBE is the best review that comes to our table."—*Catholic Tribune, St. Joseph, Mo.*

"We strongly recommend the GLOBE as deserving a place on the library shelf of every family."—*Abbey Student, Atchison, Kansas*.

"It is always a pleasure to welcome a new number of the GLOBE. It is the most refreshing and thought-provoking reading imaginable."—*The Journal, Milwaukee, Wis.*

"A publication of much more than usual force and of unusual sprightliness."—*The Chicago Israelite, Chicago*.

"Mr. Thorne is a brilliant man, and his magazine is the organ of

an audacious, aggressive, many-sided intellect."—*The Standard, Syracuse, N. Y.*

"Brimming over with 'good things,' and will be greatly enjoyed by readers who appreciate the best in composition and the noblest thought of the human mind."—*Commercial List and Price Current, Philadelphia.*

"Nothing so original, so fearless, so scornful of shams, so strong in intellectual integrity as your articles in the GLOBE have ever come under my eye."—*Col. Thomas Fitch, New York City.*

"Nothing extant of which I know anything in the way of thought can compare with your living words."—*RT. REV. THOMAS A. BECKER, Bishop of Savannah.*

In my office I have literally thousands of testimonials from newspapers, from priests of all nationalities, seculars, and of the various orders, from Bishops—and from Catholic and Protestant laymen and from scores of gifted women, all bearing the same order of testimony. Within a few months the *Catholic Fireside* of London, England, declared that the GLOBE was "far away the ablest review published in America."

When I was received into the Catholic Church over five years ago, the Catholic and secular press throughout the country, treated my work in this magazine with the same honorable recognition, and any man who has watched closely the changed tone of some of our prominent better class magazines, during the last seven years—their elaboration of themes that the GLOBE has started and discussed in a pure Catholic spirit—the shrinking influence of infidel writers in such magazines, the changed and still changing attitudes of certain American prelates and their new utterances often almost in the language of previous articles in the GLOBE REVIEW, and in harmony with, if not in assent to its teachings, and still is unwilling to admit the immense influence of this magazine for the advancement of pure Catholic truth in modern literature; any such man, I say—be he prelate, priest or Catholic editor of *Judas Witnessess* or the *Devil's Tribunes*, must have a soul, so stunted, thin and groveling that he ought to be whipped at the cart's tail instead of posing as an editor of a *Catholic* newspaper, or a Catholic at all.

In truth it was only when this magazine began to criticise the tomfool, gad-about noisy blusterings of certain Catholic prelates and laymen who were making boobies of themselves by advocating and attending so-called "Congresses of Religion," parading Faribault and other systems of secular education, as preferable to Parochial

and convent school education, and in general putting the American flag before the cross of Christ : it was only when I began to criticise this order of so-called Catholics and would-be Yankee itinerant missionaries of Neal Dow—and other reform absurdities that the Catholic editorial slaves of said reformers began to find that the GLOBE was not as great as they had taken it to be. A pox upon all such pigmies, and let us thank God that they are only a noisy minority.

Within a few days of this writing—April 10, 1897—I have the unsought, voluntary testimony of learned and faithful priests speaking not only for themselves but for the priests in their sections of the country, to the effect that if the Catholic Church in the United State is kept from a fearful schism, the GLOBE REVIEW, and not any prelate in the United States—has been the instrument used and blessed of God—to prevent that threatened schism. Within the past few months I have the voluntary testimony of well-known prelates to the effect that the GLOBE REVIEW contains more valuable and inspiring matter than all the other Catholic magazines put together.

I make no such claim on my own account. I have written in great seriousness and earnestness in advocacy of what was clearly to me pure Catholic truth and policy, and I have all along believed that, spite of certain purple vanities and oppositions, God would bless my work and make its service clear to the minds of all upright men. Yet these hireling anonymous poodle pups of so-called “Catholic journalism,” with hedge-hog, ignorant quilliness, persist in trying to belittle the GLOBE and its editor. What fools these mortals be.

Touching certain low-bred, vulgar assertions of the *Pilot* in abuse of me because of my article in the March GLOBE on “Marriage Vows and Others,” I have to say—*first* that the statements in said article are absolutely true ; *second* that they will remain as the accepted truth until the gentleman and lady supposed to be referred to in said article have contradicted my statement over their own names ; *third* that the pages of the GLOBE REVIEW are always open to them, or to any persons who wish to refute any statements made in this magazine ; *fourth* that until such signed and authoritative statement is made the nameless, and wretched writer in the *Boston Pilot* will please understand that I at least hold him as a cowardly and contemptible liar ; *fifth*, that I here and now and forever and all dare him or any other man, Catholic or Protestant, prelate, priest or layman to use toward me, in my pres-

ence the language used by him regarding me ; and further that if he is too poor, too dastardly or too timid to come to New York and repeat his words, I here agree to come to Boston or to meet him anywhere on neutral ground between Boston and New Orleans, alone or in company and dare him to use the language to my face that he has used regarding me in the so-called *Boston Pilot*.

Let me add, further, that, on the other hand, I not only affix my name to my harsher or milder criticisms of public men, but I am always ready to repeat such criticisms to their faces and to prove the truth of my assertions in any method and before any tribunal on the face of the earth, and I here thank these wretches for forcing me to make this discrimination.

Touching the poor, nameless Western clodhopper who has been venting his spleen upon me in the *Detroit Catholic Witness* especially on account of my very kindly and considerate review of Henry Brownson's book, and for the final comfort of all others who have allowed themselves to dream for a moment that I have now or ever had any thought of imitating the famous Orestes Brownson let me say—*first*, the *review* of Henry Brownson's book was perfectly consistent from the first to the last word of it, and that said review only needed a fair-minded person of average intelligence to see and admit at once its kind and respectful tone and its absolute consistency—in a word, I heartily and most sincerely praised the spirit of the book and its attitude toward the flimsy assertions of modern science, so-called, and commended it for these reasons, while I exposed its utter and absolute weakness as an original statement of mental philosophy, and without going into detail pretty clearly indicated that neither Henry Brownson nor his father, the much-respected Orestes Brownson, ever had the intellectual capacity or the accurate training that could, in any sense justify either one of them in presuming to state an original system of mental philosophy.

Second—let me add, once for all that I cannot help it if some of the hearty admirers, alike of Orestes Brownson and the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* insist, now and again,—as they have done during the last six or eight years in comparing the editor of the *GLOBE* with the once famous Orestes Brownson, but most emphatically I wish them all to understand that I have never felt complimented by such comparisons. In a word, I have never considered the late Orestes Brownson my equal as a thinker or as a writer, and that much as I have admired and much as I still admire his earnest and powerful

work, I should no more think of imitating him or any great writer than I should think of imitating Henry Brownson or the nameless scribbler in the *Witness* of Detroit.

I will add in conclusion that while I consider it an honor to be abused by such characterless, blatherskite, brainless idiots as the writers for the papers named I have not up to this time felt willing to allow their false and vulgar utterances to go unnoticed as I hereafter intend to do. But I was speaking of poetry and this is only an aside.

* * * * *

In truth, in these days it is difficult for one to give any proper consideration to poetry, or to avoid mingling in the game of the political, religious and other gamblers that are all around us.

Just as I thought for instance that Archbishop Ireland, being a man of sturdy sense, as well as of undoubted piety, had concluded to bridle himself a little in view of the clear laying out he had recently received, and further in recognition of the fact that he had not been utterly unchurched for his wild-cat political utterances of last year—the papers report him in Washington, D. C., delivering an inflammatory Lenten harangue to the effect, in general, that conservative loyalty to pure Catholic faith is really our modern form of rebellion—gigantic alike are the conceit, the patriotism and the logic of Ireland. But it is not only Ireland, it is his claqueurs of Catholic journalism, that we have to deal with. For when the Blizzard of the Northwest makes a speech in Washington—between the hours of his buttonholing McKinley for political pap for his friends—all the claqueurs of Ireland from Detroit to Boston feel called upon to echo his bluster all over the country. Indeed this seems to me one of the most humiliating and weak-minded phases of American Catholicism—that no matter how futile or senseless or illogical or unimportant or commonplace the utterances of a gad-about prelate may be there is a general rush to parade his buncombe before all the world. Here is what seems to be an honest report of some of Ireland's words in Washington, D. C., in the year of our Lord 1897—during the Lenten season :

“Opposition to his (the Pope's) direction, however much it clothes itself among us, as among French Catholics, with the specious titles of conservatism and traditionalism and religious fear of the new, is nothing but rebellion.”

“When French Catholics are with the Pope, I am with them ;

when they are against the Pope, I am against them. My position is the same with German Catholics, or Catholics of other races."

As God is my judge I do not like to oppose this earnest man—but I must do so. I first call attention to the evident dishonesty of these words. Ireland knows as well as he knows his own name that French and German Catholics are the last Catholics in the world to place themselves or to be found in opposition to the Pope, to any pope. In fact in their own lands during the last one hundred years, and in this land during the last ten years they have suffered every sort of persecution, misrepresentation and injustice, as in the present case, rather than put themselves in opposition to papal authority and direction, and for Ireland or any other writer or speaker—prelate or what not, in the United States or elsewhere, to slyly assume that they do put themselves in opposition to the Pope—that this is their habit of doing—is a vile subterfuge unworthy any Catholic or Christian gentleman.

Next I wish to call attention to the unblushing egotism of this assumption. For several years I have been making a very careful study of the comparative culture and orthodoxy of the various races of Catholic priests in this country and of the tendencies of these same races of priests in their own countries, and I have been working very hard at this problem while Ireland has been land-grabbing in the Northwest.

I must not and will not make invidious national comparisons. I have written enough to prove not merely to state that I have no race prejudices. Moreover priests and prelates of all modern nations are among my subscribers and readers, therefore I should feel obliged to be cosmopolitan if I were not naturally so—but this I must say—that the German and French priests in this country so far as my studies have taken me—are among the most cultured, consecrated, sincere and orthodox Catholic gentlemen I have ever met or ever expect to meet; further that, in my judgment, any one of the humblest of them that have come in my way is the equal of Archbishop Ireland in ability to judge and determine wherein he is for or against the Pope, and for his Grace of St. Paul to assume that he is the judge of *their* attitude toward the Pope, and to intimate that they are against him, and especially in view of his own digressions, is so absolutely and provokingly presumptuous, impertinent and coolly Yankee-like that I wonder he could ever even in his

most conceited moments of conscious wealthy surroundings and palavering American friendships have made such declarations without blushing for shame. If he had any knowledge of French and German history he could not possibly make such assertions, and there are hundreds of modest French and German Fathers in this country who could give him lessons in exact loyalty to the Pope and trip him like a common schoolboy in their examination of his own loyalty to the Pope, not to speak of his own orthodoxy.

Indeed, when I think of Archbishop Ireland as a prelate in the holy Catholic Church, and who, by very reason of his exalted position ought to be a peacemaker in the spirit of justice and charity, going about from place to place declaiming and writing and acting like a grovelling worldling, or a ward politician, and now in this last instance, as in other instances, arraigning whole nations and classes of his fellow Catholics as disloyal to the Pope, and so breeding every kind of hatred and opposition, I marvel alike at the mercy of God and the patience of the Church in allowing him to continue thus without forcing him to bite the dust. But, though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding fine.

* * * * *

It is delightful to turn from this vapping of a prelatical casuist to a little sensible actual doing by a good Catholic of New York. All the Catholic papers have noticed the liberal act of ex-Mayor Grace of New York in giving for himself and family \$200,000 toward founding a manual training school for girls in this city. I do not intend to dwell at length upon the charity or the good sense of this gift. I think that \$100,000 of it had better have been given to the GLOBE REVIEW, because I believe that much as New York needs training schools for girls, of the kind that Mr. Grace has in mind, still that the Catholics in New York and throughout the country are in imminent and deeper need of a clearer and more intelligent, and more charitable understanding of the great questions of the day of which they are part and parcel, and concerning which many millions of them now seem to be most lamentably ignorant.

But let us start with needles and stockings, and typewriting and cooking and by and by we may rise to a clearer appreciation of the value of pure Christian ideas and principles. What delights me most in this contemplated scheme may be found in the following paragraph quoted, it seems, from Mr. Grace's own utterances :

"One of the principal teachings at the institute will be cooking, something that a good many of our young women even in higher walks of life want to know something about," continued the ex-Mayor with a smile. "Good cooking will be insisted upon, and young women who understand this will find that they will have little trouble in securing deserving husbands and keeping peace in the household when they have learned this art. Or if they cannot get husbands they can be sure to obtain employment, as good cooks are always in demand. Besides cooking the curriculum will include the practical study of general housework, dressmaking, bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting, and such studies as may be deemed fit for the practical education of woman to enable her to earn an independent livelihood."

I am very familiar with the average theories of sainthood in utter disregard of the kitchen : that pious people should discipline themselves to a piety regardless of meals ; but it is all poppycock, and the more I have seen of the dull-headed stupidity of students and others who live in comparative disregard of good food and good cooking the more I am convinced that cleaner and more intelligent Bridgets, better housekeepers, and more effective kitchens must be at the basis of all our future civilization. Even the Grace of God has tough work getting along with a poorly fed dyspeptic. The better our cooking the less need will there be for whiskey and beer to counteract the ill effects of bad cooking and slovenly homes. Therefore God bless Mr. Grace, his family, and his work of charity—moreover it is well to put this new school under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. They are among the wisest and most effective saints and housekeepers in the world to-day—but let the whole business be kept out of any and all interference by cranky priests like the New York Paulists, for there is no telling what reforms they may want to bring in : eggs boiled in cold water—maybe, in ice water ; chicken incubated or steamed in a soap factory instead of broiled over the coals—steak fried till all life is out of it after the manner of articles in the *Catholic World* ; fish served with their fins on, for the sake of penance, and all seasoned with a little warm water and taffy instead of with wine, etc., etc.,—these may figure among the Yankee sociological ideas of reform if the Paulists are allowed any voice in the manner of brandishing the gridiron in this new school of kitchen redemption. So let the Sisters of Charity manage the business entirely. Men are no good in the kitchen, and not much good elsewhere.

For many years I have been advocating all sorts of schemes looking to the development of a more intelligent class of cooks and housekeepers in the United States.

The prevailing ignorance of our present generation of domestics is almost as alarming as their prevailing impertinence. In another article in this issue of the *GLOBE*, written before I had heard of Mr. Grace's admirable charity, I have urged the Paulists and Bishop Farley especially to give their attention to this matter. Many years ago I urged the subject upon the attention of certain ladies of New York Sorosis fame, but they deftly gathered up their skirts from behind—according to the latest fashion, threw back their hat ribbons, and talked louder than ever of the equality of the sexes, the dignity and glory of the ballot, of the emancipation of woman, of psychic research, of the steady march of civilization, of the American idea, of esoteric Buddhism, of reincarnation, liberal divorce and other damnation, while they ate steaks burnt on the one side and raw on the other, went with their skirts dragged, and their homes undusted and unaired. Great was the modern woman, even before the bicycle—and now—now let us have a change—even if it has to come through a *manual training school for girls*.

* * * * *

The pesky Catholic editors, Archbishop Ireland, and the kitchen cure had almost worried all thought of my sonnets out of mind. I wish to explain however that instead of devoting this whole issue to their publication I have concluded to give these poems to the *GLOBE* readers, in instalments, of a dozen or fifteen in each of the next few numbers. Thirteen of these poems appear in this issue, under the general title of "Fore Gleams." Others will follow under the same general title, and still others under headings of "Touches of Nature"—"New Madonnas," and "Love's Last Dreams."

The main purpose of these sonnets—as of all my work—is to remind the reader that love is the ruling force in nature, in human affairs, and in all the divine or spiritual economy of the universe.

In explanation of the varied structure of these sonnets I hold that the Shakespearian, and other,—sometimes called irregular forms—are just as truly and purely sonnet form, as the Petrarchan—that the sonnet—which, as to thought and measure, finds its statement in the octave and its climax in the sextet, need not reach a full period in the octave, but may, without flaw or distortion, be continued, without such period, from the first line to the last; also,

that the second and third lines of the octave need not absolutely rhyme with its sixth and seventh lines ; further that the sextet may lawfully be made up of six alternate rhymes, of four alternate rhymes and a final couplet, or of the more favored Petrarchan form. In a word the varied structure of these sonnets is not accidental, but with malice aforethought.

The inspirations that moved me to write these poems came unsought, and though the labor of making them—extending now over many years—has not been insignificant, it has been a labor of love—not of slavery or of mechanism.

I have no doubt that some of the male and female so-called critics of New York and Boston who wear corsets, and try to get the London cockney drawl into their nasalized Yankee speech, will put on their single eyeglass, protrude their sensual lips, and squint various objections toward these sonnets.

To these people and to all other friends or enemies I can only say that the total one hundred sonnets seem to me to tell a certain story of life that was much needed to be told in this way in these days ; that the work is the best I can do in that line ; that I make no great claims for my poetry, and as a rule prefer to speak in plain unvarnished prose.

* * * * *

To return to the “ American Idea,” for a certain small fraction of which it seems that Bishop Keane wanted to die, in purple splendor before he went to Rome, and for certain other small fractions of which—eagle tips of which, so to speak—according to Archbishop Ireland, the Pope himself is just aching to make some display ; here is the latest pious acrobatic somersault of it—as it were—copied from an editorial in the *New York Journal* of April 21, 1897 :

“ The Rev. Mr. Sammis, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, at South River, N. J., is a man whose courage is less open to question than are his discretion and taste. On Sunday night last this clergyman introduced the phonograph to the pulpit. The machine seems to have done about everything except to preach the sermon. It played a violin solo, recited a psalm, sang hymns, offered a prayer, which had been spoken into it by the pastor, and, finally, pronounced the benediction. The effect of the whole performance does not seem, by the accounts, to have struck the congregation as shockingly incongruous.

“ Brother Sammis says he expects to be criticised, but he professes inability to see why he should be, in reason. He discerns no superiority. VII.—16.

ority in sanctity of the phonograph over the magic lantern, which is frequently used in churches. 'I am not courting notoriety,' he explains, 'but I want to impress spiritual truths upon my people, and if old-fashioned methods will not attract them I consider it my duty to use up-to-date methods. As soon as the people get accustomed to the phonograph in the pulpit, it will cause no more sensation than does the organ our fathers condemned, or electric lights, or cushions.'"

Last year I suggested that the New York Paulists who were in Washington trying to convert the obstreperous Washington negroes might introduce a lot of Edison phonographs—say the more screechy ones and turn down the lights. I am not aware that they ever followed my good advice in this or in other matters, but it seems that Brother Baptist Samm— is more in sympathy with progressive American ideas. Perhaps Archbishop Ireland may succeed in getting Leo XIII.'s blessing for this Baptist humbug. It is so American you know.

Many years ago—that is, at least twelve years ago, when I was writing literary and other editorials for the *Philadelphia Times*, I suggested in an editorial paragraph that some sort of machine might be invented and set up in each household connected by electricity with the lips of some one famous preacher or with some central preaching machine in each city or town or county so that one man or one well-charged machine might do the preaching and praying and choir-singing for a whole community or a nation or for the whole world ; and all this to the immense saving of money expended in old-fashioned reactionary and refractory methods not to speak of the comfort and ease of all our modern communities, who, after revelling in vice till late Saturday night or early Sunday morning, might softly recline on cushions and pillows and sofas and beds of luxury through the precious hours of the holy Sabbath and at the same time lose none of the supposed benefits of the regular Sunday sermon.

I am not aware that my long-ago suggestion has ever been seriously contemplated by anybody except perhaps by a few 21st century, pre-existent, and reincarnated Madame Blavatsky idiots, but it is plain that the Baptists, finding that plunge baths grow as commonplace as sprinkling in the general amusement and conversion of souls, are bent on bringing to their aid all American progressive ideas that do not conflict with Mr. Rockefeller's idea of baptism.

Archbishop Ireland should consider this matter. It would seem to be thoroughly American, don't you know. Still it is not.

In truth, Carlyle, more than a generation ago, called attention to the fact that Jean Paul Richter had suggested a sort of brazen town-preaching and singing machine to take the place not only of all old-fashioned religious services, but of all old-fashioned musical entertainments as well.

I believe he wanted the thing done by machinery, but that was when all scientists and some poets thought the universe was a soulless mud-pie made and rounded and crimped at the edges even by soulless machinery.

Now the electricians and the psychic sky terriers, and the temperance cranks are our masters and everything must go with a whiz and a searchlight, and an American flag or it is sure to be refractory. Great is the Rev. Sammis and great is the Blizzard of the Northwest. I have faced the music and know whereof I affirm.

* * * * *

The question Which American Prelate is to get the next "red hat" (or cap, is it)? seems to be up again. According to the *St. Louis Review*,—

"We read in the Washington correspondence of the *Freeman's Journal* :

"Correspondence from Rome to the highest authorities of the Church here develops the fact that Bourke Cockran is at Rome urging the propriety of raising Archbishop Corrigan to the cardinalate at the next Consistory. Your correspondent is in a position to state that Mr. Cockran will not succeed. If the Pope decides upon another American cardinal, the choice will not fall on either Archbishop Corrigan or Archbishop Ireland. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is the only one who has the remotest chance. The metropolitans of New York and St. Paul will not be considered."

This is a very funny combination. Five years ago a Chicago priest told me that he had seen the official letter offering the next American cardinalate to Archbishop Ireland; but I have had various reasons since then to learn that the word of my informer was not to be relied on; and various refractory trifles have occurred during these past five years to indicate that his Grace of St. Paul is not in any immediate danger of being overwhelmed with honors from Rome.

Within the last twelve months certain secular newspapers reported a genial pleasantry as passing between his Grace of Phila-

delphia and Cardinal Gibbons, the latter having twitted the former that as he had one red cap already he need not be expecting another from Rome. His Grace of Philadelphia replied that having received his auburn adornment from nature he was not dependent on any human power for the bestowal of that honor upon him. So it seems that Archbishop Ryan is already well supplied with a carmine cranial covering, though his recent silver jubilee would appear to class him among those not wholly opposed to the white metal. In truth many things seem strangely mixed in these hilarious days of silver and other jubilees. Are they not getting a little too numerous anyway ?

I had always looked upon it as one of the glories of the Roman Catholic priesthood that they sank their individuality in the majesty of the Church herself, but in these days there seems to be every sort of "Hurrah, boys !" from a wooden wedding to a golden jubilee—the latter it seems to me being quite excusable. I mean no reflection upon the silver affair in Philadelphia. The very fact that Archbishop Ryan could gather among the speakers in his honor such confirmed old sinners as Col. McClure, and ex-Judge Thayer, would seem to imply that he has many popular qualities of mind and heart other than those usually recognized by the straight-laced saints and angels.

Indeed it is a matter of newspaper history that His Grace of Philadelphia has now and again given the honor of his presence and the brilliancy of his wit to the high old times, known as the banquets of the Clover Club, and he may not always have been morbidly conscientious in his denunciation of those wrenchings of justice for which the courts of Philadelphia have been famous since his Grace, the present Archbishop, has been a resident and the chief father of souls in the City of Brotherly Love.

But every dog has his day. I see that Wanamaker is out denouncing political corruption in the management of elections. Of course it is a shame that he was not made United States Senator—but having spent all his spare cash in that losing game, what could he expect but neglect on the part of Mark Hanna & Co. What saints these mortals be !

For my own part, and, seriously, I should be delighted to learn that the cardinalate had been conferred upon either Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan, or Archbishop Feehan—and I am just as free to confess that as Archbishop Feehan—though far the

quieter—seems to me the abler man of the three, I should be most happy to see the highest honors of the Church conferred upon his Grace of Chicago.

But the funniest part of this entire proceeding is that Bourke Cockran should be at Rome as the ecclesiastical envoy and honor-seeker for his Grace of New York.

A few months ago this renegade of Tammany Democracy was making an awful fool of himself all over this country orating for McKinley. Next he was making a still greater clown of himself in Boston trying to explain to the hard-headed Yankees how it was that the prosperity promised if McKinley were elected had not come. But it had come to Bourke out of the \$18,000,000 contributed by the rascally plutocrats who purchased McKinley's election. And now that this noisy spread-eagle outcast from Tammany, this temporary hired slave of Mark Hanna should be in Rome as the honored representative of Archbishop Corrigan, is more than I can believe.

I would rather believe that the *Freeman's Journal* which recently opened its pages to publish a sort of true report and defense of Archbishop Ireland's Lenten harangue in Washington, knowing all the while that such proceeding would be exceedingly offensive to his Grace of New York, had entered into a kind of Catholic plot to annoy Corrigan. But if it should eventually appear that Bourke Cockran was sent to Rome in the interests of Archbishop Corrigan and with the Archbishop's approval then I pray God that never another honor of any kind may fall upon the kindly but not overly able brow of his Grace of New York.

In a word I draw the line on Cockran as an utter blatherskite hireling of Republican sharks, and with him I would class and cover with eternal scorn that other Catholic hireling—Powderly. If they are practical Catholics may heaven lead me some other way.

This to me is the crucial point in the so-called *Freeman's Journal* correspondence.

There are however still other ways of looking at this strange combination. Cockran was the tool of certain plutocratic cliques in the East and in the Southwest and Northwest, and if his so-called oratorical services to last year's campaign of the money-grabbers and the land-grabbers have made him so valuable in the eyes of thieves that he has at the same time become the accredited honor seeker, at Rome, for Archbishop Corrigan, why he may even become the reconciler of Ireland and Corrigan, and these gentlemen—plus Mr.

Whitelaw Reid—the questionable capturer of the New York *Tribune*, and one of the most noted sleuth hounds of our modern effete and nauseating Republicanism, may all unite perhaps with Wanamaker and make a sort of Catholic count or lay cardinal out of Bourke Cockran himself. One good turn deserves another. It is a mad world, my masters, but there are a few of us not yet scared by the storms or plots of hell.

* * * * *

When the matter for this number of the *GLOBE* was all ready for the printers I received a pamphlet entitled “Archbishop Ireland as He Is.” Perhaps it was fortunate that there was not space in this issue for a review of that pamphlet; for after reading it I thought of telegraphing to Bryan, Tillman, and the Texas *Iconoclast* for the loan of a few extra adjectives wherewith to express my unutterable indignation toward a certain American prelate who has recently been posing as the special advocate of Leo XIII. I intend to review said pamphlet in the next *GLOBE* and to lay bare to the sunlight every important fact that it contains.

* * * * *

In concluding these *GLOBE* “Notes,” I am moved to say that the two months elapsing between the issue of the *March GLOBE* and this writing—May 13, 1897—have been the most successful two months in the history of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and that I am unspeakably grateful to those hundreds of subscribers who have, during this period, responded so promptly and so generously to the claims which the *GLOBE* has made upon them. A few weak-kneed gentlemen have fallen away, but a much larger number of new subscribers have come to fill their places, and the *GLOBE* is now selling better through trade agencies than it has ever sold before.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

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COMPETITORS MUST APPLY BEFORE JULY 31st

SPECIMEN QUESTIONS

Q. How many years passed after Shakespeare's death before any writer questioned that he wrote the plays which bear his name?

Ans. 223 years.

Q. If a flying-machine should leave Charleston, S. C., at noon, standard time, and travel to Chicago in an hour, and then, without stopping, go on to Cheyenne in another hour, at what hour, standard time, would it arrive at Chicago and at Cheyenne?

Ans. At noon, both places. By Chicago standard time the clocks are an hour behind Charleston clocks, which would just make up the hour spent in traveling, and there is the same difference between Chicago and Cheyenne.

Q. "As scarce as hens' teeth" is a common saying. Did any kind of extinct birds have teeth?

Ans. Yes, the cretaceous birds, such as those which formerly inhabited Kansas.

Q. Dickens conceived that Tony Weller weighed twenty stone. Daniel Lambert, known to history as the famous English Fat Man, weighed 789 lbs. By how many kilograms do these two weights differ?

Ans. 908 kilograms, or 489 lbs., a stone being equal to 14 lbs., and a kilogram to 2,204 lbs.

Q. What is the essential distinction between the Roman Catholic doctrine and the Protestant doctrine as to the final authority of the Bible?

Ans. Roman Catholics say, "There is an unwritten law of God over and above scripture." Protestants say that the highest authority is "the Holy Spirit speaking in scripture."

[Any of these questions can be answered in ten minutes' careful examination of the popular books of reference.]

Everybody thinks; few people think straight.

✱ ✱

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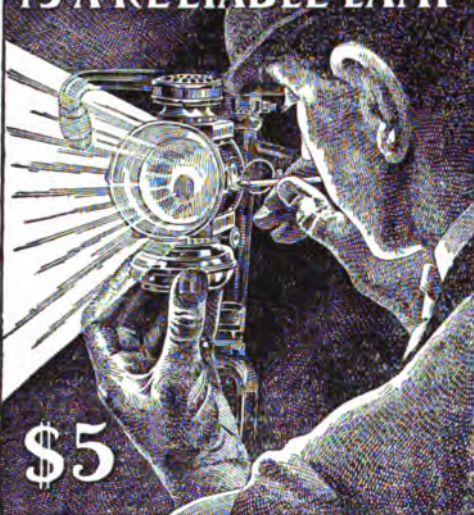
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SPECIAL TERMS BY THE WEEK.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

IN MEMORIAM.

“IN the midst of life we are in death ” ; sooner or later this great saying comes home to us all, and Heaven only knows whose firm footing on this earth the feared and famous reaper will next cut entirely away.

One after another good friends of the *GLOBE REVIEW* have ceased to send in their subscriptions, their kind words of cheer and blessing, and have passed to that account which is balanced according to laws of justice but dimly mirrored in any of the courts and counting-rooms of this world—and I have said nothing of their departure, that is, I have uttered no public word; but during the past summer the hand of death seems to have been gathering on every side, till at last it has seemed to me but just to say some few words in memory of the dead.

Within a year after founding this magazine I noticed with pleasure that some of the most appreciative yet discriminating public notices made of it came from the *Boston Herald*, and this was all the more surprising and gratifying because, of fixed purpose, and from the start, I had pledged to heaven all the strength of my soul against the diluted absurdities of Emersonian transcendentalism as only a new and flimsy expression of various worn-out errors that ought to have been laughed off the face of the earth centuries before Emerson was born; and, sure enough, for some reason or another, this giddy-headed moonshine has faded fast during these last ten years.

I did not then know by whom these *Herald* notices were written; but two or three years later I learned from mutual friends that they were the work of Rev. Julius H. Ward, formerly a rector in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Later, I met Mr. Ward, and had various hearty interviews with him, and I have always held it greatly to his credit that even when this magazine became Roman Catholic in its sympathies and purposes, Mr. Ward's notices in the *Herald* were always more just than I had any right to expect; and in all my talks with him I found him a fair-minded and earnest man. About two years ago he had an excellent article in this magazine in review of Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*.

He was hardly more than sixty years of age, and yet before me are various newspaper clippings telling the brief, sad story of overwork, over-worry, an insane asylum, and an untimely death.

Not wholly content in the harness-work of the ministry, I gather that Mr. Ward essayed public lecturing, as Emerson and Joseph Cook had done before him; but he was neither an Emerson nor a Joseph Cook, far as both of these men were from any clear and comprehensive view of Christian truth and Christian history. I think it was the once famous lecturer, Dr. Lord, who said that in order to be a reformer a man must have stomach and weight as well as an active brain. Mr. Ward was rather a frail, short man, of the Henry Longfellow type of face and build, taken to the study of theology and social reform; but he was sharper-featured than Longfellow, and it was this sharp-featured-Yankee, earnest desire to do and be something beyond his genius that hurried him—via newspaper editorial writing and literary work—to a condition of mental collapse and an early grave. He was one of the best of a fast-fading type of New England men, quick of intellect, earnest and pure of purpose, wiry and tough of being, but over-elate with the poor shams and dreams of liberty that modern Protestantism has hurled in a muddle of midnight upon our day and generation.

I could speak more at length of his work, performed, and proposed but not performed; but, as there is no abiding-place in this world for the work he did, except in the appreciative memories of the present generation, such references would be vain. Apparently it would have been better could he have gone on preaching such gospel as the Episcopal Church would allow; but this very unrest—only one of a thousand similar unrests that are harassing the Protestant clergy of our time—is in itself a helpful evidence of the

tottering and crumbling walls of the rebellious temples among whose presages of ruin Ward was born and reared.

It is therefore in the cultured and honest purposes of the man rather than in the serious work he did or dreamed of doing that his friends must find ground for the human praises with which we are only too glad to crown the worthy dead.

* * * * *

Between three and four years ago, when the office of the *GLOBE REVIEW* was in Chicago, I received, one day, a closely-written, well-filled manuscript article in advocacy of the temporal power of the Popes. It was an able, well-thought-out piece of work, and as it hailed from Boston, I gave the article especial and careful attention. It advocated the restoration and the perpetuity of the Pope's temporal sovereignty on the well-worn ground that the temporal power was necessary in order to the free and perfect execution of the Pope's spiritual headship of the Catholic Church.

The author of this article was Mr. James Finn, of Boston. The work was well done, as I said, but the position taken seemed to me so false and untenable that I wrote in reply, and published in the same number of the *GLOBE* that contained Mr. Finn's article, my own article, "Abandon the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty," which, though much praised and abused, as far as I know, has never been satisfactorily answered.

The appearance of these two articles in Number 15 of the *GLOBE* gave rise to a good deal of discussion and led, among other things, to a brief correspondence between Mr. Finn and myself. Through him I learned of other writings of his, of expectations of fame and remuneration which, alas! never came.

I never met Mr. Finn personally, but this correspondence left upon my mind the clear impression that the author named was one of those choice, refined, consecrated souls, given to study and to work for his fellow-men; a man of whom the world—especially the age and corner of it in which he lived—was not worthy. Hence I was not surprised to learn, within a few days of the reception of the news of Mr. Ward's death, that Mr. Finn had died, in peace, but leaving as legacy for his children only the good name and stainless influence of a beautiful life.

I have long ceased to rail at the world for stoning its prophets and crucifying its saviours. It is the world's old way, and prophets and saviours must always live with the future in view if they would

escape the despair arising from neglect, abuse, and every form of misunderstanding.

I am not sufficiently familiar with the average work and life of Mr. James Finn to affirm more or less of his existence, but this much seemed due to one who had found the *GLOBE REVIEW* among its many enemies in Boston and had been moved to write a capable article for its pages. In truth, the early summer months of this year found me not only in serious illness, for my own part, but every few days some message of death and some flutter of angels' wings seemed to keep my nerves in perpetual strain.

* * * * *

Nearly thirty years ago, when I was residing in Philadelphia and preaching on Sundays to a "Liberal Congregation" in Spring Garden Hall, there came to my house, one day, a stranger whose card bore the name of De Lancy Crittenden. It proved that Mr. Crittenden was a lawyer from Rochester, N. Y., and that one of his errands to Philadelphia was to hear me preach and extend to me a personal invitation to visit Rochester and fill the pulpit of the Unitarian Church there for a time.

Later I went to Rochester and preached as per invitation, was a guest at the home of the Crittendens, and from that time to the present year Mr. Crittenden and myself kept up a sort of distant but kindly friendship. When I founded the *GLOBE REVIEW* in 1889 I sent him a first copy, and promptly received a characteristic postal-card in reply.

The second issue of the *GLOBE* contained my much-abused article, called "The Infamy and Blasphemy of Divorce," and next to it was a much milder and quieter article on certain legal aspects of the divorce question by De Lancy Crittenden; and through all the years of stress that have followed the founding of this magazine, hardly a single issue has failed to bring in quick response a crowded little postal-card from this good friend.

Only last year Mr. Crittenden had an article in the *GLOBE*, entitled "Religion in Politics." It was not wholly the Anti-A. P. A. article that I was expecting, but it was quietly and clearly thoughtful; and, on the whole, though Mr. Crittenden was still a Unitarian, the article was favorable to the Catholic Church.

This summer, close upon the heels of the letter from Mr. Finn's survivors telling me of his death, there came, not my good friend's cheery and incisive postal-card, but letters from his brothers telling me that De Lancy Crittenden was dead.

Mr. Crittenden was a short, spare, wiry little man—never, I think, in robust physical health, but always vigorous and quick of mind, ready-witted, an enthusiastic student of modern literature, and, as he grew past middle life, was almost the exact image of his father, who for many years was Librarian in one of the Rochester libraries.

Like the Rev. Dr. Ward, Mr. Crittenden still held his respect for and his interest in the *GLOBE REVIEW* after its pages were devoted to the defense of Catholic faith, and the change in my own ecclesiastical connection made no change in our personal friendship. He had no faith, but a good deal more principle than many who profess to have faith and Catholic zeal.

* * * * *

At a little further distance removed, in the sense that they were not writers for the *GLOBE*, I am moved to embrace in these kindly memories three or four other good friends of this magazine who have, within a year or two, passed to their heavenly reward.

Within a few hours of the news of Mr. Crittenden's death came the sad announcement that His Grace, Archbishop Jannsens, of New Orleans, while at sea on his way to Europe, *via* New York, had breathed his last. In some sense this seemed to me the saddest news of all.

I met the late Archbishop only once, for a little while, at his residence in New Orleans, more than two years ago, but the sturdy, strong sense of the man, evidently allied with fine scholarship, with great integrity of soul and of purpose, and the shining goodness, the simple and heavenly piety of his life—all apparent in his honest face and unaffected and unpompous manner—won my admiration, my trust, my devotion on sight; and his kind words to me, when forwarding his annual subscriptions to the *GLOBE REVIEW*, indicated clearly enough that his exalted position had not blinded his vision to the value of Catholic truth, even though expressed by one in my position. In truth, ecclesiastical honors and position do not add a particle to the real value of any truth, nor can such honors or position weaken a hair's breadth of the power of truth, though it were uttered by a victim on his way to the scaffold or the cross.

In a word, I feel that the *GLOBE* and its editor—not to speak of the Church and the Archbishop's nearer interests and friends—have met in his death a personal loss that cannot soon be filled.

I hold that Archbishop Jannsens was a great man as well as a good man, and that one of the supremest evidences of his greatness and goodness may be found in the fact that he never posed for popular fame or applause, but devoted all the energies of his able mind, all the kindness of his noble and benevolent heart, all the scholarship and culture of his accomplished and consecrated life, to the archdiocese over which heaven had placed him as exemplar, ruler, and teacher; and in this particular I would to God that some of the rest of our archbishops would follow his excellent example.

* * * * *

What now seems to me but a few weeks earlier—though I think it was longer—came the news of the death of Archbishop Grace, of St. Paul, Minn. I never had the honor of meeting the venerable and devoted Dominican prelate of St. Paul, but he had long been a very kindly subscriber to this magazine, and, only a little while before his death, had sent me an earnest word of encouragement with his last subscription.

Naturally the Dominican orders of priests and nuns are all very dear to me; for it was through the earnest and patient efforts of the Rev. O. A. Walker, O.P., formerly Chaplain of St. Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis., and in the lovely little chapel of the Dominican Sisters at Sinsinawa that I was received into the Catholic Church; and when I learned that the Archbishop of St. Paul, whose kind letters had now and again encouraged me, was a Dominican, I was all the more grateful as these letters came to me.

In recent years the quiet and sterling qualities of the late Archbishop Grace, as compared with the loud and ambitious posings of his famous successor, only served to endear to my heart still more closely the good and modest and efficient and pious and able prelate, who has now gone to join the countless throngs of his white-robed brethren who have passed before him into the lands of sunshine and immortal love.

* * * * *

Something of the same sense of personal loss came to me on two occasions last year when I heard respectively, of the death of Right Reverend J. J. Conroy, of New York, and that of Rev. Fr. Walter, of Washington, D. C.

While the office of the *GLOBE* was still in Chicago—in truth soon after I was received into the Church—I received the kindest com-

munications from Bishop Conroy. And when I finally moved the office of the *GLOBE* to New York, I learned that he had been the first to introduce it to several of the more intelligent religious engaged in teaching the higher classes in certain New York convent schools. At the same time I learned that his health had already grown feeble, and soon the word came that he was no longer among the living in this world.

I never had the honor of his personal acquaintance, but his letters to me and the hearty greetings of some of the noble women to whom he had introduced my work with enthusiastic utterances, which modesty forbids my using here, all indicated what a good friend I had lost when Bishop Conroy yielded his citizenship in this world for the higher citizenship of the well redeemed.

* * * * *

I can speak in almost precisely the same terms and in the same spirit of the death of Rev. Fr. Walter, late of Washington, D. C. His letters to me had been full of kindness and good cheer. Indeed, it is because of the hearty encouragement of the class of priests and prelates I am here naming, and which from other parts of the land is still daily reaching me, that I have been able and still am able to bear up under the abusive and misunderstanding public notices that quite other orders of priests, prelates, and laymen feel called upon in their abundant charity now and again to heap upon me; and if in view of these contrasting opinions I now and then grow weary of turning both cheeks to my smiters, and cry out "Ye whited sepulchers!" etc., I beg my good friends to be a little patient with me.

It is not that I fear them—indeed I hardly take time to despise them—but I am resolved, if possible, even at the risk of my own wounded feelings, to make of them better, squarer, and nobler men. But no harsh note must jar the heart's deep, hidden, unuttered symphony that sings itself back of these last words of dear friends.

* * * * *

Perhaps a little farther away as to time, but still seeming very near to me, came the news of the death of my good friends, James E. Garretson, M.D., and A. R. Thomas, M.D., both of Philadelphia.

Dr. Garretson was a well-known author and of world-wide fame as a surgeon. For many years he was Dean of the Philadelphia Dental College and a professor in the Medico-Chirurgical College, and Dr. A. R. Thomas was for many years Dean of the Hahne-

mann Medical College and professor of anatomy in said institution. As these gentlemen represented different and opposing schools of medicine, it is doubtful if they ever met personally, though they were neighbors in the locality of Sixteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, for many years. But both of them were good friends to the GLOBE REVIEW and its editor.

Dr. Garretson was of Quaker birth and training, and Dr. Thomas, in his early life, affiliated with the Baptists.

While I was pastor of the Darby Presbyterian Church, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, from 1865 to 1868, Dr. Garretson purchased a country place within friendly hailing of my parsonage, and was a frequent attendant at the services of my church. It was here and under these circumstances that we became acquainted. It was a period of immense reading and of corresponding doubt of Calvinistic truth with me, and many a Sunday after my morning sermon, which had been only a torrent of sentences combating the doubts in my own mind, Dr. Garretson lingered in the grounds between the church and the parsonage waiting to grasp my hand and in his own enthusiastic way to say many very kind things of my very faulty sermons.

Our friendship lasted up to the time of his death, covering in all a period of nearly thirty years. When I resolved to found the GLOBE REVIEW I consulted him and a few other friends in Philadelphia regarding the venture. Dr. Garretson advised against it on the ground that the field was already crowded and also on the ground that the risks and labors were too much for any one man, and that in fact I ought to be engaged in the very highest spheres of teaching, without any such risks and labors. "But," said he, "put me down for two copies regularly, if you finally conclude to undertake the work." A few years earlier than this he had been instrumental in persuading me to publish in book form the essays contained in my book "Modern Idols."

Now and again, while literary editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, and later in the GLOBE REVIEW, I reviewed some of his literary books with considerable severity, always, however, insisting in public and in private that his "Oral Surgery" was a very able work and that upon it would rest his fame.

He finally agreed with me that the book named had proved the truth of my estimate, but was always indignant with me for so severely handling his smaller books.

It is due, nevertheless, to the genial kindness of his nature and also to his good Quaker common-sense to say here that he never allowed my strictures upon his books to interfere with the sincere friendship that existed between us, or to modify the very exalted estimate he held and expressed regarding my very imperfect work in the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

It is still further to his credit that, though holding firmly to his own medley of philosophico-religious thought, his appreciation of the *GLOBE* seemed to increase after its editor became a Catholic, and letters from him then and again declared, with all the frankness of long friendship, that the change had increased rather than diminished the power of said editor's work.

Whatever I have said in disparagement of some of his own pet books was said with all the sincerity and earnestness characteristic of my work, and I have nothing to repent of; but we speak only good of the dead.

Dr. Garretson was tall, considerably above the average height, slender, straight as an arrow, inclined to baldness from early middle life; not a handsome man, but always with a certain distinguished air. The students of the college in which he lectured were devoted to him, large numbers of afflicted persons who had been aided by his skill well-nigh worshiped him, while friends and enemies alike admitted his exceptional ability in the special line of his chosen vocation. In the long hereafter may his soul rest in peace.

* * * * *

Dr. A. R. Thomas was a much less conspicuous person in his profession and scarcely known to literature, though for many years at the head of his college, a most kindly and capable practising physician, and the idol of a large circle of co-workers and enthusiastic friends.

Dr. Thomas found me a few years later than Dr. Garretson, when I was preaching to a "liberal" congregation in Spring Garden Hall, Philadelphia, in the years 1868 and 1869, and was one of a very intelligent company of people who had been drawn together to hear what the escaped Presbyterian preacher had to say; and from that day to the year of his death he was exceedingly kind to me and to mine. He was never as enthusiastic in his expressions concerning my work as was Dr. Garretson. In truth, he was a far less quickly thinking man, but he was one of the handsomest, kindest, gentlest, and most capable of all the physicians I have ever known;

and it is a pleasure to me to bear this slight testimony to this exceptionally able and faithful circle of men.

* * * * *

Last, but perhaps not least, and quite on other grounds than those of friendship, I am moved to pay my farewell to the late Superior of the Paulist Fathers, Rev. Fr. Hewitt, who took wing for unknown heights only a few weeks ago.

I have not been kindly of late in my mention of the Paulist Fathers. I think the fault and the provocation are with them; but, regardless of this and regardless of any present or future action on their part, it is my purpose never again to allow any unfraternal word to escape my pen regarding these men; and, whether on account of a sort of nervous superstition on my part, induced by considerable suffering, or by a real and providential vision, the passing of Father Hewitt is the sole and only cause that led me to this resolve. Hence, I look upon him as a sort of angel out of whose starward flight this resolution came; and I shall explain, even at the risk of being abused as a lunatic—in which light I believe the amiable and gifted editor of the *Antigonish*, Nova Scotia, *Casket* is already inclined to view me.

Very early in the morning of the night of Fr. Hewitt's death I was awakened by what we will call a very vivid dream. There was no disturbance, no agitation in my dream, no struggle, no discussion, nor any apparent provoking feature about it at all; but the figure of a man hooded like a monk stood at my bedside, erect, silent, and the expression upon the face of my visitor was so cultured, so refined, so pure, so kindly, so almost ineffable in its exalted kindliness, that I was wakened into consciousness and a desire to speak; but from my first vision of the visitor he seemed in the act of passing; stood, as it were, toward the foot of my bed with head turned slightly toward me, his arms folded in the cloak he seemed to wear, and, though there was no word uttered by either my visitor or myself, the language of his look was plainly and clearly that of the kindest, almost holiest, farewell.

As I awoke the vision vanished, and while I was still puzzling over the identity of the face during the morning hours in my office, the morning papers brought the news that Father Hewitt had breathed his last during that past night; when, all at once, it came to me—why, it was Father Hewitt's face that I saw in my dream! And from that moment I have felt a new and unusual kindness toward the fraternity of which he was the honored Superior.

I never had the honor of Father Hewitt's personal acquaintance, but the various pictures of him that I have studied all agree in marking him as one of the ablest and best of that group of New England converts to the Catholic Church who founded the Paulist brotherhood.

Having made the study of physiognomy a specialty for nearly forty years, and having applied it to all races and grades of men of any consequence in this world, it is easy for me to locate Father Hewitt in the intellectual hierarchy of New England during the last one hundred years, and, were this the time and place, it would give me pleasure to so locate this gifted and beautiful soul. But this is not an article in criticism; it is simply the outflowing of my own better feelings toward an exceptional group of men, all of whom, with the exception of the last-named, have been unusually kind in their appreciation of the work I am at least trying to do in this world; and the critical mood of the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* is quite other than this, though at heart no less kind and human.

It will have been seen in passing that these gentlemen—now unseen spirits in the land of dreams—were all superior men, that they belonged to different creeds and professions, that they were all men of remarkable integrity and nobility of soul; and I might be pardoned if I here yielded to more elaborate and intense expression of my own appreciation of their invaluable friendship, now gone forever, except as the dead in their diviner prayers may help us still.

But I must not yield to this. I am most grateful to heaven for the gift of such friends and still quite as grateful for the fact that, though these have been taken, many hundreds of the appreciative readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW* are of the same type and quality, and that the kind words of the living that daily reach me are as dear to me as the memories of these honored dead.

Spite of all the sorrows, all the losses, all the bitternesses and wrongs that have clouded my life I still doubt the truth of the poet's words, that,

" Though much is given us here in life,
Still more is taken quite away."

In fact, when I consider the inner winnings of the soul in compensation for the losses and crosses of our mortal life, and the constancy of the divine economy that ever seems ready to crowd with

living sunrises of glory, love, and peace the dark and vacant spaces that the false and the dead have left us, I am inclined to affirm the opposite of the poet's assertion:

“ But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears? ”

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MATER DEI!

The air so gently kissed by fragrance holy,
The soul so stilled in bliss with fullness won,
Mater Dei!

For joy the field hath borne the flower lowly,
Now angels hymn—the coming of The Son!

O chosen One! O fairest of all daughters!
So purposed ere earth's ages had begun!
Mater Dei!

O fount of gardens! well of living waters!
Give forth thy life—the coming of The Son!

Sweet Light in gloom! of dangers all apprising—
Now hast thou Death's proud victory undone—
Mater Dei!

O Dawn immaculate! in splendor rising—
Come strew with love—the pathway of The Son.

Bring fragrant ointments—aromatic spices,
Bring lily blooms—ere nears The Holy One—
Mater Dei!

And deck my raptured soul, as He advances,
Then—glad will be the coming of The Son.

New York.

E. C. MELVIN.

PURE TONE.

One bright April day a young friend came to me with a profound question, unconsciously put, yet deserving profound answer.

"In one of your essays," he said, "I find this: 'We love Nature because her voice is harmonious. We are weary of jangle and go to her in search of pure tone.' Now, I have been wondering what this means. Please tell me more! What is pure tone and how shall we seek it? Where does the search begin? And has it an end?"

I was glad to promise written reply; for, though every writer knows how often hints of precious truth come to him in flashes and glide off his pen, it is no less true that these ideas are capable of elucidation, and it is due to the reader not to push him off into any pale limbo of gleams or doubtfulness.

Surely the thought in question is not misty, save as we make it so. The skillful piano-maker knows perfectly what he means by purity of tone, in case of a fine instrument. Its every sound must be free from jar or defect—this first!—next, it must have positive qualities. Flatness or mediocrity will not answer; it must be clear, sweet, and satisfactory to the musical ear, within the range of sound it produces. It may not possess exceptional qualities of depth, richness, or glorious resonance; but the unmistakable, unalloyed accuracy of crystal vibration, as of glass bells, must be had, or there is no purity of tone.

The value, to the musician, of a rare violin, an Amati or Cremona, lies in this same quality. Some mysterious combination of shaped wood, strings, and surface varnish, ripened by age through equally mysterious natural processes, issues in such precious manifestation of it, that the artist listens in breathless admiration. Nay, he will search the world over to find this ancient miracle of wood and strings!

In the bell-foundry equally, the one objective point is purity of tone. The proportions of bell-metal are graduated with extreme care, its quality scrutinized, and, if the best results be aimed at, some admixture of gold and silver is made.

With the human voice, that most excellent of all instruments, pure tone is eagerly sought, yet rarely compassed. Some defect

or weakness, some nasal or throaty blur, impairs clearness, in a majority of cases. But for this, our great music-schools would produce prima-donnas.

"I rarely go to hear vocal music," remarked a sensitive music-lover, a friend of mine, on one occasion. "It is so apt to disappoint one! From an instrument you may get an accurate and reasonably pure tone; but the singer is an indeterminate quantity!"

Of all but the great "stars" I fancy this is essentially true.

Impressarios search and search; yet the voice of perfectly pure tone, through all its compass, remains a rarity. The discovery of it usually rewards much patient effort; sometimes, becomes the crown of a teacher's life-work.

The conscientious artist craves a similar pureness of line and color. Purity is the manifestation of that Divine energy, wherein and whereby all things "live and move and have their being." A dead pureness is impossible. The Greek lines, the most exquisite on earth, before whose beauty we stand tranced and breathless, are living lines. Examine such a line—note the thoughtful progress of its curves and its beautiful self-restraint—and you will see how the whole is vitalized! No dead straightnesses, as of Egyptian tombs, no passionate moon-curves of licentiousness, but the choice, deliberate and tranquil, of precisely what is best; the result being so brimful of Divine beauty that an added rose-leaf would overflow its cup. In sculpture and architecture, in fresco, fire-etching, and the work of the draftsman pure lines are essentially living lines and revelations of Divine energy.

This is true, in principle, of mere substance. The crystal, for example, owes what we call its purity to its highly organized complexity; the gem depends upon it for direct fire and flash, its own vivid life. Grind both to powder, and you have the same substances still; but their vital purity is gone. In short, there is a profound why and wherefore behind all this.

A similar truth holds as to purity of color, or what the painter calls "pure tone." Says Ruskin: "The quality of color, which we term purity, is dependent on the full energizing of the rays that compose it."

"Seven the lamps, where spirits walk in white."

And the singer, declaring this, has poetized a truth. The light of heaven is divisible, like the gifts of the Holy Spirit. As more

or less of this or that Divine ray is absorbed, we have the varied spectrum. The individual glory of the great master hangs on his choice of color; yet the masters, one and all, insist upon its purity. Claude Lorraine dwelt on the golden quality of sunshine; Titian, on the deep blue tones of sky, rendering these to perfection. But none had dared to paint, or seem even to have seen its scarlet and purple. Then came Turner, whose peculiar innovation was the perfecting of the color chord by means of scarlet. Giorgione mastered the flame tints, rendering them with translucent purity, as if a lamp were burning behind the surface. Veronese paints his wondrous grays, glorified by a precious touch, perhaps, of pale rose, the very perfection of color, and Rembrandt the darkness of red and glowing browns, with flashes of white light. Each one speaks through his brush, as the spirit gives him utterance.

Of the violet rays, at the opposite end of the spectrum, the great painters take delicate advantage. "The finer the eye for color," says Ruskin, again, "the less it will require to gratify it intensely. But that little must be supremely good and pure, as the finest notes of a great singer which are so near to silence. And a great colorist will make even the absence of color lovely, as the fading of the perfect voice makes silence sacred."

The great religious painters are pre-eminent for purity of color. They use fewer mixed hues. To express the holiness of saint or angel they diminish shadow, that the medium of glorified ether, wherein these are thought to dwell, may be fully indicated. Moreover, they aim at peculiar purity of line. A certain stateliness, almost rigid, in their view, marks the dwellers of heaven—something apart from the soft, living lines of earthly significance.

Herein, also, is the stronger, loftier side of the late Burne-Jones creations. His angels—thank Heaven!—are not the mere winged people with pretty faces—of cheap prettiness at that—which deck our Christmas publications. The severe lines of his handiwork, the touch of austerity, tell another story. He gives a nineteenth-century conception of the angelic, our own modern notion of purity. It diverges curiously from the older types! Verily, our tone of mind and our ideals are parted from the Fra Angelico thought by the great divergence of centuries. That would be a nice bit of analysis, which should show this variance accurately, tracing it to its inner sources! For every age has its own absorption of the Divine, chooses its own rays from out the great spectrum, inex-

haustible forevermore. There is "a rainbow round about the Throne."

Yet the Angelico ideal remains, in its own way, unapproachable. Its transparency of clear color, its Divine pallor of rose and sky-blue, its gold and silver of unearthly glitter are, one and all, touches of heaven. Much of this ideal still abides in the Catholic Church, despite the lapse of years, and is part of her perennial charm.

Yet the world has changed in its relations to the Unchanging. In many respects it has turned round; and the fashionable "wheel" only typifies this! It faces west, now, not east. It has ideals of progress, and has caught some violet rays, invisible of old. The trained eye of the modern artist is said to see violet everywhere in Nature, which explains the work of most Impressionists. Curiously, too, these violet rays, marking the extreme of the solar spectrum and making our Modern Painters "extremists" in their modes of Art expression, are the chemical rays. Thus science touches our ideals of color and purity, in a way never known before.

Perhaps what I said, originally, explains somewhat this change which has passed upon our ideas. "We love Nature," I said, "because her voice is harmonious. We go to her in search of pure tone." Now the mediæval painter did not go to Nature, in this earnest way. He would paint an illumined sky, now and then, and knew its value as a background for figures; but beyond this he would not go. He felt that it expressed the Infinite and sought no more. Still less did he know of Science, as a mighty revealer of God's thought.

We seem to be reaching the Divine by a new path. "The Lord, even Jesus, who appeared to thee on the way as thou camest," were the opening words Ananias said to Saul, after the latter had seen the wondrous light, and the way Saul took was HIS OWN way; so we, on another line of journeying, may also meet the Divine, able through these very twin rays of Science and Nature to dazzle us, nay, fling us down with our faces to the earth!

Searching for pure tone, we find that Nature gives us much of it. A part of the question before us is how to seek that we may surely find. As in all quest of spiritual things, humility is requisite, and patience. "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." It takes patience to stand at the door and knock—and a degree of lowliness. It is for lack of this preparation that our artists "sketch from Nature" and merely caricature her sweetness. Not only do

they miss pure color, and pure tone, but in their self-sufficiency invent atrocious combinations. Variety shows whereat we stand aghast. Our search must begin with humility—and this remains true whether we aim at musical or Art attainments, or at the higher glory of sanctity.

The calm of Nature falls on our hearts. The storm and stress of business, the jar of contention, the bustle of society are banished for a time, and in the hush we begin to feel a mighty Presence. The Divine comes forth to meet us. From the pure, pale blue of the overhanging sky it looks down; how steady its gaze, how soft and tender! From the ocean's expanse it appeals to a thousand summer flutterers along its shore; it glows in illumination of sunset or haunts the snow-fields of the world, a-glitter with that sharp whiteness which is God's own message to the soul—and who shall say we have not found purity, even here on earth? It is pure tone; ours, and infinitely precious. And yet its underlying tint of rose or violet may be a new thing, a revelation to our own age, unknown to Dante or Angelico.

In short, the nineteenth century has its spiritual rights.

“Why believe in the saints mediæval
And not in the saints of to-day?”

Our vision of angels may be that of Edwin Burne-Jones, yet a pure vision. Our thought of God may come through the medium of Nature, yet with fullest beauty of holiness. What is science but the knowledge of Him, in His laws and eternal Kingship of the universe? What august purity in this, His latest revelation, made even to us—this poor, perverse generation! Perhaps the Lord, in His mercy, thinks better of us than we dare think of ourselves.

It is as true of the modern poet, and even, to some extent, of the modern novelist, that this recourse to Nature has become a sharp tendency. To get at purity of expression, point, brevity, and clearness is the aim of the essayist; to add thereto that inherent music of words and syllables which Sidney Lanier so wonderfully analyzed, is that of the poet; while the novelist strives after pure types, in depicting character, whether national, local, or purely individual. They know, each for himself, and feel, that purity is brilliancy. A single beautiful creation, one superb character, like some of the Tennysonian types, or some pure touch of Nature strongly insisted upon, gives the best effect. Our writers really touch greatness when

they grasp this. The simplicities of Nature give pure tone. Reverse, complicated, muddled thought, intricacies of plot, and a multitude of wooden characters make a book a will-o'-the-wisp quagmire or a puppet show without the quaint attractions of Punch and Judy.

It is to the credit of our *littérateurs* that they seem to see this. Without entering upon disputed points of greatness or reputation, it is not uncommon in these days to come upon some book of the unpretending sort or a slender collection of verse by a new writer perhaps, or one little known to fame, which, nevertheless, shows a soul in tone with Nature and catching her peculiar freshness as of leafage glittering with rain, repeating her simpler types with a purity and sweetness past gainsaying. The poems of Ina Coolbrith and Lisette Woodworth Reese are examples in point, and the less-known but very beautiful work of Anna Boynton Averill.

I am not sure that our artists might not take a lesson from their cousins, the poets, greatly to their own profit, in this matter of pure color. Loss of purity is loss of light; hence, loss of glitter, sparkle, and radiance; hence, loss of beautiful effect. This is true of higher art than that which goes to the making of stained glass. Tiffany's methods and creations are suggestive in other lines; and the impressionist who arrives at this notion of purity, grasping the profound principle and divinity of it, is making giant strides to fame.

In a word, behind all artistic, musical, and literary composition, as behind the success of the stage performer, stands a kind of intellectual lucidity, a clearness of ideal conception, known to us as purity of thought. The same quality, in the moral world, we style "singleness of heart." It is more of a power than we think. It grasps diverse elements and brings them into unity, molds masses, groups, and individuals into a complex whole, controls in calm dominion the countless parts of a great sonata or a Michael Angelo fresco. Hence, wherever this clearness of mentality abounds, supreme greatness, moral, intellectual, or actual, is not far off.

This element, moreover, naturally wins homage from every soul that recognizes its presence; it sways the great public, delights choicer minds and forces admiration even from its foes. Nor is the reason far to seek. There is a native longing in the human heart for a purity greater than its own.

King David's cry after the heat and dust of battle was far from any thought of kingship. "Oh, that one would give me drink of

the water of the well of Bethlehem!" It is the prayer of spiritual rather than actual need; the innocence, the purity, of his boyhood, of his early shepherd life, sprang up before him in unutterable vision as he thought of those crystal waters. Is it not a similar impulse that takes our great merchant from Chicago or St. Louis, the scenes of his commercial victories, back again to the East, to the farm-house home of his early days? We wonder, perhaps, to see him buy pond-lilies or Plymouth Mayflowers from the boy who sells them on the train. Is there no vague wish to come in touch with what he feels to be "pure tone" in this simple act? Is it not a "feeling after God to find Him, though He be not far from every one of us"?

This idea of again falling in touch with a lost purity may be the beginning of penitence and a return to peace; the Divine energy being a moral force, and of limitless power. As the soprano dominates, so purity dominates. And that form of Christianity which gets the most of it and gives the most of it, will get, also, the ascendancy; whether it be that of the Puritan with his iceberg force of moral principle, or Catholicism with its warm *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin.

For it calls the soul from imperfection to an ideal of sanctity—conversely, through the mighty energizing of the Holy Spirit enabling the soul to answer this call. It is the summons of the ice-peak and the snowfall, of the daisy that whitens the meadows and the babe in its cradle. It bids the painter rehearse his vision of angels, the musician catch their purest tones; it cries out to the sculptor from the perfectness of ancient marbles, white as sanctity itself; it speaks to a willing world from the manger at Bethlehem, from the gracious Madonna and the Child Jesus.

Such is the only "pure tone" of this present world. Our search for it is ended when we have it within ourselves. Then our souls fall in unison with it; we perceive the beauty of holiness, and the attuning process for us is done.

Thenceforward, its finer melody is ours; the jar of outer things cannot perceptibly affect it; it increases and deepens and grows upon us, its own exceeding great reward.

Gardiner, M^e.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FROM LOWEST DEPTHS.

Temptations, like gaunt wolves, tear at my breast;
 They howl and snarl and will not let me rest;
 I turn and flee, but still they follow me—
 Oh, God, have mercy—pity me!

I struggle hard, but fast as with a chain
 The white wolves hold me captive, and again
 They draw me back to cruel slavery—
 Oh, God, have mercy—pity me!

Through the long watches of the gloom of night
 I toss and moan, but still they haunt my sight;
 They torture—mock my pain and misery—
 Oh, God, have mercy—pity me!

For one brief hour, perchance, they fall behind;
 And I, exulting, and with peace of mind,
 Breathe free, when lo! the pack comes hurriedly—
 Oh, God, have mercy—pity me!

In vain—in vain! they will not leave their prey;
 They follow step by step, through night and day,
 Watching, if I of Hope forsaken be—
 Oh, God, have mercy—pity me!

Panting, with foam-flecked mouths and burning breath,
 They follow close, like vultures scenting death;
 Out from the lowest depths I cry to Thee,
 Oh, God, have mercy—pity me!

Boston.

HENRY COYLE.

ABOUT THE HIERARCHY.

Since the issue of the last *GLOBE* information has come to me from various sources to the effect that His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, has been held responsible and blamed for various

severe criticisms of mine upon certain so-called Liberal Catholic representatives of the American hierarchy.

I had felt and feared this, now and again, during the past two years, but as no actual complaints bearing upon this subject had reached me I felt that it would be gratuitous, if not presuming upon the importance of my own words, to volunteer any explanation. Now, however, an explanation seems proper, if not obligatory.

I am therefore moved to say of my own volition that His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, has never been responsible for any utterance of mine in this *REVIEW*, on any subject whatsoever; that he has never seen or known of any utterances in this magazine until said utterances have reached him in the regular issues of the *GLOBE*, when these have been sent to him as to any other regular subscriber; and I am moved to add that any man who, after this simple and voluntary statement of the truth, still winks his eye or nods his head or protrudes his lips or intimates in any way or anywhere that His Grace of New York had something to do with Thorne's criticism of Ireland or of Keane, or of any one, simply proves the absolute untruthfulness of his own nature and shows thereby that he is incapable of either believing or teaching the truth on any subject whatsoever.

I do not wonder that certain so-called Liberal American Catholic prelates, whom I have recently isolated as among the suspects of nineteen centuries of Catholic orthodoxy, should have suspected and blamed His Grace of New York for certain criticisms of mine.

In the first place, in their august and insufferable conceit it would never occur to them that a Catholic layman, so-called, could have an exalted thought of criticism worth uttering, especially if it bore severely on their own untutored posings and speech-makings; or that he would dare to utter an original thought of criticism regarding them, even if he should by any marvelous and miraculous interposition of Providence or the devil be favored with an original and independent thought at all.

In the next place, these same self-claimed great and liberal American Catholic pet representatives of Leo XIII. have done so many injustices toward His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, that it is the most natural thing in the world for them to suspect him of retaliating in their own despicable and underhanded ways. It is always the wretch who perpetrates a wrong upon another that suspects his victim of similar evil.

I do not pretend to champion the cause of any archbishop in particular, and when any one of them steps out of the sphere of his own exalted vocation into literature, sociology, temperance, politics, or what not, I hold myself free to criticise him in these outside spheres as freely as I criticise any other man. Moreover, I am clearly informed by those who heard him that His Grace of St. Paul, in a public speech delivered at the meeting of the Plenary Council of Baltimore a few years ago, invited and welcomed free criticism from the secular press of the country. He may not have been aware that "a chiel was present taking notes, and, faith, would print them." In his august self-conceit he may not have dreamed that there was any living human being in America great enough to expose the utter fallacy and absurdity of ninety per cent. of his own public utterances; hence, he may not have been expecting certain *GLOBE* criticisms that during the last two years have made him madder than a March hare. But you never can tell who is around when you make a public speech, and it is therefore always prudent to keep oneself within the bounds of truth and modesty.

But whatever may have been the subtle and underhanded offenses of said so-called Liberal American Catholic prelates toward His Grace of New York or toward other prelates and persons more gifted, pious, and orthodox than themselves, it is my opinion, based on the information of many correspondents, that His Grace of New York never has retaliated in that kind or in any kind or manner unworthy the dignity and manhood and Catholic Christianity of a great and devoted representative of the eternal Hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

In simple justice to myself I ought to say here that if there is any prelate, priest, or man in the United States or elsewhere so lost to all the refinements of human honor as to suppose for one moment that I would lend or sell myself or the pages of this *REVIEW* for the purpose of giving expression to any man's revenge, or for any other unworthy purpose, such miscreant is beneath my notice or contempt. In a word, I hold myself and the Archbishop of New York above any such low-bred proceeding.

In evidence of this, and in still further refutation of the suspicions heaped upon him by his enemies, I am moved to add here that during the present year His Grace of New York has invited me to a personal interview for the very purpose of suggesting that it would be gratifying to himself and more in accord with the ideal

position of the faithful if I would spare the hierarchy in my criticisms, or at all events to be a little less severe in these criticisms.

Of course I called his attention to the fact that the *GLOBE REVIEW* is my own property, that it is a literary and in some sense a business enterprise, and that its editor has the same rights that the editor of any other newspaper or literary periodical has; also, that as a matter of fact I had never originated any of these criticisms on any member of the hierarchy, but had simply put the sensible and senseless comments of other Catholic or Protestant editors in new light and in new language; and that while I should give the most earnest and respectful attention to and consideration of his suggestion, I should very respectfully maintain my own rights as above.

Nevertheless, in view of the fraternal, gentle, and kindly spirit in which this suggestion was made to me by His Grace of New York, plus the fact that the very men he would shield by his suggestion are the men who have not always been just or kind to himself—thus giving an air of pure Christian charity to his suggestion—and in view of the fact that His Grace of New York never for a moment assumed an attitude or used the language of his own ecclesiastical authority in this interview, but rested the force of his suggestion on the fact that the Holy Father himself had made such suggestion or request general, applying it to all the faithful everywhere; and still further, in view of the fact that several faithful subscribers to and friends of the *GLOBE REVIEW* have almost entreated me not to carry out my purpose of reviewing a certain pamphlet named in the last *GLOBE* as reflecting severely upon His Grace of St. Paul, I have resolved, for the present at least, not to review that pamphlet.

I do not abandon my purpose of writing such review, and there is no man on earth that has a right to forbid me. I have started three times to do it, already; but it seems to me better—more just to myself, to the *GLOBE*, and to Archbishop Ireland—that, before writing such a thorough and searching review as I had planned, I should sift more carefully the truth or falsehood of the pamphlet named—and this I have resolved to do.

This resolve, however, does not and will not prevent me from making such comments upon any of the extra, outside, political, or other speeches and conduct of any prelate as I may be moved to make at any time. And while upon this subject I am moved

to offer certain criticisms upon two recent utterances and phases of this question.

For more than two years I have been sick and weary of the foolish stuff published now and again in various Catholic papers, to the effect that Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane were the especial and honored pets and representatives in this country of His Holiness, Leo XIII.; and I have been quite as sick of the fulsome and foolish flattery heaped upon these two very mediocre men.

I have no inside information from the court of Rome. In fact, I never have sought inside or detective information from any human being. It has, however, been proven over and over again by authoritative statements that there is no truth whatever in the baby reports that Ireland and Keane are especial pets of the Pope, or, especially, his trusted advisers regarding American affairs, or that they especially represent his own ideas regarding America. In a word, the report that these two men in any special way represent the Pope in this country is a senseless and baseless lie.

I shall not pursue this topic as far as it has reference to any proofs to be derived from official statement. The two parties named are not worth such an official statement, one way or the other, and it would be beneath the dignity of Rome or of the Pope's one and only special representative in this country to make any such statement. The parties named are not worthy of such honor.

I am writing mainly for Americans and to a great extent for American Catholics, though at least a good one-third of my readers here and abroad are Protestants. And what I want to call the attention of all my readers to is this: Have they ever considered for one moment the humiliating light in which this baby report concerning Ireland and Keane places the other and far abler and more important members of the American Catholic hierarchy? And if the report were true or had any semblance of truth in it, do they not see that the fact, if it existed, would be in itself enough to put all the American hierarchy except Ireland and Keane in practical rebellion against the Pope of Rome?

Is the Pope—any Pope—such a fool as to do anything of this kind? And as loyal Catholic Americans, ought we not to think ten times before daring to put the Pope and ninety-nine per cent. of the American hierarchy in such a ridiculous and humiliating position? Shall we, for the sake of pandering to the noisy pride and ambition of two comparatively insignificant prelates, put the

Pope and the vast majority of the American hierarchy in such a stupid and humiliating position? Are these two little bantam roosters masters of all the barn-yards of the world, and the Pope besides? A pox upon such silly humbuggery!

Again and in another light, if certain hireling, unthinking, and light-headed American Catholic editors are not discriminating enough to distinguish between the comparative heads and values of the members of the American Catholic hierarchy, ought they not still to have sufficient reverence and regard for the good judgment of the Pope to know or believe that he at least was not as stupid as themselves? In a word, does not the Pope know the comparative value of each member of the American hierarchy? Did he not appoint them? Has he no brains? no sources of information? no good advisers? Alas! But, thank God, he is better informed, even on American subjects, than Ireland and Keane and the whole bundle of their senseless and slave-like adorers. I am speaking to the common reason and common honor of every Catholic soul. It is not any one man, but the hierarchy as a whole, that we are bound to honor and revere.

Let me put the matter in still another light: What have Ireland and Keane ever said or done that should make them worthy of especial honor either in the eyes of the Pope or of the American people?

Their speeches on literature, politics, and faith are honeycombed with sophistry, blunders, and exaggeration. Ireland's management of his archdiocese, as far as I can learn up to this date, partakes very much of these same undesirable qualities. Keane's management of the Washington Catholic University seems to have been crowded with the same qualities; but they have both always known the one art of popular advertising.

Barnum knew it better than they, but I am not aware that the Pope or the Almighty ever loved or honored him on that account. Wanamaker knows it better than they, but even the American people, stupid, bungling, contemptible, and contradictory as they are in all their public declarations, have not up to date gone crazy enough to "boom" Wanamaker as one especially favored of the gods. Indeed, the best of them still seem inclined to think that he is rather favored of the devil.

Why not apply the same logic to Ireland and Keane?

For more than forty years I have been studying the heads, faces,

and works of the leading men of all nations, in order to determine their comparative places in the wider hierarchy of the eternal Wall-hallas of intellectual and moral fame, and for the last five or six years I have been applying something of the power and knowledge thus gained to a comparative study of the real value of certain members of the American hierarchy. Here are a few of my conclusions; the conclusions only. A scientific tracing of the detail of these studies would weary the general reader and might convince the editor of the *Northwest Review* and the *Antigonish Casket* that the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* was not a lunatic after all. But, as I do not wish to weary my subscribers and am not at all anxious to disabuse the gigantic intellects of the editors named, I will not go into detail. I do my own processes of thinking and I do not expect them to follow me. But for the conclusions:

According to every light and law of physiognomy and according to all the results of my own studies in this line; according to all the facts that I have been able to gather concerning the entire management of their respective dioceses during the past years; and according to all the laws of the comparative importance of positions held in this world, any one of the archbishops of the four leading sees in America—that is, either Archbishop Williams of Boston, Archbishop Corrigan of New York, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, or Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, is far and away, in every respect—mentally, morally, ecclesiastically, and officially—an abler and a better man than Archbishop Ireland. In fact, I am entirely satisfied that Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco is more than the peer of Ireland and that the late Archbishop Jannsens of New Orleans was, in every sense, vastly his superior.

By precisely the same line of studies I have reached the conclusion that either Bishop McGolrick of Duluth, or Bishop Spalding of Peoria, or Bishop Horstman of Cleveland, or Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, or Bishop Becker of Savannah, and I doubt not any one of several other American bishops less particularly known to me, is, in every way, the superior of Bishop Keane; and yet, who ever hears of any one of these great and leading archbishops or any one of these gifted and faithful bishops outside of the masterly and splendid management of their own archdioceses and dioceses?

And again, I say, is the Pope a fool? Does he not know all that I have hinted at and far more? And again, I ask, are all the members of the American hierarchy, except Ireland and Keane, numskulls and nobodies?

Let us treat them all fairly and honorably and make no such contemptible and invidious preferences as certain foolish Catholic editors have made.

Let me put the matter in still another light. Mutual friends of Ireland and the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*—and quite a few of my subscribers are devoted to him—have said to me now and again, “But he”—that is, His Grace of St. Paul—“has great influence with the American Government.”

Dear friends, the American Government is the great political prize for which two great parties, equally American, and equally stupid and selfish, are forever contending in this country.

Please remember also that Catholics, like Protestants, are variously divided between these two great parties—a vast majority of the Catholics, however, in all probability, favoring the Democratic party; but, as far as I know, Ireland is the first American archbishop who has determined to ignore all prudence, all common-sense, and all ecclesiastical self-respect to the extent of dropping to the low level of a common ward politician by writing and generally proclaiming himself a partisan politician. And as he took this step last year, and thereby still further ventilated his lack of all proper sense of the dignity of his high position, and at the same time ventilated alike his lack of knowledge and his inability of sound reasoning on the political questions under dispute in this nation, there is every reason to suppose that he had some desperate end to gain by dragging his purple in the gutter of partisan politics and flying in the face of a vast majority of the Catholics of America.

It is now generally understood that he had set his soul upon getting the attorney-generalship, and that for purposes which I am not now willing to name; in a word, that he sold himself and bartered his high vocation in order to get from an already purchased administration a bargain that may at last corrupt one of the chief fountains of supposed justice in this land, and hence lead to Ireland's own eternal disgrace.

This may be good personal diplomacy, but I call it the absolute negation of all high principle, of all dignity, of all Christianity, and an insult to the majesty of the hierarchy of America.

In conclusion let me press the comparison between Ireland and his brethren of the American hierarchy a little closer.

Does any sane man, Protestant or Catholic, imagine for a moment that, if by any fit of senseless forgetfulness of his high posi-

tion, any one of the four leading archbishops named could be induced to play the partisan politician in the same way that Ireland played it last year, he could not get more than Ireland has gotten out of any administration so favored?

But which one of them would barter the Almighty for an attorney-generalship? Which one of them could so far forget the majesty of his vocation as to smirch it in the dust in order to serve Major McKinley and the plutocrat scoundrels, who, by every form of misrepresentation and the base use of money, purchased and secured his position as President of the United States? Not one of them.

Thank God we cannot conceive that any one of them would dare to presume to think of doing such a thing, and I do not believe that any one of them could ever be induced seriously to consider the doing of such a thing.

Again, does any sane man, Protestant or Catholic, imagine for a moment that any one of the archbishops named, or any other prelate in the United States, is less loyal to or in sympathy with whatever is true and noble in American life and history than Ireland is?

On the contrary, they know that they can serve their country best by serving God and His Church first and never stooping to any partisan, foolish, or dishonorable act at all.

Finally, if the editor of the *Antigonish Casket* or the editor of any other small shred of a Catholic newspaper chooses in his momentary madness to call this "Thorneism," I tell him simply that it is the eternal truth of God, upon which all that is stable and noble and worthy in the political, moral, and religious civilization of the ages has been built and must be built to the end of time. And I appeal to the enlightened consciences of the Catholics of the world, lay and clerical, to uphold me in these discriminations, which are at once Catholic and divine.

The ground taken in this article is that, while in deference to the kind suggestion of the Archbishop of New York it is my purpose to refrain from criticising the American hierarchy in the future, as far as I can do this in accordance with my own sense of duty as a reviewer and critic of the public works and actions of public men, I distinctly and emphatically exclude the Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn., from this exemption, and for the following lucid reasons:

(a) Because His Grace of St. Paul insists upon disporting himself before the public in a manner, to my mind, utterly unbecoming the dignity and solemnity of his office, by making repeated speeches and writing letters for the public press—which letters and speeches I believe to be subversive of the principles of all true religion and civilization. (b) Because, as indicated in this article, he has publicly invited and welcomed such public criticism of the hierarchy in general and of himself in particular. In a word, I mean to give him what he has asked for and to give it to him straight and strong, until, of sheer good sense and religious reason, he makes it clear that he has amended his ways.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE OLD ROAD.

The old, disused, greenswarded road
 Which lay beyond the farm-house door,
 How with a magic light it glowed
 In days that are no more!

Its bordering walls, with briers o'ergrown,
 By rustic labor rudely piled,
 Were giant battlements of stone
 To me, a gamesome child.

Its plum-tree was a castle fair,
 Its brook a river, broad and free;
 And every bush a covert where
 Some savage foe might be.

And far away a palace-wall
 Upreared its splendors to the skies;
 A poplar, silver-leaved and tall,
 It seemed to other eyes.

Since those bright hours, in many a clime
 I've toiled and walked o'er many a strand,
 As, ceaseless, through the glass of Time,
 Has coursed the silent sand.

But were there stretched before my ken
 The earth's expanse of land and sea,
 'Twere not so large a world as then
 Was that old road to me.

Gardiner, Me.

HENRY S. WEBSTER.

AARON BURR IN MISSISSIPPI.

IN April of 1805, immediately after Burr's duel with Hamilton, a trip to some remote region seemed the most advisable course for the Vice-President. The French possessions on the Mexican Gulf, lately acquired by the Union, seemed a definite and interesting goal, the more because Burr's widely scattered adherents in this region and in the West asserted themselves with renewed stanchness at the injustice done the dueling code in the arraignment of Aaron Burr.

The support of these people was no doubt the primary suggestion of the intangible Mexican conquest. One thing is certain, Burr started on his first trip through the Southwest full of legitimate speculations, such as land investments, canal building round the Falls of Ohio, and political influence in the West equal to that which had passed from him in the East. His voyage, which was a quick one for those days, was one continued ovation. At Fort Massanac, near St. Louis, he called upon General Wilkison, here stationed at his headquarters. The general, as one of Burr's intimates, was hand in glove in all the latter's quickly evolved and just as rapidly executed plans. He was also the last to bid God-speed to the great organizer on his memorable Southern voyage.

Once in Natchez, Burr, who was famous from boyhood for his gallantry, brilliancy, and irresistible attractions, found his pictures and busts household gods, and his welcome of a kind that intoxicated. He was received everywhere as the Vice-President, by men who had fought his political battles with all the ardor of a personal cause, and by women who loved him for his soft eyes, his bravery, and courtly ways, as women will love such men to the end of the world. Burr received this homage naturally as a monarch, but while overwhelmed with the social attention he loved, his alert brain was absorbing all available information and shaping huge conquests for Theodosia, his daughter, and "little Gampy," his grandson. His journey was so rapid as to suggest the comprehensive impression of a bird's-eye view, the southern boundary of which was New Orleans.

At this place, with a letter of introduction from General Wilkison to Daniel Clark, who was commander of city troops and the

wealthiest citizen in New Orleans, Burr was in a position to open important negotiations. He lost no time in acquainting himself with the resources of the country and the city proper, over which theorists supposed he would enthrone himself as monarch, aided by the female loveliness and remarkable mind of his daughter Theodosia. Never failing to ingratiate himself with a power to whose influence he accorded full value—namely, women—he called upon and won the kindly feeling, interest, and prayers of the Ursuline nuns, keeping ever before him Mexico and the vast ramifying hold of the religious orders in all Catholic countries. In addition to this, he confided enough to Daniel Clark to enlist his enthusiasm, and, according to Matthew L. Davis, Burr's chosen biographer, induced Clark to pledge himself to advance fifty thousand dollars, besides making two voyages to Vera Cruz in the capacity of a spy.

Burr's vague enterprise was now breathing itself heavily into life, while its indefatigable agitator sped back to Natchez, unluckily in the midst of the Kemper Brothers trouble. At the moment this affair was little more than an incident showing the direction of the wind, but later it proved a very formidable cog in the wheel of the Vice-President's fortunes. From Natchez he pushed on through bogs and swamps, over swollen streams, and under a broiling August sun, back to Nashville, thence to Pittsburg for the necessary supplies to carry out his purposes. In the meantime Wilkison, who had been ordered to the Natchez post, began to dwell uneasily on the consequences of Burr's movements and his own connection therewith. The Spanish and the Kemper Brothers difficulty offered a pretext for denouncing Burr, and at this particular moment Swartout's delivery of his leader's letters shocked vacillating Wilkison into hostile action. Convinced that prompt measures were Burr's only checkmates, and to save himself, he deserted his confederate and branded him forever as a man forsworn to his country throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Was Wilkison true to the Union? Perhaps—even so—in a clumsy fashion, for that region, the possession of which cost the whole continent such wild alarm, was but saved to Mexico thirty years longer, when Houston, Taylor, Johnston, and Quitman won for the Union that same disputed boundary.

So much for General Wilkison and his action in this instance.

Early in January of 1807, one of the coldest winters ever known to the South, winds swept down the length of the Mississippi River

with all the strength of wintry blasts rushing through mountain ravines. One of those mornings, when river-damp sharpened the bitter cold of dawn, Aaron Burr, with five hundred men, terrified the already panic-stricken Mississippians by casting anchor on the Louisiana side, at the mouth of Cole's Creek.

According to his biographers, that first trip crystallized Burr's plans into one of two, as circumstances should permit; either the conquest of Mexico or the settlement of the Ouchitta lands. Now was to come the test. Oblivious of Wilkison's desertion, Burr must have sustained a paralyzing shock at finding his way suddenly blocked by almost insuperable obstacles, especially after a voyage which, outside its practical purpose, was one long dream of victory and self-glorification. The late Vice-President suddenly found himself hemmed in on all sides. Acting-Governor Mead had despatched troops up the country to intercept the approaching enemy, charge him with high treason, and demand his unconditional surrender. But it required more than this spasmodic enterprise to confuse a man of Burr's expedients. All these preparations and open alarms he met with the large-eyed candor and innocence of a child. He walked calmly into the judicial arms and gave a highly satisfactory account of himself, forswearing anything more than the lawful settlement of his Ouchitta lands, to which great quantities of agricultural implements gave distinct color. However, Burr himself was held in durance like a highwayman on a five-thousand dollar bond furnished by Colonel Benijah Osman and Lyman Harding. His vessels were brought to Natchez and his men discharged on parole.

Now came the question of trial.

George Poindexter, Attorney-General, was of the opinion that the Supreme Court established by the Legislature of the Territory was not empowered to try such cases as Burr's. Nevertheless the trial came off, the result of which Attorney Poindexter here announces to Cowles Mead, governor:

"Burr is acquitted of high treason, and held to bail for misdemeanor, to be tried in Ohio, also Blennerhassett."

Public excitement had been worked up to fever heat by the arrest, and, if possible, was increased by the verdict. The President, whose seat in the chair was due to Burr's untiring labor and diplomacy, was bitterly denounced for jealousy and ingratitude. Cowles Mead

likewise received his full share of condemnation. Many citizens of Natchez showed Burr marked favor and entertained profusely in his honor, while in the general public, partisanship ran so high that the governor issued warrants for the arrest of all disaffected persons about Natchez. The execution of these orders was so ill-conducted that a hundred gallant (?) men surrounded General Adair's hotel and bravely took that officer—who was at the dinner-table—as one of Burr's adherents. This state of things subsided for a while, and Burr, with his remarkable faculty for singling out pleasures even in the midst of gravest concerns, now occupied himself with love dalliance.

On Halfway Hill, between the residences of the Vice-President's two friends, Colonel Osman and Mr. Harding, a picturesque arbor of vines formed a connecting link. Midway of the path stood the home of Madame M——, a Virginia lady of high standing, a widow and a Catholic. This house was the meeting-place of Burr and the Abbé Viel, a learned Jesuit priest in the interest of the Mexican project. What the result of the consultation was, from a political point of view, is so far unknown, but other and undreamed of consequences ensued to the many years' heart-ache of a tender girl who crossed the conqueror's path. The daughter of Madame M—— was her only wealth, but so rare a possession was she that her Madonna-like loveliness exceeded incomparably any jewels or lands. Her marvelous fairness was famed throughout the valley of the Mississippi. All the proud young landholders of the country about sought her hand, but in her gentle truth and virtue she declined marriage where her heart was indifferently disposed. At this stage Burr made his appearance in Natchez, and during his visits at Madame M——'s house it is not even supposable that Madeline's great attractions could long escape the trained and amorous eyes of such a guest.

Each day the girl further fascinated him. Strolling back and forth through that leafy pathway, planning some means of egress from present difficulties and ultimate success through ensuing ones, Burr's faithful fancy wandered for once from the magnet of his life—from his daughter Theodosia. For this time only was her influence dulled by the now absorbing form of Madeline. Fast crowding hours but increased his infatuation, while his girl-love, with joyous soul, at last surrendered—gladly yielded—to the courtier, statesman, and lover, all the devoted passion and admira-

tion of the pure young heart, heretofore so sacredly guarded. Madeline had found her mate.

To the mother and her daughter Burr was incomparable. They worshiped as only the good and trusting can. His eyes were the searchlights as well as the loadstars of their souls. Woman-like, they gathered and loved the memories of his triumphs. Every period of his life, from boyhood to this time, had been one series of victories. Fresh in their recollection was the daring and reckless bravery of the unconquerable boy-colonel, the fast succeeding honors up to his present office of Vice-President, and for him, who was incapable of failure, there was but the last, the only exalted position left, that of the presidency or the throne.

Thus they believed in him.

How women idealize and idolize!

All during this romantic love-making the Vice-President never once lost sight of his own uncertain situation. His sworn friends, Colonel Osman, Harding, and others, consulted together on the last day of grace, and decided that Burr must forfeit his bond and depart that night rather than risk the prejudiced trial by higher court. Burr accordingly made hurried preparations for flight. He passed by the house on Halfway Hill, though time pressed fearfully. Constrained by the exigencies of the case, he prayed and implored the fair Madeline to accompany him. Marriage at the first station, every argument known to love and his facile tongue, were brought to bear on the mother and her daughter; wealth, travel, and even an empress honors were promised, but though the girl clung to him with all the strength of her enamored heart, she refused, absolutely and without condition. All night long Burr pleaded and urged, but the requirements of propriety and virtue were stronger in her breast than the urgings of passion. The first streak of day warned the lover to tear himself away without having won a single concession. Despairing of changing the girl's purpose, he exacted the faith of the heart-stricken Madeline, promised to return and wed her with all love, and galloped away in the fast-clearing gloom before sunrise.

With this night ended Burr's adventures in Mississippi. Whatever his faults, his besetting one—if fault some think it—was his too great love for that fairest thing in life—fair women. But as Burr loved women, the passion was a noble one; for no man could be wholly or even markedly bad whose life was as ever faithful to

a daughter as Aaron Burr's was to his Theodosia. Looking back at this late day, it is cruel to remember the world's hard cuts, the extreme bitterness of utter humiliation, suffered by such a man as this during his captivity in France. It is harder still to reconcile his absorbing devotion to Theodosia and "Gampy," and the almost sublime acceptance of his downfall, with the violent denunciations of his enemies. After years of princely living, when in France, sunk to the direst poverty and starvation, through all his misfortunes, he clung to, cherished, and saved a little watch and other trinkets for his child and grandchild. These things meant food and comfort to the captive for a time; but no, he suffered anything, hugged any sacrifice, rather than forego the sweetness of giving pleasure to those who had grown into his very heart. Here, too, it was that, alone, forsaken, hopeless of freedom, he wrote Madeline, releasing her from her troth.

Tell me this man's heart could be wholly wrong! Impossible. Had not his love-lingering in Natchez kept him so long he might have escaped Perkins, joined, and fired to action, the clamoring Floridians. He might have freed them from the "hated" Spanish rule and accomplished at least part of his original undertaking, or been slain in the attempt. How much better that last, than thirty years' utter humiliation, social ostracism, and maddening, soul-eating hopes which must have torn his unyielding spirit to the eightieth year of his age!

Canton, Miss.

LUCY SEMMES ORRICK.

FOREGLEAMS—SONNETS.

GOD'S TEMPLES.

I wandered where God's temples used to rise;
 Where songs seraphic rose upon the air,
 And found but broken arches, everywhere,
 And death-like stillness under leaden skies.
 Tears came unbidden to my wondering eyes;
 But while I wept the birds sang, and sweet, fair
 Flow'rs wreathed the archways man had left so bare,
 And new hopes filled me with their glad surprise.

His light, I said, in moving east to west,
 Leaves many a clouded and forsaken spot,
 Where, henceforth, only flowers and birds may nest—
 Where silence covers many a darkened blot;
 But farther hence His temples aye arise,
 And everywhere man offers sacrifice.

THE NATURAL-SUPERNATURAL.

They say that there is a natural life,
 And a supernatural life, that tends
 To mold the natural—that darkly blends
 Atoms, thoughts, worlds in their immortal strife;
 That war and bloodshed and the sharpest knife
 Of hate and storm and pestilence, all wend
 Their daily round of death but to defend
 And bind these two twin-stars as man and wife.

My fancy tells me that but one life dwells
 In all the universe—that the flowers,
 The stars, and demons, in the deepest hells
 Of everlasting darkness, all their powers
 Derive from this one life, which life is love—
 Wronged and outraged, but supreme while ages move.

OUR SLAVES OF FORM.

They tell me that my Shakespeare could not make
 Sonnets—that only Petrarch knew the way;
 And now, such petty slaves of form have sway;
 But when at length the silver morn shall break,
 And all the song-birds of the day shall wake
 To music on their starward, kingly way,
 And night to night shall whisper song and say
 That love and light their own sweet rhymes may make,

I fancy that the Bard of Avon may
 Aye still lead the heavenly choir sublime,
 And that our youngsters, lame and far astray,
 As cripples 'long the corridors of time,
 May ask for crutches of our William then,
 And beg some inspiration from his pen.

LOVE AND DUTY.

There are but two words in our mother tongue
Which, as seems to me, never will grow old;
Strange mixtures of the vowels and those bold
And bristling consonants—so harshly flung
Into our English speech—as it were strung
On wires and daggers that the gods of gold
And war and bitter wrongs—a millionfold—
Might murder all the songs that have been sung.

Two words, that from eternity have fled,
And to the last eternity shall fly,
When war and wrong and hate to death have sped—
Words—which as God—can never, never die—
We call them *love* and *duty* here below,
But in the skies—the heart's own overflow.

THE FOUNTAINS OLD.

When the meadows and hills stretch green in spring
And myriads of trees don their brown and gold,
And the blessed flowers, so brave and bold,
And the little birds in their wooings sing,
And mate unto mate, filled with love, doth cling,
And countless beauties all the world enfold,
Under arching skies with their tales untold—
All voices and sounds with Thy praises ring.

But when in deep darkness the world is cold,
And life is shrouded in graves that are bare,
And voices of God that, a millionfold,
Held our hearts to life in the springlike air,
Are silent, and Calvary meets us there—
God! hast Thou forsaken the fountains old?

THE HILLS OF MORN.

God's thunders rolling through the arching skies;
His rose-tints, touching all the hills of morn;
His sunlight, illumining our lips of scorn;
His lightnings flashing in our thankless eyes;

His sunsets crowned, as when a monarch dies;
 The wide world swept to death by driving storm;
 The anguish of the race since time was born—
 Are these not yet effective, full replies

Unto thy atheism, oh! weak man?—

Then read the mystery of that God-like soul
 Whose depths of love no mortal yet can scan,
 And learn of Him, that only love's control
 Of all the universe—seen and unseen—
 Hath kept from hell, thee, and thy petty spleen.

PLATO—LIMITED.

Men told me that in Plato there was light,
 And hence I searched, if, perchance, I might find
 The treasure souls have sought time out of mind;
 And found—the same old oft-told dreams of night—
 A web-like maze of ideas, in which might
 Dwell peace and light, if men would cease to grind
 Their fellow-men, would cease to bleed and bind
 Their own souls, and, in some way, learn the right.

Here our Plato stops, never having learned,
 It seems, that the power to pursue the true;
 The will to choose and live it, were quite burned,
 When death's first conflagration overblew
 The world, that not ideas, but love, so spurned:
 Love unto death must save the chosen few.

CRADLE DREAMS.

As when a novice faintly would express
 The thoughts of God are simple to the soul
 That, by its watchings, vigils, and distress,
 Has traversed all the depths from pole to pole—
 The stiffened verbiage from any press—
 Refined, æsthetic, or the pious dole
 That formal poets, fearful of excess,
 Would sing—seems but cradle dreams—not the whole
 Of human song; and to these I confess
 That their four-squared melodies do not roll

As rolls the sunlight through the wilderness;
Nor as love's living music—sans control.
In truth, that they are simply slaves forlorn,
Scarce worthy of the Master's kindly scorn.

NEVER A NOTE OF MUSIC.

They tell me there is music in the sea,
And I've listened, where countless miles of sand
Have caught the crested, rolling waves in hand
And heart and ears of fond expectancy—
Where love, seraphic, longed in ecstasy
For music—where gaunt rocks, bold, rugged, grand,
Have stood for centuries, as they were planned
Of God to play the old sea's symphony.

I've heard the great waves sighing night and day;
In mid-ocean, on sand and rock-bound shore,
I've heard the highest, whitest crests at play
In dull monotony forevermore—
Never a note of music, but refrain
Of death and moaning, as of deathless pain.

CONCRETE SUNSHINE.

A ray of concrete sunshine flies afar,
And all along the rosy tints of morn
The face of God, that shone e'er time was born,
Outsplendors every faint and fading star,
Until the universe, being light, each bar
Of haggard darkness and each biting scorn
And hate and lust, and piercing, rankling thorn
Of anguish dies in love's victorious war.

So shines the glowing face of love, so rings
Its deep melodious music through the skies;
So rolls its radiance o'er life's shoreless sea,
Till all the limitless creation sings,
And every hate in hate's own Master dies,
While love and song reign to eternity.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

In no part of the kingdom has the "Tudor settlement of religion" proved a more utter and disastrous failure than in Ireland; while it must be conceded, that in England, during the last fifty years, the semi-Catholic leaven, cryptic since the so-called Reformation, in some of the great centers of learning and in the hearts of numbers of the people,* has manifested itself in the modern Oxford revival, with the results of both powerfully strengthening the Catholic body, by the passing over to it of the most clear-headed of the Tractarian leaders, sufficiently courageous to follow their opinions to their only logical conclusions; and of drawing the affection and respect of many of the most learned and devout of the nation to Anglicanism; in measure, as it has been palpably lifted up toward the ancient faith, and has advanced, on the whole, toward Catholic doctrine and practice.

On the other hand, during the same period, the Elizabethan establishment in the sister kingdom has gone to its grave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," having borne but the Dead Sea fruit of Puritan bitterness, and leaving behind it but the painful memories of a narrow and blighting sectarian ascendancy, the temporary triumph of material power over deep spiritual realities; its brief course and ephemeral nature betraying its earthly origin, not of God but of man.

The disturbed state of Ireland, during the period of the so-called Reformation, was as much due in reality to the English rulers as to the unstable nature of the people. "To Ireland," says Mr. Froude, "belongs, among its other misfortunes, the credit of having first given birth to absentees, the descendants of the first invaders preferring to regard their inheritance, not as a theater of duty on which to reside, but as a possession which they might farm for their individual advantage. They managed their properties by agents, as sources of revenue, leasing them even among the Irish themselves; and the tenantry, deprived of the supporting presence

* Cardinal Manning says "that it is a saying in the North, that as the Catholic religion was the first, so it will be the last in England."

of their lords and governed only by a mercenary spirit, transferred back their allegiance."

Henry VIII., who, whatever his faults, was a statesman, saw the terrible danger of this evil, and in 1536 passed an act, which, after declaring "that it is notorious that this the king's land of Ireland, heretofore being inhabited and in due obedience and subjection unto the king's most noble progenitors, hath principally grown unto ruin, dissolution, rebellion, and decay, by occasion that great dominions, lands, and possessions within the same, as well by the king's grants as by course of inheritance and otherwise, have descended to noblemen of the realm of England, who having the same, demouring within the said realm of England, taking the profits of their said lands and possessions for a season, without provision making for any defense or keeping thereof in good order," it was enacted, that for the future the estates of all absentee proprietors were forfeited and their right and title gone. On the other hand, the descendants of some of the great Norman adventurers—the Geraldines, the Butlers, the De Burghs, the De Veres, now known as McSweenies—had carved out for themselves semi-independent principalities, in which they maintained great feudal state, and unhampered, as in England, by the Crown and the growing power of the Commons, passed their time in war and plunder,* assuming the rôle of wild and independent sovereigns, by intrigues and alliances with the native chiefs, they kept alive, for their own advantage, every hatred and local strife. In England, before the so-called Reformation, the last consideration of a noble-minded man was his personal gain. Ireland was made a theater for a universal scramble of selfishness.

No wonder the people, bred in an atmosphere of chronic war and hostility, developed qualities incompatible with peaceful progress—impatience of control, preference for disorder, a determination in each individual man to go his own way, whether it was a good way or a bad way, and a hatred of settled industry. Their raids were celebrated in the verses of their native bards and musicians in the exaggerated style with which poets of every nation, and the Irish in particular, have delighted to throw a false veil over the awful realities of war and paint its terrible scenes as the most honorable occupations of heroic natures; and it must be acknowledged that

* Froude.

this unsettled and precarious existence had a fatal fascination for the weaker side of the Irish nature, "in which faults and graces are so curiously mingled, in which extravagance and generosity, improvidence and unselfishness, anarchy and liberty, are so marvelously interwoven." * Whoever was responsible, it is clear that the state of Ireland, as regards the great mass of the people, was one of oppression, misery, and wrong. Henry VIII. clearly recognized the disgrace which the maladministration of Ireland reflected on his throne, and it must be confessed that his instructions to Surrey, appointed Deputy in 1520, "were wise, just, and generous." †

"We think it expedient," he wrote, "that when ye shall call the Lords and other captains of that our land before you, as of good congruence ye must needs do, after and amongst other overtures by your wisdom then to be made, shall declare unto them the great decay, ruin, and desolation of that commodious and fertile land for lack of politic government and good justice: which can never be brought in order unless the unbridled sensualities of insolent folk be brought under the rule of the laws. For realms without justice be but tyrannies and robberies more consonant to beastly appetites than to the laudable life of reasonable creatures. And whereas willfulness doth reign by strength without law or justice, there is no distinction of propriety in dominion, nor yet any man say, 'this is mine,' but by strength the weaker is subdued and oppressed, which is contrary to all laws both of God and man." Had such ideas as these been enforced with strength and impartiality in a firm but conciliatory spirit, in the course of a hundred years Ireland would have been as tranquil and prosperous as Kent. But unfortunately Henry was about to add fuel to the flames. Nothing can be clearer than that his fatal breach with Rome has powerfully contributed to delay and still increases the difficulty of any real settlement of the Irish question. No direr harvest of his sacrifice of conscience to passion has been reaped than the persistent and bitter spirit with which religious divisions have accentuated the estrangement of the sister kingdom—a strife purposeless and suicidal to both, in which, on the one hand, a true policy of union and a false religion; on the other, a true religion and a false policy of isolation, have been intertwined with diabolical ingenuity, like the deadly grasp of a cobra.

* Froude.

† Ibid.

The very eve of Henry's open profession of schism, Ireland had been convulsed by a furious revolt of the Geraldines, and the Archbishop of Dublin, an Englishman, John Allen, had been slain in cold blood. He had been one of Wolsey's instruments in procuring the dissolution of forty of the lesser monasteries. Of this man Godwin,* in his "*Annales*," says "that all who had a hand in that dissolution came to ill ends. Two of them fought a duel, one was killed, another hanged, a third threw himself headlong into a well, a fourth, though a rich man, came afterward to beg his bread, Wolsey was cast out of the King's favor and died miserably; and the Pope who gave his consent to the dissolution lived to see Rome taken and plundered by the Imperial army, himself and his cardinals made prisoners, and become the sport and mockery of the licentious multitude."

The first of the Anglican school, connected with the so-called Reformation that appeared in Ireland, was a certain George Brown, formerly an Austin Friar in London, and Provincial of that order in England. He had been Cranmer's private secretary and had gone with the king and Cromwell in the monastic confiscations and supremacy questions. The royal assent to his election was given on March 12, 1535.

The King's mandate for his consecration was issued on the following day, and the ceremony was performed on the 19th of the same month, in schism and without bulls by the Primate, assisted by Hilsey of Rochester and Shaxton of Salisbury.

On the 23d a writ was issued to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, restoring Brown his temporalities, and another writ to the Escheator of the County of Stafford, to restore him such revenues of his see as lay within his jurisdiction; the Archbishops of Dublin being Deans of the free Chapel of Pencris.

After loitering for more than a year in London, he arrived in his episcopal city on July 15, 1536. He found himself surrounded in Dublin by members of the Irish Council, nearly all of whom were hostile to him; some of his clergy headed the opposition to the innovations he had been instructed to introduce. Canon

* Francis Godwin, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, Sub-Dean of Exeter 1587, Bishop of Llandaff 1601, translated to Hereford 1617. Died 1633. Author of "*Catalogue of the Bishops of England*," "*Rerum Anglicanum Annales*," and a fanciful story, "*The Man in the Moon*; or, a Discourse of a Voyage Thither," by Domingo Gonsales.

Dixon says, "the bitterest opponents of Archbishop Brown were among his own Chapter and the Prelate who presided over the Diocese of Meath. Humfreys, a Prebendary of S. Patrick and Incumbent of Sowens in Dublin, with scorn refused to read a new order of Bidding prayer which Dr. Brown had put forth, and when a more pliant priest went into the pulpit, Humfreys set the choir to sing him down. Brown put Humfreys in prison for this action. Staples, the Bishop of Meath, was the most formidable antagonist that Brown had to battle against. . . . In a sermon at Christ Church, Dr. Staples inveighed against Archbishop Brown, in the presence of the Royal Commissioners and the Council; and again, in Kilmainham Church, where Brown himself was in the congregation, Staples called him a heretic and a beggar, "and raged against him with such a stomach that the three-mouthed Cerberus of hell could not have uttered it more vituperously." Brown retorted by accusing Staples of divers irregularities. On September 29, 1536, Brown wrote to Cromwell "that he had endeavored, almost to the hazard of his life, to reduce the nobility and gentry of Ireland to due obedience in owning the king their supreme head, as well spiritual as temporal, but that he was much oppressed therein, especially by Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, who had laid a curse on the people whoever should own the King's supremacy; and had thereby drawn to him the most of his suffragans and clergy within his jurisdiction. That the Archbishop and priests of Armagh had sent two messengers to Rome, and that it was feared O'Neill would be ordered by the Pope to oppose the changes. . . . He advised the calling of a Parliament to pass the supremacy by act, for that the people did not much mind the King's Commission." Like the majority of the apostate Catholic clergy mixed up with the so-called Reformation, Brown's character was shady in the extreme. His drunkenness and immorality were notorious; even Henry severely rebuked him, and his old friend and patron, Cranmer, gently remonstrated at first and subsequently told him "he was a wicked, bad Priest who would bring disgrace upon the Reformation." * The whole Irish nation rejected, with absolute unanimity, the schism of Henry, with all its scandalous surroundings.

"Since my coming over here," wrote Archbishop Brown, in January, 1538, "I have been unable, even in the Diocese of Dub-

* Burke's Historical Portraits.

lin, to induce any, either religious or secular, to preach the Word of God or the King's just title as Supreme Head over the Church. . . . They that then could, and would very often, even until the right Christians were weary of them, preach after the old sort and fashion, will now not once open their lips in any pulpit for the manifestation of the same, but in corners and in such company as them liketh, they can full earnestly utter their opinions. . . . The observants are worse than all the others, for I can make them neither swear nor preach among us. This comes from the extreme handling my Lord Deputy hath used toward me, what by often imprisonment and expelling me from my own house, keeping there no hospitality at all, and so contemptuously vilify me, that I take God to record, I had, but that hope comforteth me, rather forsake all those to abide so many ignominious reproaches." *

In another report Brown characterizes the English of the Pale "as Papists as obstinate as the wild Irish themselves." †

On the 30th of March of the same year (1538), in another letter to Cromwell, Brown reports, "that several of the clergy within his own jurisdiction had forsaken their livings rather than comply with the changes, and that he kept them vacant until the King's pleasure was known." He acquaints him, that the relics and images of both his cathedrals took off the common people from the true worship, but that the Prior and Dean found them so sweet for their own profit, that they took no notice of his commands. He desired a more explicit order for their removal, and that the chief Governors may be obliged to assist him in it. He informs him that the Prior and Dean had written to Rome to be encouraged, and showed the danger of delaying the work until such mandate arrived. He complains that the Duke of Norfolk had combined with the Archbishop of Armagh and the clergy to obstruct the King in making any alterations in Ireland. No more unfortunate selection could have been made than this protégé of Cranmer's, to inaugurate the Protestant religion in Ireland. His disreputable conduct deprived him of all moral influence. Both the English settlers and the native Irish were opposed to Henry's breach with Rome and could hardly be expected to accept as a desirable guide in faith and morals a religion the first apostle of which was a Prelate notoriously addicted

* The Archbishop of Dublin to Cromwell, January 8, 1538.

† Burke.

to drink, with a wife and two mistresses. In the report of a Commission of Enquiry on Irish affairs, issued in 1538, Brown's clergy are accused of irregularity, extortion, and immorality.

During Edward's brief reign, the religious innovations in full swing in England were intruded on Ireland, solely by the authority of a King's letter in Council. The order for the new service was dated February 6, 1550. It was first observed in Christ Church, Dublin, Easter Day, in the presence of the Lord Deputy St. Leger, Archbishop Brown, and the Mayor and Bailiffs of Dublin. Brown removed all relics and images out of the two cathedrals in Dublin, and out of the rest of the churches within his Diocese, in their room placing the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the ten commandments in gilded frames. Archbishop Dowdal of Armagh, who opposed, was deprived, and Brown obtained letters patent from Edward VI. annexing the Primacy of Ireland to the see of Dublin forever.* Brown was followed by Staples of Meath,† who seems to have married and changed front; Lancaster of Kildare,‡ Travers of Leighlin,§ and Coyn of Limerick. ||

The terrible repugnance of the Irish nation to the national apostasy is well shown in a letter of Staples written in 1548:

"A beneficed man of mine own promotion came unto me weeping, and desired me that he might declare his mind unto me without my displeasure. I said I was well content. My Lord, said he, before ye went last to Dublin you were the best beloved man in your Diocese that ever came into it; and now you are worst that ever came here. I asked, Why? Why, said he, for ye have taken

* Mary restored both its ancient dignity and its orthodox pastor to the see of Armagh.

† Staples of Meath, a native of Lincolnshire, sometime Master of S. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, appointed to Meath by provision of Pope Clement VII. in 1530. His conduct is said to have been most immoral. (He was probably not sent to Ireland without cause.) Deprived by Mary, June 29, 1554. On Elizabeth's accession he immediately wrote to Cecil from Dublin, December 16, 1558, relating his troubles in the last reign, his deprivation for marriage; "the Lord Cardinall layed against me fore a grevous article, that I presumed in my sermond to pray for His (our olde Masters) sole." Begs that his supplication may be commended to the Queen.

‡ Lancaster of Kildare, also married. Deprived by Mary 1554.

§ Travers of Leighlin, also married. A cruel, avaricious man, and an oppressor of his clergy. Deprived by Mary.

|| Coyn of Limerick. Resigned 1551.

open part with the State, that false heretic, and preached against the Sacrament of the Altar and deny Saints, and will make us worse than Jews: if the country wiste how they would eat you; you have, he said, more curses than ye have hairs of your head; and I advise you, for Christ's sake, not to preach at Navan, as I hear you will do."

During Edward's reign no Parliament was held in Ireland. Even the assistants at Bale's consecration * objected to use the new ordinal, but the intensely Protestant scruples of the fanatic iconoclast prevailed against all question of civil or canonical legality. "What a to do I had," he subsequently reported of his Chapter of Ossory, "with the Prebendaries and priests, about wearing the cape and miter and carrying the pastoral staff, it were too long to tell."

On the death of Edward, Bale fled from Kilkenny before Mary had time to supersede him. He was detested and despised in his Diocese. The great Anglican ecclesiastical historian Collier terms Bale "a man of a furious, tempestuous spirit. He misbehaved himself to a scandalous degree and failed both in temper and probity."

Wharton, another Protestant authority of high repute, wrote: "I know Bale to be so great a liar that I am not willing to take his judgment against any man to whom he is opposed." Mr. Burke says, "Bale's private life, both in England and Ireland, is quite unfit for exposure." But if Bale failed in virtue himself he was unsparing in the denouncing of vice in others. In 1553 he complained † of his metropolitan and spiritual progenitor, Archbishop Brown, excusing the corruption of his own Anglican clergy, in Ossory, by stating that they would not obey, excusing themselves by the evil life and lewd example of the Archbishop of Dublin, "who was always slack in things pertaining to God's glory." Bale thus proceeds with his description of Brown: "He was an epicurious Archbishop; a dissembling proselyte; a brockish swine; a drunkard; a glutton, a hypocrite, and a frequent supporter of bawds and . . ."

Mr. Burke says, "the Irish party established the charges of taking bribes against Brown."

* Goodacre was consecrated to Armagh and Bale to Ossory on February 2, 1552, by Brown of Dublin, Lancaster of Kildare, and Magenis of Down and Conner. Bale was an apostate Carmelite and creature of Cromwell.

† Bale's "Letters to Poyntet."

Soon after Mary's accession he was deprived, in common with the other married and irregular Prelates. The only trace I have been able to discover of the end of this wretched man's career is a paragraph in a MS., the property of St. Mary's College, Oscott, recently edited by Father Morris, S.J.: * "One Brown, by report a married Bishop of Ireland, had a son who after was hanged on Shooter's Hill, for murdering Mr. Saunders and his man. This Bishop himself, as it is said, was after killed with horses."

It must be confessed that the divine chosen by the Marian government to succeed Brown showed himself equally venal and despicable. This was the celebrated Hugh Curwen,† who had many years previously signaled himself by his audacious defense of the divorce and royal supremacy. Mr. Froude graphically describes the incident: "On Sunday, May 1, 1532, Father Peto, afterward famous through Europe as Cardinal, but at that time a simple brother of the observant Friars, preached before the Court, which was then at Greenwich, Henry himself and probably Anne Boleyn were present." The 1st of May, the advent of the month of Mary, being a great holy day of the year, in her dowry of England, and always observed with peculiar splendor, "the sermon had been upon the story of Ahab and Naboth, and his text had been, 'Where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, even there shall they lick thy blood, O King.' The preacher had dilated at length upon the crimes and the fall of Ahab, and had drawn the portrait in all its magnificent wickedness. He had described the scene in the Court of Heaven, and spoken of the lying prophets who had mocked the monarch's hopes before the fatal battle. At the end he turned directly to Henry, and assuming to himself the mission of Micaiah, he closed his address in the following audacious words: 'And now, O King,' he said, 'hear what I say to thee. I am that Micaiah

* Under the title of "The Catholics of York under Elizabeth," Burns and Oates.

† Curwen was uncle of Richard Bancroft, whom he educated at Cambridge. Bancroft became Bishop of London, 1597.

He attended Elizabeth during her last illness. At the famous Hampton Court Conference, under James I., he was one of the chief commissioners on behalf of the Church of England, and took the lead in the disputations. Translated to Canterbury on the death of Whitgift in 1604. He occupied the Primacy until his death, November 2, 1610. He was a vigilant ruler of his church and a bitter enemy of the Puritans.

whom thou will hate, because I must tell thee truly that this marriage is unlawful, and I know that I shall eat the bread of affliction and drink the waters of sorrow, yet because the Lord hath put it in my mouth, I must speak it. There are other preachers, yea, too many, which preach and persuade thee otherwise, feeding thy folly and frail affections upon hopes of their own worldly promotion; and by that means they betray thy soul, thy honor, and thy prosperity; to obtain fat benefices, to become rich Abbots and Bishops and I know not what. These I say are the four hundred prophets who in the spirit of lying seek to deceive thee. Take heed lest thou being seduced find Ahab's punishment, who had his blood licked up by the dogs.' " *

On the following Sunday an ecclesiastic of the Vicar of Bray type was commissioned to preach on the other side of the question. The royal champion was a certain Dr. Curwen, one of those men of whom the preacher spoke prophetically, since by the present and similar services he made his way to the Deanery of Hereford, the Archbishopric of Dublin, and the Bishopric of Oxford, and, accepting the Erastian theory of a Christian's duty, followed Henry into schism, lapsed with Edward to heresy, went back with Mary to Catholicism, and conformed under Elizabeth to legal Anglicanism. He regarded himself as an official of the State religion; and his highest conception of evil in a Christian was disobedience to the reigning authority. We may therefore conceive easily the burden of his sermon in the royal chapel. He most sharply reprehended Peto, calling him foul names, dog, slanderer, base, beggarly Friar, rebel and traitor, saying that no subject should speak so daringly to his Prince. He commended Henry's intended marriage, thereby to establish his seed in his seat forever; and having won, as he supposed, his facile victory, he proceeded with his peroration, addressing his absent antagonist: "I speak to thee, Peto," he exclaimed, "to thee, Peto, which makest thyself Micaiah that thou mayest speak evil of Kings; but now art not to be found, being fled for fear and shame, as unable to answer my argument." To the surprise of the King and congregation, a bold voice was heard from the rood-loft: "Good sir," it said, "you know that

* This curiously happened at the desecrated religious House at Bion, where Henry's body lay a night on its journey from London to Windsor. *vide* Lingard, *Sander Dedchis Angl.*

Father Peto, as he was commanded, is now gone to a provincial council at Canterbury, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return again. In the meantime, I am here as another Micaiah, and will lay down my life to prove all those things true which he hath brought out of the Holy Scripture, and to this combat I challenge thee before God and all equal judges. Even unto thee, Curwen, I say, which are one of the four hundred prophets into whom the spirit of lying has entered, and seek out of adultery to establish succession, betraying the King unto endless perdition, more for thy own vain glory and hope of promotion than for the discharge of thy dogged conscience and the King's salvation." The intrepid speaker, Father Robert Elstow, and Peto were cited before the Council, and when the Lords had rebuked them, the Earl of Essex (Thomas Crumwell) told them that they deserved to be put into a sack and cast into the Thames. To which Elstow replied, smiling, "Threaten those things to rich and dainty folk, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world, for we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence; and, with thanks to God, we know the way to Heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go." Such Englishmen might be broken but they could never be bent. The bold Friars and all the rest of their order were banished * to die in poverty and exile. Curwen was advanced to the rich Deanery of Hereford, in which his obsequious compliance with every change recommended him to the ruling powers, and on Brown's deprivation he was selected as a suitable successor for the Archbishopric of Dublin, to which he was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on September 8, 1555, by Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, in company with James Turberville, Elect of Exeter, and William Glynn, Elect of Bangor. During Mary's reign, Curwen and the Lord

* It is strange how little the world has really changed in the last five thousand years. "But thou seer, flee thee away. . . . Prophecy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's chapel, it is the king's court." Amos, Chap. VII., v. 12, 13—Angl. Version. It must be remembered that at this time the Church was the only power in the commonwealth having any right of censure, and, as a body, her ministers, as a rule, up to the period of the so-called Reformation, had never feared to boldly denounce iniquity in high places and speak of truth, justice, and judgment to come.

Deputy, Sussex, were zealous in the State religion, but when, soon after Elizabeth's accession, she commanded her English servants in Ireland to use her Liturgy in their houses, and by her high prerogative exempted them from impeachment for thus violating acts of Parliament and the laws of the land, she found them both Erastian to the backbone. Sussex summoned a Parliament in 1560, which consisted of seventy-six members, twenty members from ten counties, fifty-six members from twenty-eight cities or boroughs. There was no county member for any part of Ulster or Connaught, though part of both provinces had been represented in preceding Parliaments. These provinces, comprising fully one-half of Ireland, had only six borough members, two from Carrickfergus and two each from Galway and Atherry. Of the six counties of Munster two only were represented, namely Tipperary and Waterford; and even in Leinster, four of the present counties, viz., the King's and Queen's Counties, Longford, and Wicklow, were not represented. Thus the county representation in this Parliament included little more than one-fourth of the island. Of the whole of the representatives two-thirds were returned from a part only of the present province of Leinster.

Through this misrepresentation of the people, Sussex managed to get the Act of Uniformity and other reforming statutes passed, by trickery or force, but the aversion of this Parliament to the Protestant religion was so decided that Sussex was obliged to dissolve it, after a session of less than three weeks' duration. Curwen was equally unfortunate with a convocation of his suffragans. William Walsh, Bishop of Meath, withstood Curwen to his face, was deprived and imprisoned, as was Thomas Leverous, Bishop of Kildare. The Bishop of Leighlin, Thomas O'Fyllie, who happened to be in England, was brought before the Council at Greenwich and made an abject submission, but when he returned to his Diocese gave no further proof of conversion. In 1561, John Thonory, Bishop of Ossory, was deprived. Mr. Froude remarks:

"I cannot but express my astonishment at a proposition maintained by Bishop Mant and others, that the whole hierarchy of Ireland went over to the Reformation with the Government. Dr. Mant discovers that the Bishops of Meath and Kildare were deprived for refusing the Oath of Supremacy. The rest, he infers, must have taken the oath, because they remained in their places. The English Government, unfortunately for themselves, had no such opportunity as Dr. Mant's argument supposes for the exercise

of their authority. The Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Meath and Kildare, were also under English jurisdiction. When Adam Loftus was made Archbishop of Armagh, the Primacy became titular Protestant, but Loftus resided in Dublin, Armagh was practically governed by a Bishop in communion with the Pope, and the latter, not the former, was regarded in Ireland, even by the correspondents of the English Government, as the lawful possessor of the see. Except Curwen, but one other Bishop in all Ireland, who was in office at Queen Mary's death, can be proved either to have accepted the Reformed Prayer Book or abjured the authority of the Pope." *

The Bishops who were beyond the Queen's power, and therefore escaped deprivation, continued to enjoy their temporalities and say Mass, despite the Parliamentary prohibitions. The clergy in general, as far as they could, followed their Prelates. When overawed by an English garrison they refrained from public celebrations; when the soldiers retired they offered their worship in the churches as before. The people whose faith had been thus altered for them by the Queen and her Parliament seemed nevertheless in no hurry to desert the ancient creed. Within the Pale some went to the reformed service to escape the fines; without the Pale, they attended the Roman Catholic worship in defiance of the law. The unanimous testimony of the Bishops whom Elizabeth subsequently appointed was to the effect that the Irish people, from one end of the island to the other, pertinaciously persisted in the old religion. The Church which the nation continued to love, and which Elizabeth affected to have altered or destroyed, experienced outside the Pale no very considerable inconvenience from the withdrawal of the royal favor. The Irish chieftains solicited the Pope, instead of the Queen, to appoint their favorites to the vacant sees; they enjoyed the temporalities, and her majesty's nominees got little but empty titles. In Armagh the Catholic Primate appeared in arms against the Queen, while the Protestant Primate, Loftus, loitered in Dublin, not daring to show himself within his Diocese. Clogher, Derry, Kilmore, Ardagh, Doun, Connor, and Raphoe remained for twenty years and more without a successful attempt on the Queen's part to introduce a Protestant Prelate. In the Provinces of Munster, Connaught, and Leinster, the Queen's Bishops were mere political agents, trading on their position and plundering their

* Froude, History of England.

sees. Sheyne in Cork, Magrath in Cashel, and O'Brien in Killaloe were civil agents rather than Bishops. The Queen chose her Prelates, not for their ability to persuade the people to the new religion, not for capability, but for their fitness to increase the Queen's influence among powerful septs, and for conveying useful intelligence to the Castle, and thus the Reformed Episcopate became hateful to Irishmen as a mere machine of State, employed to aid in overturning the authority of the Irish chieftains, in destroying cherished customs, and in abolishing the national laws, which they had been, from time immemorial, accustomed to obey. It is not to be wondered at under such circumstances that the State Church should have remained for long a Church made up of English soldiers and settlers and of English Bishops, or of Irish Bishops, specially trained at Oxford or Cambridge in English habits. It is rather to be wondered at that Elizabeth, Cecil, Walsingham, and Sydney should have for a moment regarded such an institution as the Reformed Church in Ireland as likely—established and administered as it was—to tend to anything but the permanent alienation of the Irish people.

Yet Mr. Froude acknowledges, "the language of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Alciati shows, that before the Government attempted to force a religion upon them which had not a single honest advocate in the whole nation, there was no incurable disloyalty in Ireland." So anxious were the Catholics to accept any reasonable compromise, as long as it involved no sacrifice of principle, that, as late as 1576, "three or four Papist Bishops came to the Lord Deputy, Sydney, at Cork, and seemed willing to do homage for the temporalities of the sees of which they were in actual possession."

Most of the Irish boroughs continued to retain during the whole reign of Elizabeth the old Catholic oath that had been in use before the reign of Henry VIII. In 1562, the Commissioners report "that the people were unwilling to be taught the Reformation, and ordered the judges not to meddle with the simple multitude, but to punish a few boasting Mass-mongers in every shire of the Pale; as for the Reformation beyond the Pale, the Bishops, they add, be all Irish. We need say no more. Even in Dublin itself very little progress seems to have been made. Loftus and Brady of Meath—the latter himself by some accounted a Neuter—wrote in most disparaging terms of Curwen. Loftus, in a letter to Archbishop

Parker, describes him "as a known enemy and laboring under open crimes, which although he shameth not to do, I am almost ashamed to mention."

In 1565, Brady speaks of him "as a disguised dissembler and an old unprofitable workman."

Loftus reports "that he hardly ever preached the reformed doctrines, that he frequently did not require the Oath of Supremacy from the clergy whom he promoted to benefices, that he and all his canons of S. Patrick, who were also parochial clergy, were old bottles and could not hold this new wine of the Reformation; dumb dogs, neither teaching nor feeding save themselves; that he never enacted conformity from many of those canons who retained their places to their death."

The Royal Commissioners in 1563-4 had suggested a special commission to visit S. Patrick's and Christ Church, but obtained neither. In 1565 Cecil wrote, "I am sorry to hear no good done in the survey of S. Patrick's, which now serveth for lurking Papists." In 1566 Loftus again declares of Curwen "that he neither does good in preaching, nor reforming his Diocese. He placeth in the sufficient livings those whom he never saw and never come there, open enemies, and such as for want of learning are never able, even if they had the will, to do the Church much good. In open judgment—loath I am to say it, and I say it only constrainedly—in open judgment, he will swear terribly, and that not once or twice. I beseech your honor, is it not time, and more than time, that such a one be removed? And yet I spare him, I assure your honor, that you may understand how far I am from maligning him." Even the Lord Deputy, Sydney, deemed it absurd to think of reforming the rest of the land, so long as the city of Dublin itself remained unreformed with such a Bishop, and it was only on Curwen's translation to Oxford* in 1567 that the Lord Deputy wrote, "Now comes the hour for reforming the Church."

Even in the Anglo-Irish town of Galway public Mass was not suppressed until 1569.

* Elizabeth and Cecil perhaps thought that Oxford, which she had kept vacant for nine years, would be suited to this old disreputable semi-Catholic, or at least neuter. So strongly anti-Protestant then, and for long after, was the atmosphere of Oxford, that a Protestant Bishop might have caused disturbance. Curwen died toward the end of 1568, at one of his episcopal manors, near Burford.

In 1566 the Bishop of Meath excused himself for not having executed the ecclesiastical commission as zealously as his colleague Loftus had expected. "If he says I have drawn backward, I only say he has drawn too fast forward, as the circumstances shall well declare." Under the short administration of the Earl of Essex, Mass was allowed in private chapels, but not in public churches.

"The Anglo-Irish civil and military officers accompanied the English Governors to the church doors, and then," says an English eye-witness, "run like wild cats." But the Roman Catholic worship was prohibited everywhere, as far as possible; most of the parish churches in the towns and in the country of the Pale were gradually closed and fell to ruin. In Cork, Waterford, and Kilkenny, when the Catholics rose at the death of Elizabeth and opened them, after nearly half a century of dirt and desecration, they were found to be loathsome dens of filth.

"During Elizabeth's reign the great majority of the Catholic Bishops certainly continued their relations with Rome; three of them took part in the Council of Trent: they sign its decrees, as Bishops of Ross, Achonry, and Raphoe, and in 1587 seven Bishops assembled in the Province of Ulster to promulgate its decisions."

In 1568 eleven of the Irish Bishops signed a petition to the Pope and the King of Spain, asking for succor for the Catholic cause.

Curwen was succeeded in the see of Dublin by a more enthusiastic Protestant, one Adam Loftus, whom he had uncanonically consecrated to Armagh on March 2, 1563, by order of the Queen, his Chapter having refused to proceed to his election, the Protestant Primate-elect of Ireland being in his twenty-eighth year (?). Loftus, who, it was said, gained the royal favor more by his good looks than his theological merits, is termed by Mr. Froude "a self-seeking scoundrel." Neither he nor his successor, Lancaster, seems even to have resided at Armagh, from which he petitioned constantly to be removed, "because it was neither worth anything to him, nor was he able to do any good in it, as it lay altogether among the Irish." His chief activity seems at that time to have been exercised in damaging the character of the Archbishop of Dublin. On September 3, 1566, he wrote to Cecil that Dr. John Devereux was seeking the see of Ferus, "from the Deanery of which he has been lately deprived for professed immorality. An unfitter person cannot be." And yet he was appointed and consecrated by Curwen.

The religious confusion may be estimated by the curious fact that Gafney, Bishop of Ossory, 1567-1576, never conferred holy orders in his Diocese, but gave letters dimissory to a Papal Bishop, and this practice, according to Loftus, was not confined to one Diocese. Bishop Gafney's scruples as to "Anglican Orders" seem not to have extended to simony, for he actually sold one of his Archdeaconries; and for neither of these offenses does Loftus appear to have taken any pains to punish or correct him.

On March 14, 1564, the Bishop of Meath wrote: "Oh, what a sea of troubles have I entered into, storms arising on every side: the ungodly lawyers are not only sworn enemies of the truth, but alas! for lack of due execution of law, the overthrowers of the country. The ragged clergy are stubborn and ignorantly blind, so there is little hope of their amendment. The simple multitude is, through continual ignorance, hardly to be won, so that I find affliction on every side."

On May 16, 1565, the same Prelate reports "that he was only able to hold his ground at all in the Diocese by giving good cheer * to every one that wished to call on him." The Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, in 1575, after a journey of six months through Ireland, suggested various matters for reformation, of which the first head he said was "the Church, now so spoiled as well by the ruin of the temples as the dissipation of the patrimony, and most of all for want of sufficient ministers, as so deformed and overthrown a Church there is not, I am sure, in any region where Christ is professed, and preposterous it seemeth to me to begin Reformation of the politic part and neglect the religious. In Meath, the best peopled Diocese and best governed country of this your realm, out of two hundred and twenty-four parish churches, one hundred and five are impropriated, no parson or vicar resident on any of them, and a very simple or sorry curate, for the most part, appointed to serve therein; only eighteen of whom can speak English. Fifty-two other churches are served but badly; fifty-two more which pertain to particular lords, these, though in better estate than the rest, are yet far from well. If I should write unto your majesty, what spoil had been and is of the Archbishoprics, whereof there are four,

* This unutterable meanness of bribing starving people to apostatize, has not been unknown in Ireland even in the present century. in which a word of contempt to express it has been coined—"souper."

and of the Bishoprics, whereof there are about thirty, partly by the Prelates themselves, partly by the Potentates, their noisome neighbors, I should make too long a libel of this my letter. But your majesty may believe it, that upon the face of the earth, where Christ is professed, there is not a church in so miserable a case: the misery of which consisteth in these three particulars: the ruin of the very temples themselves, the want of good ministers to serve in them, when they shall be re-edified, competent living for the ministers being well chosen."

In 1579 the Lord Justice, Sir William Pelham, wrote to Walsingham from Trien, "I desire to put you in mind of the miserable state of the clergy of this land, among whom I cannot but marvel to see so few able ministers, or so little order taken for their maintenance. In the Diocese of Meath, one person has impropriated sixteen benefices, and among them not one minister or vicar maintained that can read English or understand Latin or give any good instruction to his parishioners."

The Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of the Irish Church in 1577, in their first report had specially dwelt on the abuses committed by some of the Protestant dignitaries; the Bishops in reply had accused the Commissioners of simony in their dealings with the clergy; according to the Commissioners, the Bishops had admitted to livings, boys, kearn, laymen, and other incapable persons, some of whom they had deprived; as, for instance, George Cusack, a lay serving man, who had Kentstown in Meath; Lucas Plunket, prentice to a vintner in Dublin, who had Killany; Robert Nugent, a horseman of the Baron of Delvin's retinue, who had Galtrun; and John Barnwell, a young boy of Dublin, who had Kilmessan. Mr. Froude remarks that even "the landowners of Meath and Kildare were all Catholics and loathed the mockery which was offered them in lieu of their own ritual. The Bishoprics had been made prizes for the scrambling of scoundrels. Ross, Carberry, and Kilfenorah were occupied by laymen. The Bishop of Killaloe was a boy at Oxford. In some sees there were Bishops nominated from Rome, whom the Government recognized or did not recognize, as their humor varied. The Bishop of Cork sold the livings in his Diocese to horsemen and 'kearne,' and when called to account, defended himself in a sermon, preached before the Lord President in the cathedral, saying, 'that unless he sold the livings of his collation, he was not able to live, his Bishopric

was so poor.' At Waterford, where the English service was established with some regularity, the citizens refused to attend, but took possession of their churches early in the mornings, and heard Mass there. They would accept none of the rites of religion from the reformed clergy. Their own priests married them in private houses. They buried their dead in spots of their own selection, avoiding the churchyards, which they now regarded as profaned, and consecrating these new resting-places 'with prayers and flowers, and candles and ringing of bells.' " And the more the records of the time are searched, the more it appears that "the intrusive religion was not recommended by its moral influences. In the year 1570, Dr. Robert Dixon was appointed Protestant Bishop of Cork; eighteen months later, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Adam Loftus, had to write the following letter about him to Lord Burghley: Please your Lordship, whereas Richard, Bishop of Cork, notwithstanding he had and hath a married wife, did, under color of matrimony, take and retain another woman of suspected life in the city of Cork as his wife, and thereof by public fame and crying out of that his deed, the matter coming to our ears, he being called before us to answer thereunto, confessed the same." Another apostle of the so-called Reformation, Bishop Middleton of Waterford, secured his translation to the richer see of S. David's, where he was soon after publicly degraded for the forgery of a will. One Dr. William Knight, sent over as coadjutor to the Archbishop of Cashel, was obliged soon to return to England, "for that," says Archbishop King, "Knight had appeared drunk in public, and thereby exposed himself to the scorn and derision of the people." In 1578 a dispute arose between the Bishops, headed by Loftus, and the Queen's ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland, which was not settled until Loftus was admitted to a share in the profits. The mutual recriminations opened strange revelations as to the state of the Establishment at that period.

In 1580 articles were sent to England against Sir John Ball, the nephew of Lord Chancellor Weston, who, although a layman, was Dean of S. Patrick's. This Ball was appointed by Loftus as his commissary, and given also, although it appears to be doubtful whether he was in any holy orders, the Archdeaconry of Glendalough and the Parsonage of Newcastle. He was greatly suspected to be a Papist or a Neuter; he refused to wear a surplice in the time of Cathedral service, and was not contented with his own

stall next the chanter but installed his wife in the seat next unto him. It was further objected against Ball, that being complained of by many for his licentious life, and being presented to the Dean for impropriety with one Cicely Fletcher, a woman of evil conversation, notwithstanding he is married and hath his wife there, yet by the sufferance of the Dean, his uncle, he is winked at, to the maintenance of others as evil disposed as himself, and to the great grief of a number of true-hearted subjects, to see such apparent vices unpunished in the Commonwealth. And being commissary and having any rich men in the country in the censures of the Church for similar offenses, he absolves them for money in the fields, to cover their crimes with the Pope's absolution, *Absolvo te* etc, and hath been seen and heard by credible persons giving that absolution, on horseback in the fields *—the penitent kneeling before him—which is his common practice to get money as he visits in the country. Ball was also accused of affording special opportunities to fair and well-favored women who needed absolution, never putting them to the annoyance of having their causes tried in open court, but politely hearing them in private. This John Ball was, at this very time, recommended by Loftus to Cecil, for the office of Registrar to the Commission and Collector of Fines under the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes. In the Vatican archives at Rome, a fragmentary account of the Irish Church is preserved, dated 1580. Fifteen sees are described as filled with Catholics, viz., Lismore and Waterford, Cork and Cloyne, Ross, Emly, Killaloe, Mayo, Achonry, Clonfert, Kilmacduagh, Armagh, Derry, Raphoe, Kilmore, Ardagh, Dromore. None but the Bishop of Waterford had taken the oath of allegiance; the other sees are described as vacant or occupied by heretics. The following particulars are added:

Cashel had been occupied by Miler, late Bishop of Down and Connor. It is vacant by the death of Morice McGibbon, who died an exile in Spain.

Limerick, vacant by the death of Hugh Lacy, deceased in his see.

Ardfert, by the death of James N., deceased in his Diocese a few years ago.

Tuam, Christopher Bodkin was considered its Archbishop. He

* This statement as to Ball's giving absolution on horseback in the fields is hardly credible. But with what crime or absurdity would not an Irish Protestant credit a Papist!

held four sees and contended for that of Mayo, so that it is doubtful which was his true see.

Anagduagh, vacant by the death of William Moore.

Kilfenora, by the death of its Bishop.

Meath, by the death of William Walsh, died in Alcala, Suffragan of the Archbishop of Toledo.

Down and Connor, by the deposition of Miler, an apostate and married man, by the Holy See.*

Clonmacoese, by the death of Peter Wall, of the order of Preachers.

Dublin, occupied by an heretical Bishop.

Kildare, vacant by the death of Leverous.

Leighlin, occupied many years by heretics.

Kilkenny, vacant by the death of its Bishop, long since deceased.

Ferus, vacant by the death of its Bishop, occupied by a certain man, who though Catholic in sentiment, yet being instituted by the Queen, administered the see as a heretic.

Amongst these there are two in which Bishops can be appointed without danger, viz., Ardfert in the Desmond Territory, which is called Kerry, in which the Earl of Desmond is all-powerful and enjoys regal rights. Down and Connor, in the Territory of the O'Neils, who are Catholic Princes and are actively engaged in war against the Queen.

During the first part of her reign, the Queen seemed to doubt the expediency of allowing the new religion to be pressed upon the people, except in Dublin and in some few places within the Pale. There is no trace of any letter to any Bishops, except Curwen, call-

* Miles McGrath, a Franciscan friar advanced by Pope Pius V. to Down, having apostatized, was put into Clogher, September 18, 1570; his temporalities being restored same day. He was translated to Cashel 1571, and sat there over 52 years, until his death in December, 1622, in the 100th year of his age. He made most scandalous wastes and alienations of the revenues and manors of his see.

The country people always had a tradition (curiously confirmed by recent documentary evidence), that he died a Catholic, and gave private orders that his body should not be buried in the Cathedral. His curious epitaph was written by himself: "Patrick the glory of our Isle and gown, first sat as Bishop in the See of Down, I wish that I succeeding him in place as Bishop had an equal share of grace." He was a great favorite with Elizabeth, who allowed him to hold bishoprics and other preferments in addition to Cashel.

ing on them to consecrate the Queen's Bishops or introduce the new worship into their Cathedrals. At Cork and Limerick the old service seems to have been retained for several years. The Queen's Deputies were met in their progresses by the Catholic Bishops in their pontificals.

In 1580 Lord Grey, the Lord Deputy, writes in a private letter to Elizabeth.

"Your Highness, at my leave-taking, gave me a warning for being strict in dealing with religion. I have observed it; how obediently soever; yet most unwillingly I confess, and I doubt not as harmfully to your and God's service. A canker never receiving cure without corrosive medicines."

Edmund Spencer, who had a personal knowledge of Ireland, having obtained a large confiscated estate in the County Cork, and aided in rocking Protestantism in its Irish cradle, thus writes of the Protestant Bishops:

"Some of the Bishops whose Dioceses are in remote places, somewhat out of the world's eye, do not at all bestow the benefices which are in their own donations upon any, but keep them in their own hands, and set their own servants and horse-boys to take up the tithes and fruits of them; with the which some of them purchased great lands, and built fair castelles upon the same, of which abuse, if any question be moved, they have a very seemly colour and excuse, that they have no worthy ministers to bestow them upon."

Having disposed of the Prelacy of his Church, Spencer remarks of the clergy: "Whatever disorders you see in the Church of England, you find there (Ireland) and many more—namely, gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinencies, careless sloth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyman.

"I loathe and abhor those Papish priests," wrote Spencer. Yet his honest English nature forced him to confess that, "It is a great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of Popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel, for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims by long toil and dangerous traveling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people into the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livings of the country offered to them, without pain and without peril, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal for religion, or for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest." *

* Spencer, on "Religion in Ireland as Witnessed by Himself." Quoted by Burke.

On September 12, 1581, Andrew Trollope, a secret agent of Walsingham's, reports to his master "that the Commission of Faculties give licenses to hold three or four benefices, not only to spiritual but some temporal men. . . . I was certified and I find it very likely to be true, that my Lord Bishop of Dublin (Loftus) is a partner in the profits of the Commission. . . . He hath many children and is anxious to prefer them; he has given three of his daughters five hundred pounds each as a marriage portion. He has bought land in Kent, worth two hundred pounds a year, and keepeth one of his sons at the Temple of London. His necessities many think maketh him have a cheverelle conscience."

Nor was Loftus the only Archbishop intent on plunder. In October, 1582, the celebrated Miler McGrath thus petitioned the Queen:

"Most humbly sheweth to your excellent Majesty, your faithful servant Milerus, Archbishop of Cashel. Whereas in the realm of Ireland are sundry courts of divers authorities and jurisdictions, appointed for the administration of justice and law, wherein sometimes certain officers, Judges, Barristers, Lawyers, and Ministers of the law are known to be, or at the least are vehemently suspected to be, Papists and recusants, not sworn to your Majesty's supremacy according to the statute provided in that behalf, and sometimes many good Protestants and subjects accused by such malicious Papists before such Judges, officers and Lawyers of that sort, who will try the said embracers of the Gospel by Papistical suborned inquests and witnesses, and the same their doings maintained by the said officers and lawyers, to the great danger and overthrow of your Majesty's faithful subjects. All sorts of the said Papists being fully persuaded to have and enjoy the Pope's blessing and authority to be foresworn, in case they might overthrow any Protestant or favorer of your Majesty's proceedings. In consideration whereof it may please your Majesty to direct general instructions to the Lord Deputy and Council not to suffer any Judge, temporal or spiritual, to judge, or any jury or witness to pass or be accepted in any matter, where anything is to be enquired, or judged, against any of your said subjects and known Protestants, but such Judges, Barristers, and Lawyers, as are or shall be sworn to your Majesty's supremacy, and have received the Holy Communion once in the year before, according to God's and your Highness's laws in that case provided, and your Majesty's suppliant with the rest of the few members or Protestants and furtherers of your Majesty's godly proceedings, which no doubt by these means will increase in that land, shall continually pray for the preservation of your Majesty's most royal person in all felicity. Forasmuch as many now within

the realm of Ireland, and especially in the Province of Munster, as well officers and ministers of the law, head officers of towns and cities, principal lords and gentlemen, as Justices of the Peace and Assizes, and Prelates of the Church, are appointed and elected in their several offices and callings there, never being sworn to the oath of her Majesty's supremacy, according to the statute in that behalf provided, although every of them presumeth to exercise their several callings without punishment, a thing very dangerous and worthy to be looked unto. May it please your Honorable Lordships to grant authority to your suppliant, or to some other well affected in such a case, to take and receive the said oaths from all manner of persons. . . . Forasmuch as the sufferance hitherto used with Friars, Monks, Jesuits and Seminary Romish Priests and Bishops in general, is the only mother and nurse of rebellion and disloyalty in Ireland, and especially in Ulster, and in that part of Connaught where they remain unsuppressed as yet. It may therefore please your Honorable Lordships to grant to your suppliant and other fit persons a commission in like sort, with some ability to execute the same, and to suppress all such Abbeys and Monasteries, and to apprehend and to commit to prison all persons of the aforementioned sort, and to seize on all their goods to her Majesty's use. For that it is a part of a good subject's duty to show and declare his good will toward his Prince, as well by words as by deeds, according to his ability; therefore your suppliant, considering that all the livings and other spiritual promotions within the most part of the Province of Ulster are yet untaxed, and by that means no manner of benefit growing to her Majesty out of any of them, but the same wholly by the Pope's usurped power and authority maintained and occupied by such as derive their title from him. If therefore it shall please your Lordships to grant the custody of all livings, so detained by any manner of persons within the Province of Ulster, to your suppliant, with authority to grant every of them (except Bishoprics) for certain years to such that will get security to pay first-fruits and twenty parts to her Majesty yearly, during that time, to her Majesty, and that your suppliant's custody shall be ended in every Bishopric as soon as any man shall be had by the State that will accept the Bishopric, and observe her Majesty's laws and injunctions; he will endeavor, being a man born and well friended in that country, not only to diminish the Pope's authority there, but also to increase God's glory and her Majesty's revenues. . . . For that the inhabitants of the town of Cashel and ffidens, being not only of the Diocese of Cashel but also parcel and members of the said Archbishopric, are willing always to receive such Bishops as cometh from Rome, as appeared by their doings in your suppliant's predecessor's time (who being captive was brought out of his own house within a mile of Cashel, by one Morris Reogh, then from the Pope appointed Archbishop there, the said Morris was admitted and conducted by the said townsmen of Cashel to say

a Mass in the Cathedral Church of Cashel), and now in like sort had received peaceably such Bishops as came from Rome of late, wherefore it may please your Honor, not only to set down what punishment shall be thought fit for their doings, but also give directions that the head officers and burgesses and every one being of age in the said towns shall be compelled to put in securities before the Lord Chancellor to come to church and receive the Holy Communion, which hitherto they have refused to do."

The constancy of the Irish people to their faith excited the admiration of the Deputy so much that on one occasion he exclaimed, "I know not how this attachment to the Catholic Church is so rooted in Irish hearts, unless it be that the very soil is infected and the air tainted with Popery; for they obstinately prefer it to all things else—to allegiance to their King, to respect for his ministers, to the care of their own posterity, and to all their hopes and prospects."

In 1584, one of the State papers records, that even in the Archdiocese of Dublin, "where things should be best reformed," there are so many churches fallen down, so many children dispensed withal to enjoy the livings of the Church, so many laymen, as they are commonly termed, permitted to hold benefices, so many clergymen tolerated to have the profits of three or more pastoral dignities, who being themselves unlearned are not meet men; though they were willing to teach and instruct others; as whoso beholdeth this miserable confusion and disorder, and hath any zeal of God in his heart, must not choose but make the same known, especially unto such as bestow their whole care and travail to reform these enormities, and would, no doubt, be glad to see those decays of religion built up again."

In December of the same year (1584), the Prebendaries of S. Patrick's wrote to the Lords of the Council, "that there is not one in that land to be found which can or will preach the Gospel, four Bishops and the Prebendaries of S. Patrick's only excepted. This is lamentable with God's people."

The Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam, wrote in 1587: "It is most true and lamentable, that between Dublin and the furthest end of Munster there is not one church standing, convenient to repair unto, except it be in the haven towns."

About this time, the two Ecclesiastical Commissioners were George Ackworth, Doctor of Civil Law, a clergyman who had been deprived of his living in England for inordinate life, and Robert

Garvey, not in holy orders, a Bachelor in Civil Law. Loftus charged these Commissioners that they have given dispensations to hold livings to persons who did not take the oath of supremacy and abjuration, "whose names I shall be ready to declare, when I shall be thereto required." Among other scandalous transactions, they granted a dispensation to Thomas Power, a boy of ten, to hold a vicarage without residence.

Mr. Froude's estimate of the character of Archbishop Loftus is endorsed by a high Protestant authority, who says "that his great qualities were something tarnished by his excessive ambition and avarice, for besides his promotion in the Church and his public employments in the State, he grasped at everything that became void, either for himself or family, forasmuch that the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church were so wearied with his importunities, that upon August 28, 1578, upon granting him some request, obliged him to promise not to petition or to become suitor to them for any Prebend or living, nor for any lease of any benefice, nor for any fee farm. But when an entry of this promise came to be made in the Chapter Book in his presence, he would have thrust in an exception of one petition more, and no more, which the Dean and Chapter would not consent to, being, as they alleged in that entry, contrary to his lordship's promise made in the Chapter House. However, this disposition of his was afterward of service in preserving the ancient Cathedral of S. Patrick's, Dublin, from being dissolved and converted into a university. For being greatly interested in the livings of that church, by long leases and other estates thereof, granted either to himself, his children, or his kinsmen, he opposed Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy, in his attempt of converting the revenues thereof to the uses aforesaid. To clear up this matter, and also to show the hand this vigilant and active Prelate had in the ruin of Sir John Perrot, it will be necessary to mention some passages out of the life of that Lord Deputy.

In 1585, Perrot made a journey to the North, and left Archbishop Loftus and Sir Henry Wallop Lord Justices during his absence. His back was no sooner turned but they wrote letters of complaint against him to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State; which, with the insinuations of Sir Jeffry Fenton, then in England, to the Queen, proved the first dawns of Perrot's troubles. The same year great unkindness burst out between the Lord Deputy Perrot and Archbishop Loftus, partly upon public accounts, but chiefly

concerning S. Patrick's Church, which the Lord Deputy had in his instructions to convert to a college, and had a great desire to set it forward. But Archbishop Loftus, Lord Chancellor, opposed him, being interested in the livings of S. Patrick's by long leases and other estates thereof, granted either to himself, his children, or kinsmen; and therefore did by all means withstand the alienation of these revenues. And being a man of a high spirit, and used to bearing sway in the Government, he grew into contradiction, and from contradiction to contention, with the Deputy; who, on the other side, brooking no opposition, it grew to some heat between them; wherefore the Queen taking notice, wrote to them both to reconcile themselves together; but the Archbishop stuck to him to the last, and was a main instrument in bringing him to his condemnation; and Perrot,* in his last will, solemnly testified that the Archbishop † falsely belied him in his declaration against him.

Dr. William Lyon, a native of Chester, who, in 1573, was made Vicar of Naas, and four years afterward obtained dispensation to hold the same, with any other benefice, for life, and leave to live in England and transport the profits of his vicarage into that kingdom, was made Bishop of Ross by Elizabeth in 1582, and the following year obtained also the sees of Cork and Cloyne.

Writing on July 6, 1596, from Cork, to Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, Elizabeth's cousin, and one of the most bitter enemies of Catholicity, Lyon remarks:

"The people are ignorant of God and His truth, led by false teachers, that draw them away from their obedience to her Majesty's godly laws and proceeding to that palpable and damnable blindness to obey her Majesty's palpable enemy, that anti-christ of Rome. . . . In the city of Cork all is done in private houses by Massing priests. About March last was twelve-months were committed by Sir Thomas Norreys, myself and others, seven or eight recusants from the city of Cork. . . . Our State here is very dangerous. The Lord of His mercy put it into her Majesty's heart and the rest of that most honorable State to see to the Reformation of the same, for the furtherance whereof I most humbly crave your honor's favor. Here are five Justices of Peace that sit on the bench every sessions, but they never took the Oath of Supremacy to her Majesty, nor will they.

* Perrot was condemned and died suddenly in the Tower.

† Loftus died at his Palace of S. Sepulori, Dublin, April 5, 1605, and was buried in S. Patrick's, having been 37 years Archbishop of Dublin, and in the 42d year of his consecration.

"Two of them utterly refused at the general sessions holden in March last. Hereby they generally are mightily drawn away from their loyalty to her Majesty's godly laws now within these two years, so far that where I had a thousand or more in a church at sermon, I now have not five; and whereas I have seen five hundred communicants or more, now there are not three, and not one woman, either at divine service or communion; which thing, my good Lord, if it be not looked into, will grow to a great mischief in the commonwealth. The ground of all these mischiefs is the lack of teachers, neither will they come to be taught as her Majesty hath appointed, and by the laws it was prescribed. It is lamentable, my good lord, to see and most woeful to hear that in this Province there is not one preacher of this nation; I mean of the Irish; and very few in other parts of the kingdom, which is a token, I fear me, that God hath cast them off. The cause of all these evils before rehearsed is the want of due execution of those godly laws which are established, whereby not obeying for conscience' sake, they are emboldened forward in their ungodliness, disloyalty, disobedience, and rebellion, and out of this cause springeth the boldness of the people. The Pope's Legate, Friars, Priests, and seminaries, of whom this country is full, as also the city of Cork; whereas there be ex-seminary and seducing priests resident within the city, maintained and kept daily by the Aldermen and merchants of the city, to say Mass, baptize, minister the Sacraments, and other their Popish ceremonies in their private houses, and when I am out of the town they walk openly and commonly in the street, accompanied with the Aldermen and officers of the city, and conveyed forth of the town, when they go to say their Masses in the country abroad, neither want they anything. I have their names and who maintaineth them, and how far I have dealt herein, to the discharge of my duty, in my function to Godward and my obedience to her Majesty, may appear by a letter written by me unto my honor's good lord, the Lord Deputy.

"And therefore, my Honor's good lord, I desire that your Honor may further this, my lamentable complaint to her Majesty. that redress may be had of these things, for the preservation of her Majesty and the commonwealth of this poor country, and safeguard of those few professors of the truth which are here resident in this land. Under reformation, I speak it with all humility, as one that earnestly desireth the good of the Church and the peace of this kingdom, that some order may be taken that these seducers as Priests, Friars, Jesuits, and seminaries and their maintainers may be restrained, and some sharp punishment devised for them, according to your honor's grave and wise discretion, that those that are in Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Clonmel, Fethard, Cashel, Kilmallock, Youghal, and Kinsale, and other towns may be reformed, whereon the reformation of the whole country dependeth; for the example of the cities and towns mar the country, their trade

being beyond the seas, from whence they bring little good; and in the country they may be straightly looked into, and also that none come over from beyond the seas, as they daily do, I mean of those wicked priests. . . . My good lord, I know more than I will trouble your Honor with at this time; my duty is to deliver my knowledge. It lieth in your honor and the rest of that most honorable Council to cause redress."

Some of the Anglo-Irish clergy seem to have returned to the Church, for Lyon proceeds: "Also the priests of the country forsake their benefices to become Massing priests, because they are so well entreated and so much made of among the people. Many of them have forsaken their benefices by the persuasion of these Popish seminarians, that come from beyond the seas. They have a new mischief in hand, if it be not prevented. . . . The best name that they give unto the divine service appointed by her Majesty in the Church of England, is the Divell's service, and the professors thereof, Divells, and when they meet out of the profession they will cross themselves after the Popish manner; and any that company with us, and receive any living of me or the like, being appointed by her Majesty, they excommunicate him or them, and will not suffer them to come in their company. My good lord, I have caused churches to be re-edified and provided bocks, . . . but none will come to church at all, not so much as the country churls; they follow their seducers the priests and their superiors. . . . Also I must not forget the perverse recusants that come out of England hither, and especially to these parts, and most part to Waterford, the sink of all filthy superstition and idolatry, with contempt of her Majesty's godly laws and proceedings. In Waterford the Mayor and Sheriffs of the city come not to church, neither will they take the Oath of Supremacy, and in this city of Cork the Bailiffs refuse the oath, neither come they to the church."

This is the testimony of a Protestant Bishop in Ireland, almost at the end of the Tudor dynasty, under which a torrent of ecclesiastical revolutions had swept away the ancient religious unity of the land. That there was even the remotest external resemblance between the pre-reformation Catholic Church, in Ireland, and the Elizabethan Establishment, at the time, or as now separated from the State, could be only maintained by those curious minds, blind to facts, who hide the truth even from themselves by an adroit disappearance into side issues. Indeed, it is not too much to say that not one in ten thousand of Irish Episcopalians would regard continuity with the Catholic body in any other light but that of a most disgraceful connection. This paper cannot be better concluded than by quoting the words of a well-informed author, who thus

tersely sums up the political and religious working of the new religion in the sister kingdom:

"The reign of Elizabeth had ceased before her sovereignty had been practically exercised in some of the remoter parts of Ireland. During that reign of five and forty years, religion had little chance of improvement.

"The slaughters and massacres, the treacheries and plots, the confiscations and attainders, which gained for the English a gradual and sure mastery over the Irish, implanted within Irish hearts an ineradicable aversion to the Establishment which, like a network, spread its meshes over every parish, as a sign and token of defeat and capture. The people perhaps saw little to admire in an Establishment wherein the Bishops, cathedral churches, and clergy had already, in Burghley's time, begun to make unconscionable long leases for two hundred and for ninety-nine years, and which continued for long a mere machine for collecting the remnants of Church property, which the greed of laymen and churchmen had spared. The few English ministers who resided on their benefices were farmers and settlers rather than Evangelists, and were incapable, from ignorance of the language, of teaching the reformed" (?) "doctrines, even if their ill lives had not destroyed all desire to fulfill the functions of their calling. Archbishops and Bishops, who tortured their Papal rivals and hunted down the Queen's rebels, could hardly be looked on as good shepherds by the harried flock, and ministrations intruded upon poor wretches cast into prison to compel them to hearken to their persuaders, must have been highly offensive. Fining a young nobleman one hundred marks for hearing Mass may have seemed to Loftus and Sydney only a proper mode of advancing the Gospel within the Pale, but the victims to this species of proselytism clung all the more closely to the worship which cost them so dear, and were the less likely to embrace the worship which the State offered for nothing. In fact, the Establishment which Elizabeth founded was an Establishment, and no more. It could not in her day be called a Church except by a kind of fiction. If it possessed a staff of dignitaries as well as Bishops, it was entirely wanting in the essential and principal part of a Church—namely, people to be ministered to. It has been correctly likened unto a body of shepherds without a flock. . . . The Establishment in Ireland commenced its career by violating the simplest rules of Christianity, when it prescribed penalties for its support. Morality was outraged when the Establishment became the recipient of the confiscated Church property of the Irish nation. Common sense is outraged when it is attempted to justify the continuance of that confiscation by the plea that Curwen's consecrations were canonical, and by the assertion that two Bishops of the Irish Church joined him in his alleged conversion. History is falsified when it is said that the Irish Church thus reformed itself.

Against such falsehoods and sophistries the very stones of the temples and churches which Sydney saw ruined, in his day, cry out in the present generation. A voice from the ancient graveyards, with their broken chancels, mutilated crosses, and shattered towers is lifted up in protestation against such an untruth."

England.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS.

SAINT URSULE'S DREAM.

In spacious, silent chamber, far apart,
 Saint Ursule, dreaming, in soft slumber lies,
 Where steals no breath of passion's tainted sighs
 To mar the sweetness of her virgin heart.
 The hush and stillness, sacredness impart;
 From burning incense, light and fragrance rise,
 Fit emblems of the love that never dies,
 Whose blessed source, Thou, God, the Father art.

So holy is the place, an angel bright,
 Softly approaching, enters undefiled,
 With glowing messages from heaven sent down;
 Saint Ursule reads by inspiration's light:
 "Awaken, princess, sainthood's chosen child,
 Renounce thy earthly for thy heavenly crown."

ABIGAIL TAYLOR

THE HAWTHORNES AGAIN.

MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1897.

SOME thirteen years ago I found great pleasure in reading, and in writing an extensive review of, Julian Hawthorne's memoir of his gifted father. That review was written in my regular work for the *Philadelphia Times*, and has since been published in the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

For more than a generation I have been an intense admirer of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and have always been glad to say of him as Ruskin has said of Carlyle: By all means read all that he ever wrote;

and whenever natural opportunity has offered I have emphasized what to me is the simple fact that he was and that he still remains the one clear-headed and radiant literary genius the United States has produced.

Wendell Phillips was a greater mind, but not so well balanced; saw everything from the stand-point of the morbid conscientiousness of the moral reformer, and blundered right and left in his fervid interpretations of ancient and modern history.

Emerson was as lucid of intellect, but, having entangled himself utterly in the mazes and sea-foams of the swept waves of heterodox theology and philosophy, and never having the creative literary genius of Hawthorne, he constantly attempted themes beyond his powers; hence his light is only that of the setting sun practically darkened by sea-fog and a coming storm. Longfellow was a poet, pure and simple, and with less breadth of mind; and there are no other men in New England or in United States history whose genius and fame can be compared with the genius and fame of the subject of these memories.

Longfellow I met only once, when I was invited to preach in Cambridge many years ago. Emerson I met on several occasions, and, if I mistake not, it was my great pleasure to meet one evening at tea in Mr. Emerson's house, I think in the year 1869, the same dear, though then aged, Elizabeth Peabody who figures so beautifully in the earlier pages of this volume.

The Rev. Dr. Peabody, if I mistake not, of the same family or of a kindred branch, I have always considered the ablest and the most nearly religious of that gifted coterie of New England Unitarian divines that gave the modern heresy of Socinianism and Ananism whatever of respectability it has ever had in this land. Hawthorne I never had the honor of meeting, and I make these personal references mainly that the gifted author of this book and the friends of the Hawthornes everywhere, as well as other thousands of my readers who may not know enough of Hawthorne to love him as I love him, may understand that I am perfectly in touch with the author in her first paragraph, where she says: "The letters"—that make up the main part of this book—"are full of sunshine, which is not even yet in the least dimmed, and there is a pleasant chatter of persons of whom we have heard widely in the most refined atmosphere this country knows."

Were I speaking with strict critical accuracy, I might perhaps

condition the expression "most refined," as that, literally speaking—as before God and the eternities—involves certain absolute and dominating moral qualities in which certain other atmospheres in this land might excel. But we will not preach in this instance.

Certain it is that the Hawthornes and the Peabodys, at the time of the happy meetings which finally resulted in the marriage of Nathaniel Hawthorne to Sophia Peabody, represented some of the best blood and brain-power that had been evolved in New England up to that hour, and, as I see it, far better than any material to be found in New England to-day, except in its higher and more exclusive Catholic circles; and this being the fact, and the fact still further being that in the case of Nathaniel Hawthorne all the excellent qualities of him went to literature, and in the case of Sophia Peabody the leading strain took to art—a sort of early dawn of that power we, as a nation, have ever since been aiming to attain, and mainly with very grotesque results, so far—it is eminently becoming that the modern world should listen with kindest attention to every word that the children of Hawthorne have to say either in elucidation of his genius or in adoration of his most beautiful and gifted soul.

The early Puritans still inherited their religious fervor from the church out of which their forefathers had renegaded, and nothing is clearer than that, from one source and another, Nathaniel Hawthorne, among his other heavenly visions of rectitude, had been given the vision and glory—far beyond his Puritan surroundings—of catching something of the eternal halo of that light ineffable which has clothed all lands with sunshine ever since that hour of darkness, at fright of which the ancient graves gave up their dead.

In truth, when I was told, more than a year ago, that George Parsons Lathrop, in dramatizing, so to speak, the story of "The Scarlet Letter," had, either for dramatic effect or whatever cause, made Hester, the immortal heroine of that immortal story, commit suicide, I could but exclaim: "My God, has the man gone mad?" In fact, alike from the stand-point of literature and morals, I consider such a denouement an eternal insult to all that Hawthorne lived and died for, and, could I have gotten at Lathrop before he committed that fearful blunder, I would have begged him on my knees not to dare to mutilate one of the sacredest treasures of our history in such a blind and dastardly manner.

I am quite aware that this is not in the ordinary tone of a review

of a book. But literature, to me, is the one sacredest thing in all the ages—the word of God, as near as we can articulate it, become incarnate in human speech; and it is so seldom, especially in these years of brainless legions of writers, that any man seizes and depicts the burning energies of the moral nature of our race, that for a mere nobody, a mere hack of modern literature, to take the flaming sword of God's truth right out of a book and substitute therefor the flimsy and nauseating claptrap of a modern farce-comedy, is to me a burning insult to the memory of genius, and an impertinent shame. And I am writing this, not for Mr. Lathrop alone, but more particularly for those thousands of pygmies, who, in our days, are writing so-called literature, with God and the human conscience left out in the cold.

It was Hawthorne's inimitable glory that he "kept close to the heart of nature"—as we put it in these days—without any of the transcendental or other cant of the thing that has made modern speech and modern literature so unutterably despicable.

They say that the Hawthornes were and are all a little queer. In this connection I remember reading within a year or two that some anatomically scientific booby from Paris, whose name I have gladly forgotten, though I think it was Nordau, had demonstrated, on physiological bases, that Carlyle and Ruskin, in their prime, that is, and Byron and Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth, and, of course, Shakespeare, were all madmen—that is, scientifically—thus leaving us only the machine poets, like Dryden, and the phonograph machine prose writers, like Herbert Spencer, and his senseless eternal wordiness, as among the sane writers of the British race in our day. May God pity the light-headed Frenchman, but give him lock-jaw and every sort of paralysis as speedily as possible.

No doubt we are all mad in a sense. It is a mad world, my masters, but take our prophets and poets of the soul out of it, and it is nothing but a cart-horse, contemptible and ugly and senseless, pile of economic and scientific and other more palpable and devilish lies.

I think it was Mr. Lincoln who, when once approached by a dyspeptic temperance crank with the pious gossip that Grant was a dangerous man for the head of the army because he drank whiskey, quietly asked of his informer if he knew the brand of whiskey that Grant imbibed; and again, on being asked why he desired to know, dear old Abe replied, because he would like to get it by the quantity and feed it regularly to the rest of the army officers.

It is true also of human literary genius, especially as rare as that of Hawthorne's and the other great writers named. Genius is always crazy in the eyes and estimate of groveling, economic, and pig-headed fools. But, to my mind, there is nothing so absolutely insane and imbecile in all this world as such boobies as the Frenchman referred to, and such other thousands of his kind in our day who pass for smart literary and business men. Genius is simply an acute mental development toward some great work needed in its day, and the ability of ceaseless labor toward that end.

I am not wandering from my point: Julian Hawthorne and his sister combined have not half the literary genius or power that their father had a half a century ago; still, they have the gift of writing, and it is a gift, not a trade to be learned, like carpentering or money-making; and, either by love of it or by inheritance, or both, they are among our best American writers to-day, and are not mere hacks and slaves.

Moreover, I am personally glad of the opportunity and duty of saying this, because within the present year I have been grossly assailed in certain Boston papers because I felt called upon to preach a certain moral truth in the *GLOBE REVIEW* of last March, which was supposed to reflect strongly upon one of the parties here concerned. I preach no truths, however, for the purpose of reflecting sharply on any one, but only for the sake of the truths themselves, and because I believe their utterance to be needed at the hour. The younger Hawthornes are not thinkers or great writers—but these are as rare as morning and evening stars.

In reviewing Julian Hawthorne's memories of his father, as previously mentioned, I found sharp fault with the piecemeal and heterogeneous manner in which the work was done. Indeed, criticisms of mine regarding this same fault in many of our American writers have plainly forced them to improve their work during the last few years; and it is a pleasure to note that there is a beautiful and skillful method in the whole treatment of the memories of Hawthorne in the present volume. As a matter of historic continuity, the letters from Emerson to Sophia Peabody should have been inserted among the letters that appear previous to the time of her marriage to Hawthorne. In simple truth, most of them might have been omitted, as they represent Emerson simply in the light of a would-be polite admirer, and the greater geniuses of New England have never excelled in that rôle. The letters from George W. Curtis

might have been omitted without injury to the memories. In simple fact, Curtis was dull and awkward and artificial and unpenetrating compared with the Hawthornes or the Peabodys, and the only service the letters of Emerson or Curtis can be in these memories is to show that in letter-writing, as in all other writing, Hawthorne was by all odds the ablest, the most sincere, and the profoundest thinker and writer of New England in his day, as I have constantly claimed.

Now and then we come across portions of the same letters in these memories that appeared in Julian's earlier memoir, but, as bodies and souls and reading circles are supposed to change every seven years—at utmost every fourteen years—the newer generation of readers are not supposed to be familiar with books that appeared fourteen years ago.

It seems to me that the story of the Hawthorne-Peabody courtship was told with finer art and less prejudice in Julian's memoir than it is told in his sister's memories, but the episode of Hawthorne's engagement in and discharge from the Boston Custom House is better told—more fully and more satisfactorily told—in these later memories.

On the whole, the book is delightful reading, inasmuch as it reveals the refined social life of New England a half a century ago, when a few at least of its better souls had not wholly gone over to Brook Farm onion-raising, Socinian humbuggery, and absolute vanity.

There is enough of all this, however, in these memories as they stand. Miss Sophia Peabody is so enamored of the divine wisdom of Emerson that she speaks of him as "*The Word*"—that is, the new incarnate Logos or manifestation of God. Jules Very was expected to be that, but nobody knows or hears of him now. He made some fairly good poetry, but, like Thoreau, could not either square himself with democracy or the eternal theocracy of the Church, hence went out in dreamy nonentity to the regions of honorificabilitudinitatibusque.

Indeed, the memories show the Hawthorne, Peabody, Emerson, Hoar, etc., coteries as very largely and flippantly, though brilliantly, made up into a mutual admiration society, without any serious suspicion that there ever had been or would be any diviner manifestations of the æsthetic and the eternal than these same "ladies and gentlemen without a religion, but seeking a new one," and, for the time being, many of them with headquarters at Salem, Concord, and Boston, Mass.

It is pleasant reading, but you need to be able to sift the chaff from the wheat, to remember that many of their poor notions have long since gone to limbo and perdition.

The book is in no sense a proper biography of Hawthorne, and I am not aware that any such biography of Emerson or Phillips or of Hawthorne has ever been written, though I am familiar with several amateur and antiquated attempts in this line. Indeed, the author in this instance claims nothing of this kind. This book and Julian's larger books, already named, will serve as faithful data for some such biography of Hawthorne one of these days. But the writer of such book will have to supply lots of information from his own head or from other sources before such satisfactory biography can see the light.

It seems that the Hawthornes were from Maine originally—that fertile forest of many of our living trees of American genius—and the name clearly implies English origin, but from what part of Maine, or where is the town mentioned, the memories say not. Again, it is assumed that everybody knows all about the manse where the Hawthornes lived for several years after Nathaniel's marriage, but, as a matter of fact, very few people, even in New England, know very much about the historic landmarks of Concord, Mass.

In my review of Julian's books I supplied many points of this kind, and hence am not moved to go over the ground again in this notice. But Nathaniel Hawthorne, as the clearest literary genius this land has produced, deserves to have a noble and splendid biography written of him—a biography that shall trace his parentage, his birthplace, his childhood, and all the lovely or hideous panorama of the journey of his soul from the cradle to the grave, and in a manner and spirit as loving as that his children have used toward him, but with powers of discrimination that God has not given to them.

The story of the Liverpool consulate is fairly well told in the earlier and in this latest memoir of Hawthorne; but there was much in all that, too, that neither one of his children has properly or fully told. On the whole, the Hawthornes, spite of their great ability and their own conscious superiority, seemed always a little surprised and flattered when any of the English aristocracy showed them any especial attention. One need not wonder at this, for in this land, during the present century particularly, wealth is so seldom asso-

ciated with true refinement that the "damned literary fellow" is not only not understood or appreciated by the wealthy, but is apt to be at heart despised by them; whereas in England, time out of mind, and largely in this country previous to the American Revolution, literary culture, and especially literary genius, was honored as placing a man—where it really places him, spite of all the plutocrats in or out of hell—viz., in the very first rank of the world's supremest men and greatest benefactors.

And after all, what was a poor place in the Boston Custom House, or the later Liverpool consulate, as any recognition of a man with ability such as that possessed by Hawthorne? Think of Burns as gauging beer-barrels for a living to eke out his pay for poetry and the spare results of his farming, and of Hawthorne as taking the measure and weight of shiploads of coal, etc., it being understood that his literary wages were not enough to keep the little and quite humble household at Concord fairly alive; and that both of them—the two greatest men of our age—were discharged mainly because they could not utterly sink their souls, their sublime and gifted souls, to the level and unutterable darkness of abject slaves.

It is a fearful reflection upon the "lovers of literature" and the governmental intelligence and patriotism of our progressive, liberal, and democratic days.

Indeed, nothing of late has impressed me so seriously as this same sort of poverty on the part of our own General Grant when as yet he was lieutenant in the army. Recent biographies of him also reveal the fact that when he was stationed in California as Lieutenant Grant, he had not and could not command money enough to get his wife and two children transported across the continent to his own place of residence.

It seems natural to hear of young preachers and priests as being in such straits because they represent, when good for anything, a still higher order of spiritual gift and ministry, and can smile alike at poverty and the grimaces of their wealthy critics and traducers; but lovers of literature, publishers of literature, and patriotic lovers of military prowess ought to see to it that no such humiliation should come to men like Grant and Hawthorne.

I love to think of Nathaniel as splitting wood, etc., in order to keep the human kitchen warm, at Concord, but there ought to have been means enough to provide a dishwasher other than himself.

In a previous review, already named, I traced anew the beautiful

and sentimental story of Hawthorne's early love and courtship, hence have made only brief reference to it in this notice.

I sincerely hope that the new book will prove a source of generous income for the devoted daughter, and certainly the publishers, as usual, have done their part of the work with all the elegant refinement that should lead to this much desired end.

Those of us who know the truth, know perfectly that what New England needs and has needed these two hundred years is a pentecostal baptism of the grace of God, that may bring it proper humility and true faith; and I believe that such baptism is coming, and that when it has come the Puritan will still lead the world. Meanwhile, it will do us all good to study these memories of some of its brighter lights of the past, that we may the better understand the past and know what to expect in the future.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ON ANGEL WINGS.

Last night an angel bore my trembling soul
Across the narrow stream that lies between
Our place of earthly banishment and Home,
And bade me stand upon the utmost verge
Of that fair Land our eyes have never seen,
But which we long for, weary, and to which
Our faltering footsteps tend, from day to day,
Till, in the Father's House, are gathered in
We, with our dear ones:

As I stood, afar—
Nearer I might not draw, nor enter in—
Age after age, eternity unrolled
In ceaseless cycles, countless, ever new,
Yet still the same; with neither yesterday,
Nor any morrow, only one to-day,
Without or morn or eve, but always noon,
An everlasting now—before mine eyes,
Until my vision failed, my senses reeled;
And, as a man who dreams, he falls and falls
Through spaces infinite, yet, falling, knows
It is not he that falls, but time and space

That fall beneath him—even so I stood
 Still on the utmost verge of that fair land—
 And drew no nearer to the dazzling gates
 Of the Celestial City—and beheld
 The tide eternal as it flowed and flowed:
 Not days, nor months, nor years, as mortal men
 Keep count of time—a never-ending tide
 Of what we cannot name as yet, of space,
 Immensity; our halting lips, I think,
 Shall learn to speak it when, at Home, we learn
 The Father's speech, the speech of those we love.

So flowed the tide of space beneath my feet,
 As 'neath a bird, that soars, and soars, and soars
 Into the vault of blue, beyond our sight;
 Could he but tell us how the spaces flow
 Away, and yet away, so might I tell
 How, as I stood upon the utmost verge
 Of that dear Native Land we hope to reach,
 The tide of space—I know no other name
 For what we know not—flowed beneath my feet,
 Until I knew not if I fell and fell
 Through all the limitless abyss of space,
 Or whether rose and rose, for evermore,
 Beyond the farthest stars, or, standing, saw
 Eternity unroll before mine eyes,
 One never-ending now.

But, on my soul,
 Lay all the burden of eternity,
 And I grew weary, with a weariness
 No words can imagine. Know you, how of old
 Tithonus groaned beneath the weight of years
 Beyond the span of mortals? He of time
 Grew faint and tired, till he longed to die,
 Yet could not, for the mighty gods, they say,
 Cannot recall their gifts—how then should I,
 That passed—yet have not passed—the stream of death,
 Endure the burden of eternity?

Shall we, then, weary, in the Father's House,
 When we have passed through death to life with Him—
 Beneath the weight of never-ending bliss,

Of joy eternal, peace ineffable,
 Communion intimate with God Himself,
 The Beatific Vision? Weary? Nay,
 How could one weary, holding converse sweet
 With Christ, and with our Mother, with the Saints
 To whom we prayed in many a time of need,
 In joy and sorrow; with the Angel Guide
 Who guarded, tended, watched the journey through,
 And led our wayward footsteps home at last;
 With those we love—no more misunderstood,
 No fear of death, of parting, or of tears—
 Weary of knowledge, growing like to His
 Throughout eternity, till we shall be
 "Like Him" in love, in all that makes Him God;
 Shall be as gods, the sons of God, indeed
 The children of the Highest. Weary? Nay,
 Doth love make weary? Joy and peace untold?
 Or knowledge ever growing, till it grow
 Into omniscience?

Yet, the awful weight,
 The burden of eternity—of peace
 That passeth understanding; yea, of love
 That knows nor doubt nor sorrow, death nor tears,
 All that our souls can wish for, all that God
 Shall freely give, that eye hath never seen,
 Ear hath not heard, nor heart of man conceived—
 Would surely press us down, and down, and down
 Forevermore; but that omnipotence
 Shall be our stay: not in His love alone,
 That passeth knowledge, nor His perfect peace
 That passeth understanding; nor in joy
 And glory infinite; yea, not alone
 In His omniscience shall He bid us share,
 Who loved us unto death; but He, Himself,
 The Lord of Might and Power, who hath borne
 The burden of our flesh, our sins, our griefs,
 The weight of all our cares; whose hand upholds
 The whole of His creation, and in whom,
 By whom all creatures live—shall bear for us,
 With us, the burden of eternity.

Montreal.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

STRAY LIGHTS ON CUBA.

The first periodical ever published in Cuba was not brought out until 1792, and was issued gratuitously by José Agustín Caballero and Manuel Zequiera, who devoted the proceeds to the support of a free school.

In 1793 the "Patriotic" Society took charge of this publication, and it was issued twice a week.

Some time later *El Aviso* changed owners and became the official Gazette, which title it still bears, while it now belongs to the Spanish Government.

Freedom of press was established in 1811, and several periodicals were started.

As late as 1774 the Spanish Government objected to the establishment of printing-presses in Cuba, and in 1790 the only one on the island was in use at the Captain-General's office in Havana.

In 1818, through the efforts of Don Francisco Arango, Cuban ports were opened, and this gave a new impetus to intellectual life in Cuba.

El Pais, *El Siglo*, and other journals, from 1847 to 1868, devoted their columns to clamoring for reforms for Cuba. And such prominent writers as Cristóbal Madan, José Quintín Suzarte, Gaspar Betancourt Cisneros, and Count Pozos Dulces were frequent contributors.

The Spanish party sustained *El Diario de la Marina* and *La Prensa*, which were devoted to the Government.

Really freedom of press was only extended for a brief period in 1869, so that the unwary might betray their political leanings. And after the mice were caught the trap was shut down. Many Cubans gave voice to their desire for freedom of the press, and were exiled in consequence at this time.

At the close of the war, in 1878, *El Triunfo* was started, and subsequently *El Pais*, devoted to Cuban interests.

The policy of the Spanish Government has always been to impede circulation of matter unfavorable to Spanish dominion. In 1853 a royal edict prohibited the introduction into Cuba of Spanish books published abroad, thus ratifying a similar edict issued in 1837.

Another decree prohibited the circulation of the *Revista de España*.

Americans introduced railways in Cuba in 1836, before they were laid in Spain. Later they brought out the telegraph, cable, and other inventions so useful in every way.

The erroneous statement has been published by some Spanish writers that the majority of Cubans are usually lawless and degenerate, but the fact is that we gather from official statistics, published in 1884, that the majority of the criminal classes in Cuba paying the penalty of the law, were Spaniards. There were, on an average, one criminal native to every 4,777 inhabitants, and one Spanish felon to every 231 Spaniards. This disproportion is evident.

Havana possesses no public library belonging to the Government. The only free library was started and sustained by the Economic Society.

Cuba has an area of 3,804 square miles, and about 1,600,000 inhabitants. It is divided into six provinces, viz., Habana, Pinar del Rio, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, and Santiago de Cuba, with two territorial courts, at Habana and Puerto Principe; two ecclesiastic, namely, a bishopric with 144 parishes, and an archbishopric with 55. There are 27 judicial districts in Habana and 10 in Puerto Principe. The island has twenty-one cities, sixteen towns, and numerous villages and hamlets.

Cuba, as a Spanish colony, is four centuries old; but up to the sixteenth and seventeenth century there were no schools at all on the island, and until the eighteenth century there was only one school in which Cuban children might be taught to read and write, and this institute belonged to the Belemitas Friars in Habana, and was endowed by Don Juan Carballo, a native of Seville.

In 1793, during the administration of Captain-General Las Casas, the Economic Society founded several schools, and established two free schools. But they were hampered in their work by Bishop *Tres Palacios*.

In 1817 there were only about ninety schools in nineteen towns. In 1827 the Economic Society succeeded in getting an appropriation from Government of \$8,000 for schools.

Caballero, Varela, and other eminent Cubans endeavored to promote education by every means in their power.

Up to 1836, the State, which drew a revenue of twenty-five million from Cuba, did not expend a penny toward educational purposes. Meanwhile Cuba sustained Fernando Po, as well as several penal stations.

In 1871 Ramon Araistegui advised the Government to crush learning as the fountain-head of revolutionary ideas and aspirations for freedom.

Cuba did not lack patriotic men, and liberal-minded Spaniards who had made their fortunes on the island, and two of these, Dr. Salvador Zapata and Don Francisco Hoyos, endowed several free schools.

The Cubans, Dr. Bruno Zayas, Don José Eugenio More, Doña Josefa Santa Cruz de Oviedo, and Doña Marta Abreu de Estevez also liberally contributed to the endowment of free schools.

The policy of administrating Cuba in Madrid, thousands of miles away, by ministers and statesmen totally unacquainted with the people or their needs, has proved fatal to Cuban interests, while native Cubans for years were excluded from having a voice in public matters. Corruption and abuses were the upshot of this short-sighted policy.

In England and the United States written laws are scarce, while Spanish jurisprudence has an ample supply, with poor judges to boot. All legal functionaries are appointed by the Colonial Minister in Madrid, from the highest to the lowest.

Abuses crop up fast, and lawsuits are like a cancer eating away the flesh. The luckless individual who goes to law often loses his whole estate to pay lawyers' fees. Reams of stamped paper and endless red tape are required in the simplest transaction, while the course of law is tedious and slow.

Owing to constitutional reforms in Spain, Cuba enjoyed some political privileges in 1837. From 1837 to 1879 she had no voice in co-legislative bodies; and from 1879, although Cuba had representatives at the Cortes, they spoke to empty benches.

In 1810 King Ferdinand VII. authorized Cuban deputies at the Cortes, one deputy to each town. During a brief period the island enjoyed some rights, and the military and civil courts were separate, while the tension of the policy of centralization was slackened.

In 1813 Don Francisco Arango was elected representative from Cuba, and to his efforts were due important economic reforms in the administration of that island. But the constitutional system was abolished in 1814.

After Riego's revolutionary movement, Cubans again enjoyed constitutional rights, and in 1820 several Cubans were elected deputies to the Cortes. In 1822 the learned Don Felix Varela was chosen

deputy, and Cubans and Spaniards on the island began to be divided into two parties.

In 1823 the Bolivar revolutionary movement was crushed, a movement aided by Venezuelans who desired to establish a free republic for Cuba.

Liberal institutions were suppressed under the Bonaparte dynasty, and even after the French invader was driven from the throne Cuba did not enjoy any representation at the Cortes, and military rule prevailed on the island.

In 1836 the constitution was again proclaimed in Spain, while the tyrannical Captain-General Tacon ground the people under an iron heel in Cuba, and banished from Santiago de Cuba General Lorenzo for proclaiming the constitution. Spain had one representative allowed to every 50,000 inhabitants, while Cuba only had four for her total population.

Varela and Saco were circumvented in all their plans for reform, and the latter was exiled. But in 1854 the Spanish statesman, Olazaga, and others, pleaded for Cuba and her rights. Julian de Zulueta and Alcala Galiano also advocated political representation for Cuba without avail.

Captain-General Francisco Serrano and Captain-General Domingo Dulces were mild rulers from 1860 to 1865, and were duly appreciated by the Cubans. The former interested himself in the Senate on their behalf, and 20,000 Cubans signed a memorial thanking him for his services.

After the Treaty of Zanjón, Cuba was allowed one deputy to every 50,000 inhabitants, so she had twenty-four deputies in all. But, owing to some hocus-pocus, the majority were in favor of Spanish dominion, and the Cuban deputies had a hard time to make themselves heard amid the clamor of their opponents. But they breasted the waves with undaunted courage, in spite of disappointment and defeat.

Laws were enacted to forbid carrying firearms in Cuba, or any means of personal defense, unless by paying a heavy tax, although the country was overrun with marauders. At the same time, any one who harbored an outlaw, or allowed him to pass by without arresting him, was considered an abettor of the criminal.

According to the statistician José del Perojo, Cuba has given 137 millions to the Spanish exchequer. During the war of 1868 to 1878 Spain levied a subsidy of eighty-two millions of dollars on

the island. In 1880 Cuba paid forty millions into the Spanish treasury.

Few, if any, appropriations are made for Cuba. Public roads and works of all kinds are neglected. Until 1871 no other except the Catholic faith was tolerated in Cuba. Skepticism has increased among Cuban youth, and some writers attribute this to the greed for gold among the clergy, and the fact that they do not practice what they preach.

The enforcement of the edict regarding civil marriage was the cause of disagreement between the civil and ecclesiastical courts in Habana. The Catholic Church in Cuba refused copies of baptismal papers or access to the parish registers to parties about to contract a civil marriage, as the Church does not sanction the civil rite unless accompanied by the religious ceremony as well. Neither does the Catholic Church countenance divorce.

"Free Cuba" in the constitution drawn up September, 1896, not only authorizes divorce, but allows the parties to remarry within a year after the bond has been severed.*

New York.

ELIZABETH FOSTER.

THE SONNETS OF KEATS.

"THE POETRY OF EARTH IS CEASING NEVER."

In one of the latest of his forty sonnets Keats says:

— "by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd
And, like Andromeda, the sonnet sweet
Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness."

I venture the remark that the restraints imposed by the form of this class of poetic compositions serve to check his disposition to employ a redundant affluence of expression and allusion, which weakens and renders tedious, not to say sometimes unintelligible to the average reader, some of his poetry. In writing his sonnets, subdued by their arbitrary peculiarity of construction, his careful jealousy not to use "dead leaves in the bay wreath crown" resulted happily in his making for his muse "garlands of her own" which will never fade.

* In my judgment this clause alone is enough to send "Free Cuba" to hell.—THE EDITOR.

Keats is comparatively little read, which is much to be deplored, and I am afraid that of only one of his sonnets can it be said that it is well known; but surely the extraordinary beauty of that one ought to be a sufficient recommendation of its companions. The reader will remember that when the poet heard Chapman, in his version of Homer, "speak out loud and bold," he felt like

— "some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The grand simplicity and power of these lines will serve to introduce a suggestive rather than an exhaustive review of other sonnets by the same hand.

I am not rash in claiming that Keats's word-painting of natural scenes is perfect artistry. The opening day and its herald bird inspire most felicitous expression, as when, "free as the sky-searching lark and as elate," he observes the pretty creature shake "the tremulous dew from his lush clover covert," early, as first the sun "kist away the tears that fill'd the eyes of Morn." I am reminded of times when, in my own boyhood, my baffled sight tried to trace the upward course of the sweet birds rising into the very heavens and descending in quick and irregular succession, again to leave their dewy coverts for the fields of light, all the earth and air melodious with their fluttering rapture.

" 'Tis very sweet,' says our poet,
— 'to look into the fair
And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.' "

The "feathery gold of even" impressed his imagination not less strongly, and the "unnumbered sounds" heard in that season of contemplation:

"The songs of birds—the whispering of the leaves—
The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound—and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves."

And,

"Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel—an eye

Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by."

How clean-cut this bit of description, which may find fit hanging-place between two more ambitious canvases:

—— "alleys, where the fir-tree drops its cone,
Where robins hop, and fallen leaves are sere."

Once more:

"Oh! how I love, on a fair summer's eve,
When streams of light pour down the golden west,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds, far—far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
From little cares; to find, with easy quest,
A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive."

The temptation is strong, to linger with the poet in his wonderfully expressed appreciation of what to him, alas! was but a brief joy in the loveliness of Nature. Deep shadows rested early upon his young life:

—— "on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink."

In another passage he says:

—— "I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain."

For a time, however, he seems to have realized something of the strength and physical enjoyment of youth, looking on life with the appreciative eyes of adolescence. His social impulses were strong and dominating, and his capability of ardent friendship only less intense than the flaming passion which, later, consumed his declining powers. A sonnet to Solitude, remarkable for strength of natural description, placed him in a very amiable light as a friend:

—— "the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of humankind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee."

A gentleman having sent him roses, he acknowledged the gift in words which the charmed world of literature will not willingly let die. Rambling "in the happy fields" he had seen

"A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
As is the wand that Queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excell'd;
But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd;
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd."

Leaving some friends at an early hour he desires a golden pen:

— "a tablet whiter than a star,
Or hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween";

that, thus provided,

"The while let music wander round my ears,
And as it reaches each delicious ending,
Let me write down a line of glorious tone,
And full of many wonders of the spheres."

Then he adds:

"For what a height my spirit is contending!
'Tis not content so soon to be alone."

Intimations of a gentle domestic disposition are in striking contrast with the ebullitions of disappointed passion in some of his latest words. What could be sweeter than the following description of fireside enjoyment? It is found in a sonnet addressed to his brothers:

"Small, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals,
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
Like whispers of the household gods that keep
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls."

In another place he speaks of

— "the love, so voluble and deep,
That aye at fall of night our care condoles."

If, here and there, in what remains of Keats's sonnets, regard-

ing them in the order given them by Lord Houghton, whose careful editing calls for nothing but appreciation, traces of the short-lived exercise and enjoyment of his physical powers are to be found, the suggestion accompanies them, so far as I have observed, that such bodily activity as he manifested was due rather to the domination of intellectual restlessness than to real robustness. It could not be of long continuance that the unconscious endurance of fatigue was the effect of spiritual buoyancy rather than of bodily vigor. The most robust, so to speak, of his sonnets is less remarkable as a description of youthful strength than of an absorbed and masterful condition of mind and emotion, under the force of which he was insensible to such bodily weariness as a young man less intellectually and spiritually gifted would have felt in the like circumstances. He felt no weariness because he rode in the chariot of high mental exploit and spiritual gratification. The sonnet before me is one of great beauty and its interest is heightened immeasurably by the personal fascination of the glorious youth who penned it:

“ Keen, fitful gusts are whispering here and there
 Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;
 The stars look very cold about the sky,
 And I have many miles on foot to fare;
 Yet feel I little of the cool, bleak air,
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
 Or of the silver lamps that burn on high,
 Or of the distance from home’s pleasant lair:
 For I am brimful of the friendliness
 That in a little cottage I have found;
 Of fair-hair’d Milton’s eloquent distress,
 And all his love for gentle Lycid’ drown’d,
 Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
 And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown’d.”

Perhaps, by the matured literary judgment, those sonnets depicting female loveliness, which bear internal evidence of having anticipated that “one profound passion”—to quote from his noble biographer—in which his life went out, are regarded as the best. As an example I quote from “On a Picture of Leander”:

“ Come hither, all sweet maidens soberly,
 Down-looking aye, and with a chasten’d light
 Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
 And meekly let your fair hands joinèd be,

As if so gentle that ye could not see,
 Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright;
 Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
 Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea."

When a young lady sent him a laurel crown his gallantry triumphed over a weary weight of failing life:

" Fresh morning gusts have blown away all fear
 From my glad bosom. Now from gloominess
 I mount forever—not an atom less
 Than the proud laurel shall content my bier."

A brother poet had written that

—— " dear eyes are dearer far
 Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell."

Keats thereupon playfully champions the blue eyes, and with a grace and spirit which have no modification in melancholy:

" Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven—the domain
 Of Cynthia—the wide palace of the sun—
 The tent of Hesperus, and all his train—
 The bosomer of clouds, gold, gray, and dun.
 Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
 And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
 May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
 Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
 Blue! gentle cousin of the forest-green,
 Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
 Forget-me-not, the bluebell, and, that queen
 Of secrecy, the violet; what strange powers
 Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great
 When in an Eye thou art alive with fate!"

Needless to say that Keats revelled in literature, as in nature, the primal fount of his inspiration, and that his taste was true and exquisite.

" How many bards gild the lapses of time!
 A few of them have ever been the food
 Of my delighted fancy—I could brood
 Over their beauties, earthly or sublime;
 And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
 These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
 But no confusion, no disturbance rude
 Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime."

Of the few, Shakespeare, of whom he is said to have carried habitually the minor poems in his pocket, Milton, and Spenser seem to have been his favorites:

"In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air."

Dying young, he took no strong grip of the great events which characterized the few years of his life; but his sympathies were democratic and generous—there is evidence of this in his sonnets—and in Keats there is no trace of that cynical affectation of want of feeling which stunts and spoils much clever literary work in our day, as in his. The "great name alone" of "good Kosciusko" was to him "a full harvest whence to reap high feeling"; and in the common people he noted with admiration their quickness to see and applaud real worth. Where, he observes:

—— "we think the truth least understood.
Oft may be found a 'singleness of aim'
That ought to frighten into hooded shame
A money-mongering, pitiable brood."

In words of prophetic strength he adds:

"What when a stout unbending champion awes
Envy and malice to their native sty?
Unnumber'd souls breathe out a still applause,
Proud to behold him in his country's eye."

The restlessness of the time in which he lived was prophetic to him of a great and noble future:

"Other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?—
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

Proud persistency in work, retarded by bodily suffering, even in the very shadow of death, and the consciousness of his great powers dispose of the hackneyed quotation from Byron that Keats's soul was "snuffed out by an article." In fact, the keen sword of his spiritual activity was wearing out the scabbard of his physical life years before the end came.

His best work was not his last work, regarded as a whole. The morbid ravings of hopeless passion are in pitiful contrast with Keats at his strongest; but those take up little space in a book of poetry much to be loved and confidently to be recommended to the student of literature; and there is, at least, the language of real passion here:

“ O! let me have thee whole—all—all—be mine!
 That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
 Of love, your kiss—those hands, those eyes divine,
 That warm, white, luscious, million-pleasur’d breast—
 Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
 Withhold no atom’s atom, or I die;
 Or, living on, perhaps, your wretched thrall
 Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
 Life’s purposes—the palate of my mind
 Losing its gust, and my ambition blind! ”

In his last sonnet Keats writes like a master, with superb dignity of thought and expression, associated with the intense affection and emotion which were at once the strength and the weakness of a great poet.

“ Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature’s patient, sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillow’d upon my fair love’s ripening breast,
 To feel forever its soft fall and swell
 Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.”

Laying down my pen, I feel that a leisurely talk about Keats’s sonnets finds its justification in the hope that readers may be attracted to them by this taste of their quality. While they are the product of genius in some directions immature, I think they can be regarded, nevertheless, as among the best sonnets in the language, a good proportion of them being gems perfectly cut, elaborated with the severe skill of the master poet, and enkindled with the luster of first-water brilliants. Keats was, as a student, perhaps too little indebted to learning, in the conventional sense of the word,

but he assimilated with a healthful digestion such of the great books of the world as he read in their English original or in translation; and he made that supreme use of them which, enriching and chastening endowments of language, understanding, imagination, and sensibility rarely equaled in the natural gifts of poets, added his name to the still brief roll of writers for all time.

New York.

HENRY G. TAYLOR.

THE WONDROUS EXCELLENCE.

What shalt thou wear to-night?—that perfect dress,
The color of the ocean waves that stand
In brief curled poise to break upon the strand
And waste themselves in foamy loveliness?
A frill of rich, rare lace shall softly press
The fair, full throat; where wrists meet shapely hand
A curiously fashioned golden band
Shall circle, quaintly chased and lusterless.

No flashing jewels, lady, shalt thou wear—
Such ill befit a beauty so serene;
Enough for thee the charm of innocence.
I'll put some fresh, pure marguerites in thy hair—
Red roses would bedim its sunny sheen—
Then tremble at thy wondrous excellence.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

GEMS BY THE WAYSIDE.

They tell me that rubies are becoming as plentiful as pebbles in a sand-hill; and doubtless many a flower is born to blush comparatively unseen.

Here is Egan, for instance, in a bit of patchwork story in the last July issue of the *Rosary Magazine*. Never mind the story. The abbé and Laurent—the little hero of the tale—are in quest of health for Laurent.

“At sunset they reached the sea. The brown beach was tinted with vermillion, which ran into glassy crimson where the light

touched the wetter sand; the sea itself was of the lightest scarlet, and the horizon was ablaze with purple fire."

If you care for color or glory straight from the hand of God, here they are as few mortals can reproduce them.

Dear, lovely Egan is a poet of the light of heaven and the love of God; and why he will ever make anything else of himself, and why his friends will try to make anything else of him, is to me a mystery to be explained only by the devil and his angels of these thrice confounded times.

And here is Stoddard—I mean Charles Warren, of course; the only Stoddard—author of "South Sea Idyls," etc.

When my own work is too serious for me, when Shakespeare is too brilliant, Carlyle too intense, Emerson too prosaic, Byron too majestic, Browning too clever, Tennyson too exquisite, and the modern crowds of Howells & Co. too everlastingly dull and stupid and artificial and clumsy and contemptible for help or entertainment, I take down my Stoddard—dear, dainty, fluent, and melodious Stoddard—and am with the gods again.

I open at random at pages 142-3—"Pearl Hunting," etc.—and:

"At last we turned our prow and shot through a low arch in a cliff, so low we both ducked our heads instinctively, letting the vines and parasites trail over our shoulders and down our backs.

"It was a dark passage into an inner cave lit from below—a cave filled with an eternal and sunless twilight that was very soothing to our eyes as we came in from the glare of sea and sky.

"A canoe-length from where we floated a clear rill stole noiselessly from above, mingling its sweet waters with the sea; on the roof of our cavern fruits flourished, and we were wholly satisfied."

So we are "soothed" and "satisfied," and it continues thus, page after page, till the weary eyelids close upon the gaudy and noisy world of day, and dream of visions of eternal peace.

"How fresh seems the memory of this journey! Yet its place is with the archives of the past. I seem to breathe the incense of orange-flowers and to hear the whisper of distant waterfalls as I write——"

And what I could tell of the new Hawaiian infamy if my hands and lips were only free!

I understand that they keep Stoddard in a gold cage—so to speak—in Washington, doors all open, of course, and feed him on sugar trusts and cockle-shells, like a bird of paradise; but it was not out

of such conditions that the "South Sea Idyls" rose like rainbow-vapors into the storm-tossed sunlight of time.

Dear boys! the day is far spent and the night is at hand, hence it behooves us to know well the finer stars in all the constellations, lest, perchance, our compass should fail us and the Pole Star fade away.

There is another book on my shelves which I take down occasionally when these modern hours are weary of the cant of the market-place and the rattle of the golden chains of hell.

To-day I open at page 334 of "The Memoir of John A. Dahlgren," written by his gifted widow, Madeline Vinton Dahlgren; but the admiral is here telling his own story. And what I notice about all the writings of gifted men like Dahlgren—from Cæsar to Moltke, to Sherman, and, in less measure, to Grant—is the clear succinctness with which they always tell their story. In a word, even in literature, their's is the highest art which is nature at her best, and all alone. The date is:

"Friday, May 24 (1861).—About four o'clock the regiment (Colonel Ellsworth's once famous regiment of Zouaves) divided between the Baltimore and Vernon, steamed down the river. I was in the James Guy, to assist if necessity arose. Colonel Ellsworth was with me, but finally concluded to go in the Vernon, and I passed him in. The day broke fairly just as we got to the wharf at Alexandria. The Zouaves jumped ashore, and the rattle of musketry was heard. It seemed as if there was to be a fight, and the howitzer of my own steamer was got ready; but it proved to be only the alarm shots of the sentries and a return from the Zouaves. The whole regiment passed quietly ashore, and Alexandria was taken."

How strange it all sounds to us now in these corrupt days of plutocratic peace. Colonel Ellsworth, musketry, in dead earnest, Alexandria taken, and, same day Colonel Ellsworth killed—a sort of first martyr in that great struggle which forced the sacrifice of a million noble men—and all for what?—that black negroes, being "educated," should parade the earth with all the conceit of white fools, and eventually, after another generation of tariff-tinkers and wealthy thieves, this great and glorious nation should at last have for its certain and heaven-born guidance that despicable and damnable thing they call the Dingley Tariff bill.

I hate war as simply a bloody parody on Christianity; but I would rather once more hear and see the tramp of armies through this land, even though I were drafted and forced to fight against my

will, than to see the United States of America ruled by such gangs of money-grabbers and land-grabbers and trust sharks and tariff tinkers and contemptible nobodies as rule us to-day.

While prowling for gems with which to adorn this little article, what should come to my office, July 7, 1897, but the July issue of *Donahoe's Magazine*, with its brand new editor, Mr. H. A. Adams; all in paint and feathers, in fine style; and having promised a good friend of his that if I saw anything worth praising in his work I would say a good word for the new editor, I said to myself, Here's your chance; and, spite of the heat, I plunged into *Donahoe's*, for July, looking for gems—but they were not there.

Nothing is more difficult than for a man who has been trained for the gospel ministry—no matter if he has a smattering of literary taste—to become a secular editor, or a secular person in any sense. I have tried it for twenty-five years and know whereof I affirm.

Mr. Adams has my profoundest sympathy. I have heard of him, now and then, as a lecturer on Carlyle, etc., before the higher classes in some Catholic convents, but I never saw a word of his in print till I found *Donahoe's* for July, 1897.

There is a certain amateur gush about his leading editorial paragraphs, and the story he attempts in the body of *Donahoe's* for July may find readers, but I beg to be excused. Certain people may take this gush for brilliancy, but it is far from that.

If Mr. Adams had hired himself out as a sub-editor, to write editorial paragraphs on some daily paper for a few years, he might have worked off some of the exuberant freshness of quasi-transcendentalism, now all too apparent in the *Donahoe* paragraphs, and he might have gotten himself down somewhere near to his own ideal of "facts" and common sense.

The nearest I find to a gem in these paragraphs—and that is a long way off—is as follows:

"Confidence has been scarce of late; talk about it, however, is a drug on the market. This dear old land of ours will come out all right; not through some shallow, and therefore heard-of, 'leaders of the people,' but in spite of any and all such; not through some miracle of legislation, but because God sleeps not. And therefore,"—

I will finish the paragraph by adding that—"therefore"—"this dear old land of ours" will first go to the devil—if indeed "this dear old land of ours" has not already gone there, neck and heels, in-

cluding Ireland, Storer and Co., with Keane as a new Charon of the Styx. And "this dear old land of ours" is simply silly affectation.

But I was speaking of gems. The only change in *Donahoe's* under Mr. Adams's management that seems to me worthy of notice under this title may be found in pages 41 to 56, inclusive, of said July issue.

These sixteen pages are devoted to fairly good pictures of some fairly good-looking young ladies—younger and older—who have been, at one time or another in their lives, connected as students with Visitation convents in the United States.

This feature I consider a great improvement on those pages of crude and half-nude Catholic base-ball teams and played-out theatricals that used to adorn its popular pages. Then there is very little comment in these sixteen pages, so the fairly good-looking ladies, younger and older, speak quite eloquently for themselves; and there can be no doubt that, if MR. Adams means to continue this process of illustration until he embraces—that is, illustrates—all the fairly good-looking ladies, younger and older, that have been, at one time or another, connected as students with all the convents in the United States, he will become quite popular with the many ladies concerned. This is a fine outlook.

But God pity the convert from the Anglican clergy, or from the clergy of any other Protestant denomination, who has to depend upon this species of claptrap to make a leading Catholic magazine in these degenerate days.

Sometimes I am inclined to think that it were better to preach Christ with sleeves rolled up, even from a Methodist pulpit, not to speak of preaching the Eternal from the dignified pulpits of Anglicanism, than to fall to the contemptible level of lay lecturer and moonshine editor of a muck-heap and brainless so-called literary Catholic magazine.

But every fellow to his trade, and the devil take the hindmost!

Meanwhile let us look for gems. At this point I looked in my desk and found "An Opal," by Ednah Proctor Clarke, and immediately said to myself, Why here is a gem for your article.

"The Opal" is a little book of poems, published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston, New York, and London. On looking it over, I remembered that it had come to me months ago from a good friend of the author's, had been put away for safe keeping and an early notice, with result as stated; but it is a real gem, and here is

one of its most brilliant scintillations. The author calls it "Sappho":

"Where the Leucadian air its fragrance drowned
In the salt sweep and tingle of the sea;
Where the harsh cliff his bosom yearningly
Spreads grassy-soft, she lay, whom Lesbos crowned.
Careless of laurel, her warm hair, unbound,
Crept down her side, slow-lingering, to her knee,
The light wind lifted it—then tenderly
Fingered her idle harp with pleading sound.

She heard it not, nor heard the free delight
Of rhythmic waves: earth's music to her ears
Was mute; she only saw on that lone height
A boy's dark eyes, and the long empty years.
Her lips sobbed: "Phaon!"—through her fingers white
The leaning, thirsty grasses drank her tears."

According to tradition, Sappho was a sort of Greek combined Amélie Rives and Ella Wheeler, without their other names, and with more music in her soul than any dozen of our American beauties that have ever attempted song, but instead of writing cheap novels and poems of passion for cash, and just to show how the quick and the dead would love if they only dared, she dared to love—dared to die for her love, and so became immortal.

The fragments of Sappho's poetry that have come down to us—true or false—seem to indicate that she was as superior in poetry to our modern girls and women, as Aristotle was superior to Lord Bacon and our modern claptrap scientists; as Plato was superior in philosophy to our modern transcendental and other philosophers, and as Phidias was superior in sculpture to our modern mechanics, who work in mud and marble and call their work art. At all events, our good friend, Ednah Proctor Clarke, has made rather a striking picture of this poor passionate Greek girl, and so I am glad to put it among the gems of this article.

At this point I remembered that two other little volumes of poems had been laid away with Miss Clarke's for special mention. Now we will select a gem from each and bid the books and their gifted authors God-speed in their glinting sunshine work among the haunts of men.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, of Gardiner, Me., is already known to and appreciated by the discriminating readers of the *GLOBE* RE-

VIEW. Some of the best of the poems that go to make up "The Torrent and the Night Before," recently published for the author, have already appeared in this magazine; but I select one of the new ones, and one which is very characteristic of the quick and subtle gleaminess of the author's mind and of his great gifts as a poet. He calls it

SUPREMACY.

"There is a drear and lonely tract of hell
 From all the common gloom removed afar:
 A flat, sad land it is, where shadows are,
 Whose lorn estate my verse may never tell.
 I walked among them and I knew them well:
 Men I had slandered on life's little star
 For churls and sluggards; and I knew the scar
 Upon their brows of woe ineffable.

But as I went majestic on my way,
 Into the dark they vanished, one by one,
 Till, with a shaft of God's eternal day,
 The dream of all my glory was undone—
 And with a fool's importunate dismay,
 I heard the dead men singing in the sun."

This sonnet indicates alike the author's clear-cut work and the somewhat startling boldness of his thought. The one feature is clearly the result of many years of closest study and application; the other a part of that transcendental mood into which New England has fallen since its amateur idolatry of Emerson became the ruling fad of the hour. It is due to the position the *GLOBE* has taken from its first issue until now, as it is due the gifted author here under review, that while admitting and welcoming his beautiful art I should call attention to the limited—doubting, if not utter—unbelieving character and quality of his mind.

I do not blame him for this. It is simply the natural inheritance of two hundred years of down-east Protestant skepticism; and the same dry-rot, unfortunately, has invaded and ruined the work of most of our younger American writers.

I believe that the Scotch parson and novelist, Maclaren, has recently invented a creed that one may well dismiss with pity and laughter. But Robinson and all New England—except the Catholic portion of it—has passed the Scotchman's halting-place long ago and are all in the depths of absolute negation.

Mr. Robinson has a sonnet that he calls "Credo," and here are its first two lines:

"I cannot find my way: there is no star
In all the shrouded heavens anywhere."

Poor, deluded, hoodwinked, deceived, misled, unguided, self-willed, but sternly persistent New England! God pity her, and hasten the newer pentecostal day that shall forever burn the blackened scales from her eyes. Mr. Robinson is a genuine chip of this New England block—hard of unbelief.

Finally, in this collection of neglected gems by the wayside, here is a little volume of verse called "The Promise of the Ages," also printed for the author, Mr. Charles A. Keeler, of Berkeley, California.

The title of Mr. Keeler's booklet indicates the large, outreaching ambition of his mind. "The Promise of the Ages" is an extended poem covering 56 pages and dealing with the various phases of human and mystic love—that is, the love of certain ideals of life, and thought, and of love itself, throughout all of which, alas! one finds the lack of pure and exalted love for a faith in the one supreme ideal of all human and divine existence; hence again, while welcoming all that is beautiful in Mr. Keeler's work, I am bound alike, as a friend and a critic, to point out this supreme lack of the new poet's genius.

From the first issue of the *GLOBE* to the last I have again and again—sometimes with reasoning and with pleading, at other times with vehemence and sarcasm—called the attention of our younger literary men and poets to the fact that all the great masters of song, time out of mind, have had strong and abiding faith in the Eternal, and that no literary work in prose or verse is worthy the name of true literature that shows lack of this faith.

In truth, I have said as much as this personally to the two splendid boys whose charming work I am here noticing, and they silently assent to the truth, but themselves are unable to believe. It is all a part of the world-wide curse of modern Protestantism that now blinds the eyes of the aspiring children of men.

Here is a new taste of Mr. Keeler's work. I say new, for poems of his also have appeared in this magazine. We open the book on page 25, where, *via* the poet and his ideal prophetic—

"Triumphantly the task of time looks backward o'er its span,
And sees the tender love of God, fruition find in man.

His words upon the silent air took wing,
 The heedless wind their accents hurrying
 Afar where thought their echo scarce could tell,
 As, note by note, to nothingness they fell;
 But Percival with busy brain had caught
 Each syllable with earth's far pageant fraught,
 And cherished all its wonder. Age by age
 Had earth unrolled each mighty figured page,
 Like some old Sibyl's pond'rous book of fate,
 Where time had writ what death might consecrate.
 And this was truth,—this faith revealed in stone,
 In tablets graved ere Moses stood alone
 Before his God, to learn what high decree
 Should vest him with divine supremacy,—
 This faith the dead past bore to life again,—
 This growth, this striving, this enduring pain!
 So Percival believed, and so he said;
 The Prophet, musing, shook his hoary head:
 'Thy mind too easily is set at rest;
 Too soon wouldst thou conclude thy endless quest.
 With tireless mind press on, nor rest content
 Till thou hast gained the soul's far firmament.
 With endless steps still tread the paths divine,
 Though doubt withhold the light of hope benign.
 With boundless yearning spurn the depths you've trod,
 And climb the dizzy heights where waits your God!' ”

It is tender as twilight and beautiful as day, but lacks that eternal harmony with the eternal reason of the universe, which I have called attention to in connection with the quotations from Mr. Robinson, though Mr. Keeler comes much nearer to faith than Mr. Robinson. Now I consider these two young men far and away the ablest poets among the younger generation of singers in the United States to-day. By the younger generation I mean the men and women among us under or about the age of thirty years. To those who know the one and not the other, or who know of the one and not of the other, and to those who may not know either one of them personally, or who may not even know of either one of these two young men, it will be of interest to learn that though one is a resident of Maine and the other of California, as stated, they have many points of personal resemblance.

Both are tall—that is, above the average height—both have straight and strong black hair, both are quiet and unassuming in manners, both have clear-cut and intellectual rather than fashion-

able and worldly faces, both are a little angular and as yet un-at-home-like in the ways of the world, both are well-born and bred and well connected, and both are as conscious of their as yet unrevealed and reserved power as they are of their present comparatively unrecognized position in the world of letters.

Of the two, Mr. Robinson has the finer and more finished touch in his work, but Mr. Keeler has the finer genius and the more sensitive soul. Twenty years from now, when I am dead and gone, these young men, if they live and pursue their chosen art—as they seem determined to do—the United States will have two poets well worthy of the name. And if heaven will only let the eternal sunshine of its own ineffable mystery and glory in upon their aspiring dreams, the next generation will have American poetry compared with which most of the poor piping of these hard days will sound like the relentless sharpening of a very dull saw.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SCHEMERS AND VICTIMS.

HOW THE ORDER OF GRAND SHARKS DOUBLED THEIR HOLDINGS

Forty-odd farmers formed a corporation for the purpose of building a school-house, court-house, some bridges, and making other improvements. Their crops were not sufficient to pay all at once, so, through their agents, they issued due-bills for a stipulated amount of wheat and corn yearly, with the excess agreed upon for interest. The ratio was one bushel of wheat to two bushels of corn, and the debt was payable in either or part of both, at the option of the farmers, that being the custom based upon long experience. For several years payments were made without embarrassment, beyond what they had figured upon as the natural result of the varying of the crop output. When either the corn or the wheat was scarcer than the other they paid in the more abundant, until the surplus over their own use was exhausted to the condition of the surplus of the other; and so very little fluctuation in value was experienced, and no great injustice was done.

Meantime the speculators who had taken their due-bills had been studying nights, devising plans to further increase their incomes. As shrewd men, they took the existing facts for their basis, and

they saw that under the contract there was no chance for them to speculate beyond their legitimate interest. They often consulted over the matter and exchanged plans. At last, one night, one of them jumped from his bed in an ecstasy of delight. He was as elated as an inventor who had struck the missing thought in his new patent. He couldn't wait for the regular lodge night of the Order of Grand Sharks, so he sent word to the officers to call a special meeting. And this is the plan he gave them:

"If we can get that obligation changed so that the farmers must pay us all in wheat, instead of part wheat and part corn, we can speculate and work the market to our hearts' content. You see, they don't raise enough wheat to pay the debt. So, when pay-time comes, they will deliver us the wheat until they can't spare any more; then they will have to buy wheat back from us to pay us with. We'll set the price on the wheat by holding it until their bid suits us. We will not have to take corn, any more than we will have to take meat, potatoes, labor, or any other product of labor. They must have the wheat back to pay us with, or we will foreclose. As I said, we will set the exchange price on the wheat, by means of our corner. Of course a bushel of wheat is but a bushel of wheat, the same as a dollar is but a dollar; but the value to us who control the wheat is its exchange value for other things. We can ask four bushels of corn for one bushel of wheat; we can take two days' labor for one bushel of wheat, instead of giving two bushels of wheat for one day's labor. Having full control of the surplus of wheat, and at the same time requiring them to pay us in wheat, we are masters of the situation. Isn't the advantage clear? Aren't the profits larger? And suppose that some of us who are getting the wheat desire to build a palace in New York, with a bath-room costing thirty thousand bushels of wheat, don't you see that labor and lumber and everything produced by labor—except the wheat we have cornered—being worth less than half as much wheat as before, we get our house, and in fact everything, at less than half price. We have not only doubled the interest due us annually, but the exchange value of the principal is doubled in whatever use we put it to. And if they fail to pay, and we desire to bid their property in, we will get twice as much of it for the debt. The results are entirely in our interests as lenders. Of course the others must lose what we make above the legitimate contract profit, but that is their business."

When he had finished, the members were of one mind as to the desirability of the scheme. One of them suggested that the farmers might not be foolish enough to change the contract. But the man with the new scheme had had experience in securing franchises, and said he could fix that with the farmers' agents, if he got to work at once before too much talking had been done. He was given a check-book and told to hustle.

Chicago, Ill.

ALLEN HENRY SMITH.

NATURE'S IMPRESSIONS.

Faintly and all too vaguely doth the heart,
The soul, and every passive sense retain
Nature's impressions; from her scenes we part,
Touched and exalted; yet too soon again,
With staff and scrip, we tread our wonted track,
Absorbed but by the weight upon our back.
That sudden thrill! The fire! The surging blood!
The ecstasy, o'erwhelming like a flood,
With which we contemplate some witching scene,
Ah! would that memory of that spell divine,
Its fervid warmth, its genial, generous glow,
Would in our fancy bide forever green,
Intoxicating with its wholesome wine,
Thus appetite on what 'twould feed, would grow.

New York.

J. W. SCHWARTZ.

"BLUFF KING HAL."

The Prince of Wales, at the recent fancy-dress Jubilee ball, given at London by the Duchess of Devonshire (she who was the widowed Duchess of Manchester and who married another duke on his accession, when he was best known as the Marquis of Hartington), assumed the dress and character of Henry the Eighth; from which act it may be inferred that this monarch, who, to quote Artemus Ward, got wives by simply "axin'" for them, and who, as sensual

as Jezebel or Messalina, poses in the ecclesiastical courts of England as the founder of its Established Church, is regarded, not only as a *persona grata* by the Court of St. James, but as a holy person by the virtuous Protestant Queen Victoria. That the Prince of Wales, who, as London society goes, must be regarded as a distinguished, reputable gentleman, should thus consent to pose for only a few hours as, and impersonate, a disreputable king like Henry the Eighth, constitutes a lamentable incident. And a list of the impersonations by the other guests of her grace the Duchess of Devonshire, as is published, shows that the impersonation by the Prince contributed the only bad character on the floor in the brilliant assemblage; for no one had the courage to appear, for instance, in the dress of those other heads of the English Church—Charles the Second and George the Fourth, who in the historical race for a disreputable character among monarchs make a fair second and third to Henry the Eighth.

This choice of character, made by so prominent a social actor as the Prince of Wales, may serve, however, to resurrect English attention toward Henry the Eighth, and to make him the especial object-lesson that he became during Elizabeth's reign.

It was a curious decree of heaven that raised the daughter of the murdered Anne Boleyn to become second successor to Henry. In that retributive connection it may be recalled that the present Duke of Fife, whose children are presumptive—if distant—heirs to the British crown through his marriage with the daughter of the Prince of Wales, is himself a lineal descendant of that hapless actress, Dora Jordan, by another dissolute English king, William the Fourth.

Henry the Eighth would have found his memory practically perished except for his treachery to the Pope and his acceptance of the tenets of Martin Luther, toward whom a "fellow feeling" with the latter's ecclesiastical incest with a nun made him "wondrous kind."

Seldom has a notable man had so appropriate a nickname as Henry had in "Bluff King Hal." For in the American sense of the word, Henry the Eighth was a "bluffer" all his life. His marriage with his brother's widow, Catharine, was a bluff; his league, three years after his succession, with the King of Spain was but a bluff against France; his French victory in the following year at Guine-gaste, in the battle known as the Field of the Spurs, was, say the

chroniclers, won by a bluff; and the same may be urged of his field of Flodden, in battle with his brother-in-law, the King of the Scots. Henry's hypocritical favoritism of Wolsey and subsequent ungrateful quarrel with him were additional instances of bluff; as were his highwayman methods in the pillage of six hundred and forty-five monasteries, all in the burlesque name of reforming religion.

The iconoclastic convocations of York and Canterbury, which pronounced his marriage to Catharine of Aragon null and void, were victims to Henry's bluff. But he failed in his blasphemous attempt at bluffing the Holy Pontiff into awarding him the sanction of the Church, through divorce, toward wedding the doll-face of Anne Boleyn. His mock-trial of Queen Catharine (so well portrayed by Shakespeare, who had instant access to its recent history) was but a piece of consummate bluff. He tried the latter upon Charles Fifth at the field of the Cloth of Gold. His Latin book against Lutheranism was a bluff, which his sexual passions eventually took back, and in return Martin Luther bluffed back with a reply that savored of what the sailors express by the phrase, "All in my eye, Betty Martin, oh."

Henry was, too, the only English king who succeeded in bluffing his Parliament, as witness the statutes he obtained from them—one settling the succession on Anne Boleyn's daughter, and denying it (but in effect unsuccessfully) to his issue by his only one real wife, Catharine; and another divorcing his fourth wife, Anne—she of Cleves. He again bluffed his subjects by marrying a second Catharine (Parr) after sending the head of the Cleves wife to bear gory company with that of Anne Boleyn. He then alternately bluffed his newly organized Protestants and his betrayed Catholics by persecuting each in turn. He bluffed history by taking to his newly-invented religious faith, through a monstrous usurpation, of his title of "Defender," which the Pope had conferred upon him for his review of Luther, and as unsuspectingly at the time as Christ conferred the title of Apostle upon Judas Iscariot.

This title of Defender still appertains to Victoria as head of the Established Church, whose alleged apostolic succession only began with wretched King Henry the Eighth. His second war with France, in 1544, and his boasted trip to Calais, were only other big bluffs without winning stakes. He bluffed the principality of Wales and the "Men of Harlech" into a union with England. He failed in his diabolically ungrateful prosecution of his once bosom friend

and valiant general, the Duke of Norfolk, because Henry died on the day preceding that fixed for bringing the head of the Duke to the block on Tower Hill. In this prosecution he had bluffed *Magna Carta*; for Henry had proceeded against the Duke by attainder, without trial or evidence. The Defender of Protestantism, however, could not bluff Death, although he endeavored to—if we are to credit the narrative of Sir Anthony Denny, who told him of his fate, and brought to his bedside the capricious and cowardly Cranmer. His whole career was a game of bluff inspired by his love of sway; and he so bluffed liberty and constitutional equipoise through-out his reign that these were practically banished from it; indeed, their very forms were rendered purely subservient to his passions.

Appropriate, therefore, is his sobriquet of "Bluff King Hal," so colloquially used by his subjects without their appreciating its fitness, and by novelists, historians, and poets. Yet this human monster it is, whom at this time of writing, the Anglican and the American Episcopal bishops, in an international ecclesiastical convention at London, are honoring as the founder of their Church.

Moreover, after decrying through several ages the folly of having in a head of the Church, infallible in its discipline, they are endeavoring to make the Archbishop of Canterbury a semi-Pope of the Established Church and appointing the senior Episcopal Bishop to perform similar functions of Church headship in the United States.

In contrast to all these statements, how grand and how majestic must seem—even to liberal and unprejudiced Protestants—the ancient Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, founded by Christ on Saint Peter as a rock; and so diverse from one founded by a dissolute king upon what may be termed segments of alabaster capable of being molded at sectarian caprice.

New York.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

GLOBE NOTES.

For two weeks previous to the issue of the last *GLOBE REVIEW*, and for several weeks after its issue, a painful illness prevented me from undertaking any serious work, hence the *Lay Sermon* and other articles intended for this September issue, all requiring closer study and application than I have been able to give, do not yet appear, but they are all blocked out in my mind, and with improved health I hope to write two or three of said articles in time for the December *GLOBE*.

Perhaps it is not necessary to apologize, however, for the milder tone of my own work in this issue. In truth, I have no doubt that many readers will be quite willing to overlook some loss of power if they only find any appreciable increase of charity. Others, I know, prefer the strength in spite of its sometimes admitted severity. Here, as always, I do the best that I can, and it always pleases me when, in public or private notices of the *GLOBE*, the work of other writers is given a preference over my own. I am often amazed and amused at the fearful epithets applied to me and my work by a certain order of so-called critics, and, could they know with what modesty, gentleness, and charity I set about my work, though sometimes inclined to say savage things of utter savages, they would be as much amazed and amused as I am.

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Sick or well, however, I must make some reference here to certain very unjust and impertinent criticisms of this magazine that have recently appeared in the *Northwest Review*, to the effect, for instance, that, having had a Protestant education, Mr. Thorne can hardly be expected to have other than biased—that is, erroneous—views concerning Catholic Church history, and, as his education has been “fragmentary,” he certainly cannot understand a great and consistent and logical and elaborate soul like the late Cardinal Newman.

It is of no consequence to me who does this wiseacre and consummately stupid work in the *Northwest Review*. Until recently I had supposed that the editorial head of that paper possessed some real appreciation of the acknowledged merits of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and hence had always felt in the kindest mood toward him and his

paper. I do not intend to be unkind now, in fact will not be, but I want this presumptuous gentleman of the *Northwest Review* to awake his narrow-headed and prejudiced senses before he undertakes to make senseless criticisms of my work in the future.

Regarding the first point, if this wondrous saint and scholar of the *Northwest Review* would apply one hundredth part of the labor and integrity it has taken to make the GLOBE REVIEW and sustain it these last eight years, he would learn that for more than a quarter of a century before I was received into the Catholic Church I had given up my Presbyterian parish as a minister, and my bread and butter and home, and a thousand ties dear to me in this world, because I could not take or hold the Protestant idea regarding Church History or any other history or religious attitude at all. He might also find that, even when a Presbyterian minister, I never held or tolerated the bigoted views generally held by Protestants regarding any phase of the Catholic Church, past or present. Again, he might find that while literary editor, for years, of a great daily paper, I never failed to ridicule the Protestant idea of the "Dark Ages," so-called, and frequently even then, and long before I became Catholic or even dreamed of being a Catholic, I now and again pointed out the glories of Catholic scholarship and sainthood that illuminated those so-called dark ages. He might also find repeated instances of this sort of expression in the GLOBE REVIEW before its editor became a Catholic. He might also find several articles in this REVIEW written by other parties and welcomed by me, in utter contradiction of his falsehoods. In view of these facts, which are a part of the general literary work of this country for the last twenty-five years, it seems to me as unbecoming and impertinent as it is unfraternal and ungenerous for this unknown and nameless editor of a so-called Catholic paper to misrepresent me in this fashion. I am not defending Protestant ideas. I am simply proving the falsehood of this Northwest scribbler.

One would suppose that such as he would rather welcome with joy and gratitude every earnest soul that came into the fold of the Church and lifted up what seems to many thousands of earnest Catholics no mean or milk-and-water voice in its defense; and if this fellow of the *Northwest Review* does not know my record, I refer him to all the issues of the GLOBE REVIEW for the last eight years, and these will give the lie to his wrong-headed and conceited ignorance. I am not arguing with him, but directing him where to find needed information.

Regarding his silly suggestion that a man of my training could not be expected to comprehend the writings of a man like Newman, it is too ludicrous for serious treatment, were it not for the fact that the sayings of this untaught wiseacre of the *Northwest Review* may influence other minds and lead them to false conclusions concerning myself.

I read and appreciated Newman many years before I became a Catholic—in all probability, many years before my Northwest critic was able to read or understand him—and yet, in truth, Newman's work was a very simple one—a work that all students of early Church history know how to appreciate; and there was neither any supreme intellect or supreme originality necessary to do the work he did so beautifully. Neither, on the other hand, was his work at all aggressive; in fact, had little or no bearing upon the great battles between modern Liberalism, so-called, and modern science, so-called, as these are against the Catholic Church of our day and generation.

I do not intend to do over again the work that Newman did so well, but I have already done in this REVIEW work of quite as much service; work that he could not have done, and at daggers' points with all the Protestant, Liberal, infidel, and scientific lies of our day. The trouble is not that I do not understand Newman, but that this stultified and immaculate Catholic booby of the *Northwest Review* does not, and apparently is determined that he will not, understand me. For the last seven years I have promised myself the pleasure of reviewing Newman's entire work and his place in English literature, but modern issues are more pressing.

In conclusion, let me tell my Manitoba critic that it is the part of a mule or a jackass, and not the part of a Catholic Christian or any decent man, to kick at his friend or his master, instead of working with him in the eternal harness of truth and charity. Had I time or were it worth while, I could show more conclusively the falsehood and injustice of his strictures; but I have not time, and it is not worth while.

It has been aptly said of some Catholics that they are more orthodox than the Pope, and of others that had they written the Gospels they would have whitewashed Peter's denials and have utterly denied his cuss words.

Now this man of the *Northwest Review* seems to be of the class that would whitewash *all* Catholic history, and make it *all* angelic,

whereas quite a sprinkling of it is damnable, and, to put into Anglican English an oft-repeated Latin sonorousness of the Mass, "As it was in the beginning (it) is now, and ever shall be world without end, Amen."

The meanest and most dishonest knaves I have met or heard of in the last five years have been Catholics, and some of the Popes and some of the prelates of the Middle Ages were little better; but the Church is divine spite of its Judases, its Alexanders and its John Irelands.

I do not take and never have taken Protestant ground regarding Catholic Church history. I admit no more concerning the exceptional corruptions of the Church—that is, of some of its notorious representatives—than is admitted by all honest Catholic historians, and just as frankly admitted by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in the latest book from his hands; and let me suggest to this fellow of the *Northwest Review*, and to all Catholics like him, that all Protestants are not fools, and that it were better, safer, and wiser and more manly on our part as Catholics to admit our faults than to whitewash our vices and crimes.

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In the *Catholic World* for August there is an article entitled "Our Boys," by Rev. M. F. Heffernan, which seems to me worthy the serious attention of all the Catholic priests and all the more intelligent Catholic laymen and women of our times. The article itself is of excellent spirit and very well done; but it is for what it suggests rather than for what it says that I call attention to it in the *GLOBE*.

In general Father Heffernan proposes some sort of quasi-military and quasi-religious organization to be developed, as far as possible, in all Catholic churches, that shall gather the boys ranging from thirteen to eighteen years of age away from the many temptations that beset them during that period of life, and interest them more vividly in the churches of their respective localities. He admits that a great deal more attention is devoted by Catholic churches to the spiritual welfare of girls ranging along the same ages than is devoted to the boys. Of this general admission I have nothing to say (except to express my regret), because I lack experience of the facts as stated, but I beg to assure all readers of these comments, whether lay or clerical, that quite the reverse has long been true in the management of all successful Protestant churches, and that,

as a rule, in said churches the boys and young men have long had more of the pastor's attention than the girls and the young women; and were there space and time to go into the matter here I could give many striking examples of what would generally be conceded as the beneficial results of this latter policy. I refrain, however, for the present, and more willingly because it is clear to me that there is not the same opportunity to interest the boys and young men of our Catholic churches that exists in Protestant churches. The line of demarkation between the priest and his Catholic young men is more sharply defined than is the case between the Protestant pastor and the boys and young men of his congregation—but I must drop this phase of the question and refer to Father Heffernan's own ideas and plans, gladly admitting that, notwithstanding what I have said, the proportion of men in attendance upon Catholic services and duties is vastly larger than in Protestant churches.

Persons at all familiar with the life of our boys in Catholic schools and colleges will readily admit that the military drill, with its various incidental training and amusement, is one of the most attractive features of the Catholic boy's life at college, and it seems to me that Father Heffernan has hit upon a capital idea in suggesting that this military feature should be used for all it is worth in holding the church interest of the tens of thousands of Catholic boys who are not fortunate enough to procure the advantages of a college education; for this, if I understand him, is the heart and soul of his plan—that is, to gather the Catholic and other gamin from the streets, and perhaps from other still less reputable quarters, of Sunday afternoons, and at other hours of the week if possible, and form them into such organizations as I have named—the avowed object being, of course, to bring them by degrees into a more frequent observance of their religious duties as Catholics, and make of them better equipped and more valuable men. I am sorry that the need exists, but perhaps it does exist.

The task suggested is really as large as the civilization of the world, and it is difficult not to generalize on the subject, but I have one or two practical suggestions to make in the line of Father Heffernan's plan. Of course, it must have occurred to him, as it will readily occur to all other priests and sensible men, that it would be difficult to organize or to maintain an organization of the kind he suggests in other than city parishes, for, in the first place, military organizations need numbers to make them attractive, and such

numbers of Catholic boys will hardly be found in our country parishes; and, in the next place, in order to the maintenance of a military organization and the drill of boys in that line there must be competent teachers of military drill, for without this the boys themselves, so quick to detect any absurdity or weakness, would simply laugh at the organization and much prefer to pitch pennies in the streets or to go on in their own slipshod amusements, whatever they might be.

In a word, any military organization of the kind referred to must be thorough and competent in order to make it more attractive than the street, and, to secure these points, competent drill-masters are needed, involving expense and running many risks of competition and clashing between such teachers and the rule of the priests. For, while I take it for granted that whatever organization of the kind referred to would be under the superior control of the priest in each particular locality, I also take it for granted that the priest himself could not, would not, and should not be the military drill-master in question. He is usually an overworked man as it is. Here again, as in summer and winter schools and many other quasi-intellectual and quasi-religious and moral enterprises of the Catholic Church, comes in the question of employing and fully acknowledging the power and intelligence of the lay elements involved, and the absolute certainty that in order fully to develop and use these elements, priests will everywhere have to loosen a little of the tight rein of their own authority and judgment, and admit laymen of equal or superior intelligence to their own, to a full share alike in the work and honor of such organizations.

That it is coming to this, especially in our country, I have no doubt, but as I have now more than both hands full, I am not speaking for myself, and I hardly expect to see this change in my own lifetime, which at best has only a few more years to run.

I have two other suggestions to make in connection with the enterprise proposed: *First*, I would not call the organization after St. Anthony or any other saint in the calendar. Of course, I indorse all the veneration paid by Catholics to their saints, and I have a few saints of my own canonizing, not included in the Catholic calendar, toward whom I feel a profound veneration, but I do not believe in mixing things in a way to look ridiculous, and I am inclined to believe that Catholics are disposed to run this mixing and veneration of a certain clique of saints to ludicrous extremes.

No sane man would think of making Epicurus the patron saint of one of our modern cold-water, vegetarian and hygienic sanatorium institutions. In truth, the famous old Epicurus knew a trick worth two of it, and would well enjoy his pipe and ale and any sort of luxury were he alive to-day; and it seems to me no more consistent to make St. Anthony the patron saint of a modern military organization. No doubt the good God takes good care of the saints. Our business is to make new ones, and to do this with all the intelligence in our power, always beginning on ourselves.

Had I any voice in the new organization proposed I would call it "The Good Soldier," army, militia, brigade, or what not, and leave the old saints for the time being to look after themselves. And, as the idea is to make, or help to make, good soldiers of the cross by means of a little plain soldiering in ordinary military tactics, this term so aptly quoted by Father Heffernan seems to me at once appropriate and inspiring as it is scriptural and Catholic.

It is well enough to familiarize our boys a little more vividly with the actual fountain-head of all our priesthood and sainthood, and in choosing a name for such an organization as the one proposed it seems to me advisable not to burden the gamin with some regalia of St. Anthony, but to shoot into their souls from the start this *idea* that they, of their own choice, are responsible members of a new and "*Good Soldiers*" army, and adjuncts of the Lord our Saviour.

My second suggestion comes from the last half-line of Father Heffernan's article. I would not "keep a tight hold of the boys," but learn yourselves how to hold them, guide, control them, and drive them, in case of need, with a slack hold and a loose rein. This thought is capable of any amount of enlargement and illustration, but I have said enough to show my appreciation of the plan proposed and to point out some of the difficulties in the way of its efficient and proper accomplishment.

It is doubtless well known to many readers of the GLOBE, and perhaps to Father Heffernan himself, that the plan he suggests has been in successful operation under Protestant auspices and under the title of "The Boys' Brigade," both in Scotland and in England, for years past, and I sincerely hope that the Catholics of this country will make a splendid success of it in the United States.

I have none of the military spirit in my make-up. I am a Christian, and practically despise all thoughts of warfare, but there is no telling what is ahead of us. For one, I am sure that war is not

far off, and in all probability the Catholic boys of this generation will have to do a little actual fighting on their own account before our American millennium is attained.

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Some good friends of the *GLOBE* have recently written me suggesting that this would be a good time for a stinging review of the Queen's Jubilee, etc., but, unfortunately or otherwise, I have no inclination to do anything of the kind.

Many years ago, when I was the foreign editorial writer for a leading daily newspaper, during the period of Gladstone's first efforts to secure Home Rule for Ireland, it seemed natural enough to spice the more serious editorials in favor of his scheme with all sorts of quasi-facetious ridicule of the royal family of England, and to point out the various blunders and selfishness of the British Government in all directions. Further studies of international problems and of the comparative rectitudes of the different nations of the world have taught me, however, that such a course was hardly a just one, and that to pursue such line of comment in a magazine as serious and as cosmopolitan as the *GLOBE* claims to be would be unbecoming the dignity and veracity of its pages.

I have over and over again admitted and criticised the brutal selfishness of all branches of the white race in their thirst and crowding for what we call civilization, and as the English have done more colonizing in the last one hundred years than all the other branches of our white race together, they have naturally enough been obliged to wield a strong and sometimes a brutal hand in Australia, India, and Africa; but a careful comparative study of the moral and human tendencies of all the governments of this earth during the last one hundred years has convinced me that the British Government has been during this century, and is to-day, the most prosperous, the most profound, and the best principled government on the face of the earth.

In the same line of thought, but applying it to the more important international crises that have at times during the last twenty years threatened the nations with an almost world-wide war, I have had evidence enough that the now venerable Queen of England has interposed her firm decision in favor of peace and a more fraternal policy among the advanced nations of civilization; hence, though shunning all pageants myself, I was glad of the great outpouring of the heart of England and her colonies to do some sort of jubilating

in honor of the Queen, and I do not think that the Irish members of Parliament or their representatives in America manifested good sense or good manners by sulking in their tents and, serpent-like, hissing at the great panorama of a nation's prosperity in which the Irish themselves have at times been worthy sharers and beneficiaries.

The Queen and the British Government of the last fifty years are not responsible either for the ancient blunders of the Irish or for the harsh cruelties of Cromwell and his English, or for the act of Union, or for anything especially unjust to the Irish people; on the contrary, the general tendency of British rule over Ireland during the last fifty years has been toward a more just and human handling of the entire Anglo-Irish problem.

In truth, as to matters of general education and an approach toward justice in all lines, priests of Irish birth who have traveled in Ireland during the last twenty years, and Irish Protestants of various denominations, have assured me that Ireland is in far better case to-day than she has been for centuries; but there are people who, while they have no ability even to govern themselves, according to any principles of justice and humanity, would like nevertheless to be appointed general superintendents of the infinite universe.

In a word, the editor of the GLOBE is quite willing that the English should fling their caps in air, and shout in pride of prosperity, and garland their streets, and steam around in their war-tubs, and show off generally, nominally in honor of their Queen. And the editor of the GLOBE is just as willing that the Queen should take all this glory to herself, and pass on to such rewards or punishments as await her in the world to come, without any ridicule from the GLOBE REVIEW.

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Something ought to be said here regarding the McKinley administration. I made no comment on the President and his tariff tinkers in the March and June issues of the GLOBE, simply because they had done nothing to justify such comment, and up to this writing their action is such as I heartily despise.

Mr. McKinley's various speeches since he became President have been a little more rhetorical and a little more senseless than they used to be. I regard his policy and the policy of the present administration toward the Hawaiian question as alike un-American, un-Monroe Doctrinish, unjust to Japan, dangerous on general inter-

national grounds, and simply as aiding and abetting the thieves who stole the islands from their rightful owners and rulers—and all this in obedience to the trust magnates and gold bugs who purchased the elections of last year.

On the other hand, the President is to be commended, in my judgment, for pursuing the policy of non-intervention in the Cuban quarrel, and he seems to be living up to the pledges of his party in sending commissioners abroad to further an international agreement looking toward a return to bimetalism. All this, however, may be but a ruse to prevent present indignation, and to save time till his masters are ready to put their foot down on this scheme. Of course, they will corner the Klondike as they have cornered other mines. In faith, I have no confidence either in the ability or integrity of the present administration, and do not expect it to accomplish any worthy measure for the general benefit of this nation.

The case of the Yankee whitewashed Cuban Ruiz was about up to its intellectual status. Ruiz was a spy, to begin with, and was in Cuba in the interests of the rebels and their American abettors; nevertheless, had Consul-General Lee acted with any efficient promptness in his case, Ruiz would have been liberated before he had time to lose his shallow head and butt himself to death; but Lee was making a fool of himself in calling loudly for American warships when he should have been using what little brains nature has given him to attend to his own plain duties as consul-general at Havana, and when he saw that a so-called American citizen had killed himself by reason of his—Lee's—negligence, instead of repenting, and resigning like a man, he took advantage of the doubt in the case, blamed the Spanish authorities for Ruiz's suicide, and yelled louder than ever for warships and indemnity. Great is Consul-General Lee—that is, in dough-face American humbuggery.

Then comes the sympathetic side—the widow-and-children-parading fiasco, and all the newspapers made fine displays. This was all very well done, and I have no doubt that Spain and all Europe got fun enough out of the farce to justify Spain in paying the Ruiz claim.

As for the Dingley Tariff bill, over which the combined intellect of the legislative and executive departments of the Government struggled for five months, I despise it as I have despised all the tariff bills concocted by this nation during the last quarter of a century,

and I have no idea that it is a nation-saving pill. The mountain in labor brought forth a mouse-trap, but only the sickliest of human mice will seek comfort or food in that delusive affair.

Very much on a par with the case of Ruiz is the case of the Cisneros girl, as paraded in the American papers, especially in the *New York Journal*, which is at once the smartest and most dastardly newspaper published in the United States.

After carefully examining this case, I am satisfied that Minister De Lome's statement as published in *The Journal*, August 26, 1897, is the true statement—the statement of a well-informed gentleman and a man of honor, and I am just as clearly satisfied that the *Journal's* own statements are garbled, vulgar, and paraded merely for effect; and I wish to make it so plain here that any fool may read and understand, that, in my serious opinion, Mrs. J. Davis, Mrs. J. W. Howe, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. McKinley, and the entire gang of fifteen thousand American women who, it is said, have petitioned the Queen of Spain to interfere in behalf of the Cisneros girl, would be infinitely better and more becomingly occupied were they on their knees and alert, with eyes wide open and hearts unsullied, petitioning Almighty God to interfere in behalf of their own sins and shortcomings and the sins and shortcomings of their own husbands, brothers, sons, and daughters—especially some of the daughters—and the daughters of other thousands of mothers no less respectable than themselves, whose daughters have been ruined and worse than imprisoned by the male relations of these same fifteen thousand American women.

Of course, this is a dreadful thing to say of these representative saintly females of America, but their husbands and brothers and sons know that I am right, all the same. Of course, all the men on the *New York Journal* are saints, on larger or smaller salaries; never did a wrong in their lives; never were enticed by any young woman—in fact, never needed any enticing; but all this is not to the point; the true point is, that if the Cisneros girl lured to her house a Spanish military commander or any other man in order to entrap him into the hands of assassins or would-be assassins, she ought to have been shot on the spot, and any American woman who does not see the morality of this reasoning ought to be shot beside the Cisneros girl, for this world is already too full of unprincipled women and men who, while dressing and parading like ladies and gentlemen, are at heart and in common daily practice

merely untaught savages, with less of real truth and honor in their souls than might have been found in the Indian squaws and braves who occupied this land before the Christian Spanish and English taught them how to lie, and steal, and drink whiskey, and shoot with rifles instead of with arrows, as of old.

I do not like to speak of the personnel of the administration. The potatoes are too small even for grinding purposes. It is generally understood that McKinley is the slave of Senator Hanna, and that Senator Hanna is the tool of the dominating trusts and gold bugs. Hanna himself is simply a money-grubbing rhinoceros, Sherman a weak old man, who has straddled so many fences that he must be tired to death of his own wobbling career; but for the sake of his name, and in memory of his brother the general, I am not inclined to deal severely with the present Secretary of State, so-called. Gage is simply a financial moonshiner; never had any real ability or stability in finance or other matters, never has gauged anything correctly, and is simply in his place to do the bidding of his masters. In a word, these three—McKinley, Sherman, and Gage—are the puppets nominally governing this nation, while Mark Hanna and Co. are pulling the wires.

In my travels the last nine months I have met various so-called gold Democrats who did not vote for Mr. Bryan last fall, and every man of them is inclined to "kick himself" for his recent folly. I have no doubt that when Grover Cleveland found that six million American citizens had sealed his condemnation with their ballots in the last election he gave himself many a self-disgusting dig, and perhaps even His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Paul, though very mulish in his conceits, may have had some qualms of conscience when he found that the persons he denominated as anarchists and socialists last year constituted nearly half the voting population of the country. I commend all these gentlemen to the master-strokes of statesmanship that have already made the present administration a byword and a hissing in the estimation of the civilized world, and entreat them to do better next time.

In truth, it seems to me that John Ireland, landgrabber, of St. Paul; and Colonel W. P. Rand, coal-heaver, of Chicago; and Mark Hanna, trust broker, of Cleveland; and Bob Ingersoll, the smooth-tongued infidel, and Bourke Cockran, the oratorical clown, both of New York; and John Wanamaker, the oily and pious petticoat peddler, of Philadelphia—all great Republicans, and all honorable

men; and all the purchasing or purchasable agents of the present administration, and some of them noted Catholics, might all be sent to the devil at once with great benefit to this afflicted land.

* * * * *

I notice an error going the rounds of the Catholic papers, to the effect that Frank McLaughlin, who recently received the last sacraments and died in Philadelphia, was *editor* of the *Philadelphia Times*, and if this error originated in the Catholic *Times-Standard* of Philadelphia, which seems probable, it only shows the lamentable ignorance of that paper concerning important matters that are going on right under its own nose.

Twenty-three years ago John and Frank McLaughlin—two printers—and Colonel A. K. McClure, a well-known editor, were the main factors in a stock company that bought out the old Democratic *Age* of Philadelphia and established the *Philadelphia Times*.

John McLaughlin died many years ago, and after his death his brother Frank managed to get control of a large share of the stock and became more pronouncedly than before the sole *business manager* of the paper, but he never had education or cultivation enough to edit any one page of the *Times* in all the twenty-three years of his business headship. He was, however, always a shrewd and narrow and selfish financier, and always thought that money and vulgarity were infinitely superior to brains and culture in this world.

Colonel A. K. McClure, the real founder of the *Times*, and for the last forty years one of the astutest politicians and one of the best informed editors in the United States, has always been the *editor* of the *Times*, and with him, from the first, has been associated, as second in command of the editorship of the *Times*, Dr. Alfred C. Lambdin, one of the few really accomplished gentlemen in control of the newspapers of the United States.

Under these two there have been various writing and managing editors of the *Times* during the years of its existence, but McLaughlin was never *editor* in any sense. Nevertheless, may the good Lord have mercy on him, and may his soul—in due time—rest in peace.

* * * * *

After the first article—"In Memoriam"—of this issue was finished, I learned of the sudden death, in Rome, of the Rev. Dr. Butler, of Chicago, whose recent appointment to a bishopric was a source of gratification to his many friends.

I met Dr. Butler in Chicago on two or three occasions, some five

years ago, but I fancy that there was, from our first meeting, a mutual lack of mutual liking, in all probability the result of a lack of any true mutual understanding; for, through close observation covering a period of over forty years, I have usually found that many of our dislikes of particular individuals are really dislikes of qualities conceived of as existing in them, which, on closer acquaintance, are found not to be in them at all—simply “in thy mind’s eye, Horatio,” and I am quite ready to believe that Dr. Butler was more of a man and a saint than I ever gave him credit for being.

However, I refer to his death here not for purposes of eulogy, but for the more practical purpose of suggesting to His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, that it would be a most graceful and popular act on his part to confer the Bishopric intended for Dr. Butler upon his closest and dearest friend, the Rev. Thomas Cashman, for many years the efficient and successful priest in charge of St. Jarleth’s parish, Chicago.

Here again I have no personal grounds for commending Father Cashman—just the opposite, in fact; nevertheless, Butler and Cashman were bosom friends, and the latter has not only been one of the hard-working and prosperous pioneer priests of the windy city, but is in fact a man of great executive ability and of more genuine parts than he is usually credited with.

I hope that Archbishop Feehan will pardon this suggestion, and I assure Father Cashman that when he is made bishop I will throw my cap as high as the highest, and pray that he may be granted humility enough to wear his honors and do his work like a modest man.

* * * * *

These GLOBE “Notes” have already grown to undue length, and I must close abruptly by expressing my sincere thanks to the large number of subscribers who have remitted so promptly during the summer months, and I especially thank those whose hearty letters of encouragement and blessing have accompanied their subscriptions.

These letters have moved me to deeper and higher resolves for the future, and have been as rays of heavenly light amid the pains and worries of the past three months.

I hope that the delinquents and the growlers will be inspired to think better and do better for the future until such hearty words of encouragement come from thousands where scores and hundreds

send them now; but perhaps the wider and more charitable appreciation will come when I am no longer alive to welcome it.

Meanwhile, it is my purpose to go on in the same fearless vein of criticism that has won for this magazine an enviable fame among thousands of cultured and upright souls—some of them still among the living, while others, alas! are now numbered with the dead.

* * * * *

P. S.—While the last pages of these GLOBE “Notes” were going to press the newspapers were filling the country with reports of the shooting of some forty Pennsylvania miners while they were peacefully on their way to persuade some of their fellow-workmen to join in the general strike for higher wages. The GLOBE holds absolutely that employers have a perfect right to fix the maximum or minimum of wages they are willing to pay their employees, and the GLOBE holds just as absolutely that all employees, of every description, have the same perfect right to work or not to work for wages offered them, to use all lawful means to have their wages increased, when dissatisfied, and to persuade as many as possible of their fellow-workmen to unite with them in such efforts. Hence, in view of the constitutional and fundamental laws of this land, and in view of all the facts relating to this latest Pennsylvania tragedy, the GLOBE holds that the shooting of those unarmed and defenseless miners was deliberate, dastardly, and wholesale murder; and once more the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW warns the plutocratic dictators in this country that unless they speedily resolve henceforth to deal more justly with their employees, especially in such crises as the present, their own lives and the lives of all that are dear to them are not far removed from the vengeance of the masses of the people or from the sterner and more lasting vengeance of Almighty God.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

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OZAR and **KAISER** are both derived from "Cæsar," the Julius Cæsar of our school days ?

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PAGAN means really "belonging to the country," while **CIVIL** means "belonging to the city" ?

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KNAVE once meant "boy," with no implication of dishonesty ?

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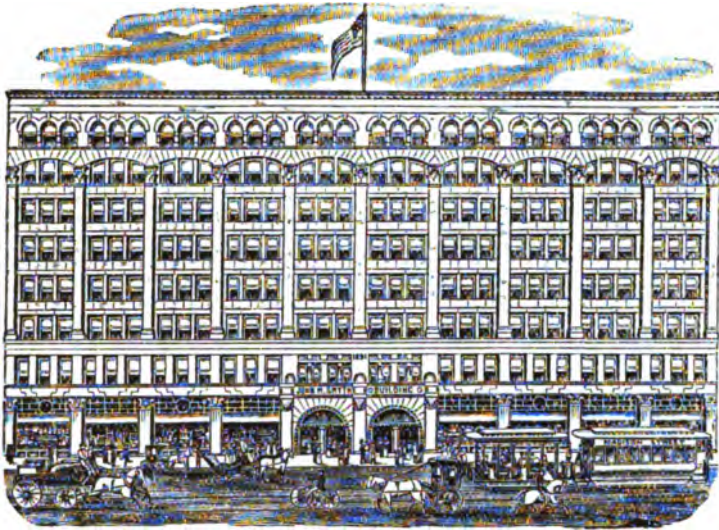
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THE GLOBE.

NO. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1897.

GREATER NEW YORK AND MORE.

I HAVE never taken any interest in the legislation looking to a consolidation of Brooklyn and Long Island City with New York City, simply because I have taken it for granted for more than thirty years that such consolidation would certainly become a fact in the near future, and I always reserve my own work for the advocacy of such changes in human cities and human lives as are less certain of immediate realization and much harder to attain than has been the consolidation named.

The aim I have in view in writing this article looks to such gigantic work some time in the far future, and the children born in the last decade of the nineteenth century may, some of them, live to see the scheme I shall here propose actually accomplished.

On returning to New York after a brief visit to England and a brief sojourn in London in the year 1872, I could but smile derisively at the language of those New Yorkers who even then spoke of our metropolis as the greatest city in the world, for of course I knew then, as we all know to-day, that at that time London could have put New York in one of its overcoat pockets and have carried it along with good, stout British complacency; and to-day we all know that as to population or extent of territory New York is hardly half the size of the old English capital; but I am not writing this article for the comparison of European with American cities, nor for the purpose of comparing American cities with one

another. Any latest book of statistics will perform this work for the reader.

In one sense New York is the only city in the United States; that is, it is the only American city that makes any approach to those features of cosmopolitan life which we usually expect to find in any place worthy the name of a city.

Jerusalem was not a large place in Solomon's day or in the days our Saviour walked its streets, but all nations of the earth traded about her gates and she was then far more cosmopolitan than is Philadelphia or Boston or Chicago in our day. In truth, these latter towns are even now but larger or smaller aggregations of almost strictly local colorings of human life, and to one who has lived and wrought in all of them, as I have done, it would be an interesting work to point out these local colorings, to show whence and why they came; but that line of thought would take me as far from my present purpose as a study of the comparative size of our cities would involve, and I have a newer and a more practical scheme in mind.

Spite of all rivals, nothing but pig-headed Parkhurst, Roosevelt, and Raines Bill, ignorant and countrified tyranny, or something of this sort, can possibly prevent New York from continuing to be what she long has been—the one leading cosmopolitan and matchless city of our Western Hemisphere.

If the Almighty had searched the world for a supreme site for a new city of world-wide supremacy He could not have found a better site than what, in old parlance, was known as Manhattan Island.

Every intelligent man knows that, as commerce is the financial back-bone of a nation or a city—a free and untrammelled manufacturing being presupposed—so a safe and commodious harbor, easy of approach and near to the sea, is one of the main conditions of a commercial city; and I know of no harbor in the world that surpasses the beautiful and exhaustless greatness of the harbor of New York.

Again, an ideal city, especially in these days of the exactions of scientific hygiene, must be healthy, easy and capable of perfect drainage, its air must be salubrious and invigorating; and in all these respects New York is far superior to any other city in the United States.

Chicago is flat and bleak and windy and dusty and smoky. Philadelphia is dead and enervating and dull and stupid of atmosphere. Boston is as raw as it is cramped and crooked.

So I might go over the prevailing characteristics of all the leading cities in the Union and still find that in all the natural conditions that go to make the site of a city desirable New York excels them all.

I am well aware that great cities have flourished in the Old World in old times, and that cities are flourishing in the Old World and in our own country to-day that very poorly meet the demands named; but I am speaking of an ideal site for an ideal city of the future, such as New York is bound to be, unless Senator Raines and other boobies like him build walls of ignorant and tyrannous bondage around it, or unless the trumpet of the last judgment should sound before Platt and Croker and their satellites of both wigwams have become firmly seated in their saddles.

Again, an ideal cosmopolitan city of the future must have originated with the right sort of human souls and must have a majority control of such through all its history; and in this particular New York is the most favored of all the cities in America.

Our early Dutch settlers came of a long-lived and level-headed race of successful traders, and when these, in the days of Billy Penn and afterwards, were supplemented by English, Scot-Irish, and later by Irish, and later still down to our day by Jews, Swedes, modern Germans, Italians, Russians, and Poles, it will be noticed that all are from the races and types that have made human history a marvel of matchless commercial splendor during the last one thousand years.

Philadelphia is a comfortable beehive of complacent Quakerism to this day, touched here and there by all the elements that have made New York Philadelphia's more than successful rival, but the Quaker City is Quaker still in everything except old-fashioned Quaker virtue. This the new Quakers have left with their thees and thous and their plain clothes to their ancestors, and now Philadelphia piety—like the stuff called reformed piety in New York and Boston—is wholly engaged in looking after the virtue of other people while playing the devil with its own.

Chicago is little better than a big tepee. Ninety per cent. of its women are more like squaws than ladies, and seventy-five per cent. of its men have become so westernized that they are not only insufferably vulgar, but they gloat over it as a virtue, and think that every man is, or ought to be, a human jackal, if he is not.

Boston is not much better to-day than it was two hundred years

ago when its Puritan mad dogs barked out of the city every virtuous and broad-minded soul in it and determined to have a kingdom of God all in a little selfish, blue-law hell of their own—lots of rum and the fumes of witch-fires included.

I am not saying that New York is more virtuous to-day than any one of its neighbor cities, but its business sidewalks are wider than the business streets of Boston, its air and its buildings are heavenly and palatial compared with those of Chicago and Philadelphia, and spite of all its political rings and corruptions, so universal that no hotel, church, or common peddler on the streets can escape having to pay especial tribute to its venal but polite and manly police, New York is still clearer-headed, broader-minded, and quite as pure-hearted and handed as any one of its would-be rivals, and is as sure to out-distance all of them in the future as it is certain that the devil has all of our cities in charge.

As to climatic and atmospheric conditions New York is an ideal place of existence. If you have comfortable quarters to live in, there is no healthier summer resort in the world, and in winter the temperature is seldom too cold for very comfortable living. The city really reclines on the bosom of the ocean and is folded in its arms, hence the summer air is cooler and the winter air milder than in inland cities of corresponding latitude. Every two or three weeks, it is true, the city is liable to be covered with a dense fog, which renders navigation in its rivers somewhat dangerous, but this condition of things is characteristic of all sea-port towns, and of all the atmospheres that surround this earth there is none that proves as good a tonic as the salt air of the sea. On an average the air is purer, more invigorating, the skies clearer, bluer, and more beautiful than in any other city I have ever known, and the perfect days of New York—which, by the way, are numerous—when the stars can almost be seen in the clear, lucid blue of mid-day, are types of beauty and joyousness but little understood by the millions of people who enjoy these things without scarcely knowing what they enjoy.

But I did not set out to write a eulogy of New York as the city exists to-day; far from this; in fact the sole purpose of this article is to point out its almost barbaric rudeness, crudeness, and undeveloped natural resources and possibilities, and to point out very definitely certain needed and demanded and very broad and radical improvements.

Nature has done wonders for New York. It is verily a city built upon a rock and circled with skies in which angels might long to dwell, and man has done not a little to make it a great and comfortable center of human habitation. Still, with few exceptions, where railroads have made and are making solid improvements, its superb water frontage is hemmed in by wharfage that rats might shrink from, were they at all particular; the streets threaded by its elevated railways are made harder looking and more repulsive than prisons by the gaunt and hideous iron skeleton structures known as the elevated roads; in whole countless miles of streets and park roadways there is scarcely a decent public toilet resort, and on the Jersey side, within breathing and almost touching distance of its millions of inhabitants, there are many thousands of acres of unimproved, malarious, filthy, unhealthy, and disgraceful swamp-lands, known as the Jersey City flats or meadows, and these are some of the features that I have in mind as in immediate need of such intelligent improvements as cannot be expected to be originated or executed under the direction of such shallow-headed and selfish-hearted public citizens as Tom Platt, the navy man Roosevelt, Whitelaw Reid, or Croker and the other relicts of the once famous Bill Tweed.

Still, the things I am about to suggest will have to be done sooner or later, and the sooner we develop men sufficiently broad-headed and public-spirited to engage in them and carry them out, the sooner will New York rise to the proud position she deserves among the great cities of the world.

In order to make my suggestions clear to the thousands of readers of this magazine who do not reside in New York and may never see the city in fact, it will be necessary to give a brief description of New York City and its immediate environments to-day, and, as I do not use illustrations in the *GLOBE*, I will resort to a very simple plan of description.

If the reader will imagine his or her left fore-arm severed from the elbow, or bare it, as it is, from the elbow, and hold it with the back of the hand upward and the fingers and thumb easily and slightly extended, or spread, and then imagine that this left fore-arm from the elbow joint to the tip of the middle finger is just about sixteen miles long, and anywhere from a mile and a half to three miles wide, the wider portion being the hand and northernmost portion, with a great river flowing on each side of it, he will

have a pretty good general picture of the site of New York City before the recent consolidation took place.

To the east of his sixteen-mile left fore-arm, thus pointing northward, is the body of water known as the East River, averaging about a mile in width and extending along the east front of the city for about eight miles, where it curves still eastward, bounding the north shore of Long Island on the south and washing the shores of Connecticut on their southern borders, and is known as Long Island Sound.

Coming to the East River from this latter, that is, its northeast portion—that is, really from the Atlantic Ocean—we find that what is called the East River on the lower eastern half of the water-front of New York City is really only a diverted and narrowed sweep of Long Island Sound. In a word, the Atlantic, with its eternal swirl westward—like all the great forces of God in these later centuries—came, in its course, long ago, upon those masses of rock in the upper East River, known as Hell Gate, and when it had, after ages of beating and battling, worn portions of the Hell Gate rocks away, it still found the solider masses of rock which even now serve as the foundation of the eastern portion of New York City, about opposite the eastern side of Central Park, or say, midway between the present northernmost and southernmost limits of the great city; and strong as the old ocean was and remains, until there shall be “no more sea,” it was not strong enough to force its way through these rock beds of the great city of the future, and after striving for heaven only knows how many ages, it quietly contented itself by boring through the softer surfaces that stretched southward and became what we call the East River, the southwesternmost flow of Long Island Sound, where the Sound, under the milder name and motion of a river, again finds the sea at the southern limits or elbow-joint end of our city, thus helping to form one of the safest, deepest, and most commodious harbors of the world.

Still following this direction eastward across the East River, now spanned by one clumsy and yet imposing bridge—called the Brooklyn Bridge—we come on the east side of the East River to the southwest portion of Long Island, which along all its shores is washed by the mighty ocean and which, in ages to come, may be another and a mightier armed portion of New York than is to-day the original rock structure of Manhattan Island.

Upon this southwest portion of Long Island and across the East

River from New York, as all the world knows, are the cities of Brooklyn and Long Island City—now a portion of, and united with, New York City, under the general title of Greater New York.

The two cities of Brooklyn and Long Island City occupied more territory and probably contained together more actual residents than the city of New York proper, but as a genuine commercial and historic fact they were always a part of New York, always naturally belonged to and were sustained by the quenchless genius of its industry, and were a part of its natural advantages. Nothing but a strip of water a mile wide, and a few petty personal ambitions, divided them, and at last they are one, as they long ago ought to have been one.

As I have intimated, the capabilities of growth or spreading are almost limitless on the Brooklyn or Long Island or eastern side of what is now Greater New York, and in this direction vast tides of energy and improvement will be exerted and executed during the next one hundred years. For Long Island is sea-girt on all her shores—a land of richest hills and valleys, fit for homes of the gods—and all the present commerce of the wide world might find a resting-place along her borders.

Now let us turn for a moment to the western border of our sixteen-mile fore-arm of a city. All the world knows that New York is bounded on the west by what is called the North or the Hudson River. To name this magnificent river is to fall into ecstasies of admiration over one of the most majestic, one of the noblest, one of the most inexpressibly beautiful rivers of all the world. But I am not writing this article for æsthetic purposes or to please the human appreciation of the beautiful, hence I shall pocket my admiration for the glories of the Hudson River, and think of it only as a body of water something over a mile wide, sweeping from the great mountains by a thousand rivulets, until it becomes the great river which bounds New York City on the west and separates it to-day from what, except by reason of a mere insignificant condition known as a State boundary line, might be New York's still greater growth westward until it has turned the stinking and filthy and disgraceful marshes of the Jersey City swamp-lands into a drained and artificial riverized western portion of what must yet be the most magnificent and matchless and most powerful city of the world.

To all travellers and to most public-school students of geography

it is known that the western banks of the Hudson, opposite New York, are occupied by a more or less straggling and swamp-girted place called Jersey City, and that a little to the north of Jersey City—still opposite New York and separated only by the strip of water called the Hudson River—is Hoboken, and that north of Hoboken—still opposite New York—are the Jersey Palisades, reaching on and up to the Highlands, the far hills, and the mighty mountains.

Now, the first and far-reaching practical suggestion of this article is that, by such special acts of legislation on the part of the legislatures of Albany and Trenton as may be necessary, all the lands now occupied by Jersey City and Hoboken and all the swamp-lands west of these towns and clear to the borders of Newark and Passaic, and for sixteen miles north, shall be ceded to the State of New York, and especially to the city of Greater New York, for such consideration and on such conditions as the respective governments of New York and New Jersey shall amicably agree upon.

My reasons for making this suggestion are as follows: First, that Jersey City and its adjacent country are really as much a part of and a product of the genius and prosperity of New York City as were Brooklyn and Long Island City, and that the same Jersey City and adjacent lands and sections are to-day very largely supported by the life and labor and energy and genius of New York City. Second, spite of its many and admitted natural advantages—to-day hardly dreamed of—New Jersey is not an aggressive State in the lines of commerce or of general civilization, and if the State of New Jersey still continues in control of the swamp-lands named and the strip known as Jersey City and Jersey City Heights, and the Hoboken hills, those swamp-lands will probably remain a malaria-spreading swamp of human gangrene until the Judgment day—that is, unless New Jersey can persuade the railroads crossing said swamps to improve them on some grand and general plan—which must be resorted to in order to success—and then pay her—this same Jersey sand-heap and gold-bug State—for the privilege of improving her so-called Jersey lands—that is, her insufferable and neglected pest and plague-breeding and at present worse than useless swamp-lands. Third, I take it here for granted, and will try to make it plain, that the Jersey side of the Hudson is not only a part of New York and rightfully belongs to her, but that once owned by New York those beastly swamps would disappear inside

of fifty years, and that New York really needs, for a more harmonious and equitable and logical development of her own borders and interests, the Jersey City side of the Hudson River, just as much as she needed the Brooklyn side of the East River.

I am not a rabid New Yorker. Essentially speaking I am not a New Yorker at all. It is of no consequence to me which city in the world is the greatest. I am only here over night, till the longer morning dawns. It is of no moment to me who grows rich or who grows poor. I care neither for this city nor that political party or boss or corporation, and I ask no favors of these; but I care for the health of my fellow-men. I hate to see loafers and boobies feeding on the industry of genius. I hate to see great opportunities for needed improvement thwarted and neglected by the mere red-tape of State line divisions, and above all by innate Jersey stupidity. Speaking more directly, I would, by careful dredging and digging, deepen the present waterways that drain these swamps and dump the land so secured over the swamps in order to elevate the present level. Then I would cut new and deep waterways east and west and north and south at regular distances, equal to the ordinary blocks or squares in nearly all our cities, and would use these artificial waterways for canal streets, conveyance to be made by boats, barges, steam craft, etc.; or I would culvert them with immense culverts, and cover them with earth and stone as ordinary streets are covered; and I would use the balance of the earth so won to aid in elevating the general level of the swamp lands. Then I would grade Jersey City to a proper level, and so gain more earth for the levelling-up process of the swamp lands. The rest is plain sailing. Piles may be driven till good foundations for buildings are reached; any amount of beautifying may be done to such portion or portions of these swamps, as the Greater New York and more may deem it best to devote to a beautiful Jersey City swamp park, and so one of the most disgusting sections of country adjacent to any American city would be reclaimed, made of untold value, and by change of atmospheric conditions rendered conducive to the improved health of millions of human beings.. And I believe absolutely in the old doctrine of "the tools to him who can use them."

And now for suggestions of improvement when this Greater New York and more is a legal and an actual fact accomplished.

Of course there will be a thousand objections raised against this

first suggestion, in fact against every suggestion I shall make in this article, for the simple reason that you cannot get small-headed and selfish men and mere money-grabbing fools to see the advantages of great and costly schemes of improvement unless there are millions of profit for themselves, nor can you expect such pygmies to have courage sufficient to overcome the many obstacles in the way of such improvements.

I simply see the need, the vast and crying need of the improvements I here suggest—see the vast advantages that such improvements would be alike to New York City, to all the cities of New Jersey, and incidentally to the entire nation.

I see also that New Jersey will not make these improvements, that she will let squatter huts of vermin fill her swamps first; that New York would and could readily organize capital enough to make them, and would make them; but just as clearly that since human nature is human nature and State lines prevail, New York is not and will not be fool enough to spend millions of capital in order that its earnings and profits might go ninety per cent. into the greedy and imbecile pockets of New Jersey legislators and New Jersey laziness.

Suppose, however, that a slice of New Jersey, sixteen miles long from north to south, and about eight miles wide from east to west, and bordering on the Hudson River opposite New York City, was ceded to New York City and henceforth a portion of it, and suppose that Jersey City were properly graded and paved, the present natural waterways of the Jersey City swamps dredged and deepened, and other waterways—canals—sixty feet deep and sixty feet wide, were cut across those swamps at intervals to be decided on by competent engineers, and that the earth thus dug from deepening the natural waterways and from the cuts of the new waterways were piled on the remaining lands thus drained, and the new waterways thus cut either left open or properly bridged and culverted for streets or for canals and commerce, and a gondola park-like life of pleasure where filth now reigns, and suppose that the entire Jersey City swamp-lands thus redeemed and reclaimed were turned into a new and beautiful city and made a part of our present Greater New York, what further suggestions of improvement have I to make?

Dear friends, the suggestions for improvements have but just begun; but to make those that are to follow more pertinent and

reasonable we will now return to New York City proper—that is, to this sixteen miles long and two miles wide fore-arm of a city—to old New Amsterdam, long ago become New York, and now Greater New York, and by and by to become Greater New York and more.

I have already noticed that in the main New York City is built upon a rock, convex to the skies and river and ocean-bounded; such rock that for untold ages the westward sweep of the Atlantic Ocean has been unable to penetrate it or to crumble it; and in this connection I call attention to the asinine stupidity of those visionary lunatics that now run our New York City papers and our New York City improvement boards, inasmuch as they are every now and again talking of rapid transit for New York by underground railroad facilities, run north and south under the present city and its northern suburbs.

In truth, before the roadbeds for such underground railways could be perfected there would have to be so much rock-blasting that the present city would be in ashes from the eternal shocks of such explosions, and I set it down here as a paragraph by itself, for the future amusement of newspaper and other fools, that New York cannot have rapid transit north and south by means of underground railways, and that the sooner she gives up such blasting schemes the better for her future history.

In a word, New York must hold her head high into the clear blue skies the Eternal has wrought into beauty above her, and make her plans for rapid transit higher in the air.

Here, too, is the place to notice the comparative density of the business population of what we will henceforth call central New York, as compared, say, with thirty years ago and as it may well be compared with thirty or fifty or five hundred years to come; and there seems to me no apter way of doing this than by picturing the comparative height of the prevailing business buildings of a generation ago with the present and the future.

New York and Philadelphia were a little slow in following the example of Chicago in erecting business blocks or buildings of a height anywhere from ten to twenty-five stories; but New York has at last caught the fever of the sky-scraper, always had more need of doing so than either one of the other cities named, and unless the crack of doom opens at our feet sooner than expected by anybody but a clique of idiots, New York will go on in this way just as fast as her mammoth office-buildings continue to be ten-

anted, and as I see it, there is no end to this skyward building tendency in sight. It is a good thing. Such structures, when well built, are as safe as a two-story house and infinitely more healthy and comfortable than were the old-fashioned offices and stores. But for our comparison.

From the year 1865 to the year 1895 the average height of business buildings and of dwelling-houses in the entire section of New York City between the Battery—that is, its southern extremity—and the southern boundary of Central Park, and across between the Hudson and the East Rivers—that is, over an area about two miles wide and five miles long—was five stories above the ground. Into this area, during the last twenty years, there have been crowded every day, for purposes of business and pleasure, somewhere in the neighborhood of one million of people, one-third of them residing, however, across the Hudson, somewhere or other in New Jersey, or across the East River, somewhere or other in Brooklyn or on Long Island. And as the means of transit across the city of New York—that is, from east to west, or *vice versa*—have always been and are still slow and filthy, a one-horse and a disgusting affair; and as the rivers are slow to cross, on either side, and as the means of transit across Jersey City and across Brooklyn always have been as slow and stupid and complicated as the means of transit across New York City itself, the natural, inevitable, and reasonable tendency of all people doing business in New York City has been and still is to reside in the city as far as possible; hence the early evolution of the crowded tenement-house system in New York. It was not a matter of free-will choice, but a matter of absolute necessity, the conditions being as I have named them. Hence also the close built, high story arrangement of even New York dwelling houses when compared with the dwellings of any other city known to me. Hence also the frantic efforts to provide rapid transit north and south in New York City proper; hence again our crowded elevated roads and the one or two lines of cable roads running north and south through the city; for it has not only meant a loss of millions of hours and of all self-respect to get out of town to any home east or west of the city, but it has always been and is still an expensive undertaking which people of small means can ill afford even to this day.

My purpose is to show that under the existing shallow-pated management of such men as run the political parties and the news-

papers of New York all these conditions will grow more inconvenient and more exasperating, and at the same time to point out a comprehensive and rational remedy.

From the present indications of building processes in New York City it is reasonable and modest to assume that during the thirty years, from 1895 to 1925, the average height of buildings over the entire area named—that is, from the Battery to Central Park and from river to river—will be at least ten stories instead of five stories.

This again means that the average daily population of this section of New York will be, in round numbers, two millions instead of one million, and this also means that rapid transit, in some manner undreamed of and unhinted at by any of the New York bosses of these days, *must* and will be provided for the business and other dwellers of this great and concentrated heart and brain of the Greater New York of the future; and it is to map out a scheme to provide for this need that I am writing this article.

As I have already intimated, there has been ample excuse and reason for the crowded and elevated growth of New York City north and south up to this time, and there has been ample excuse for the frantic efforts that have been made to provide ample transit north and south for this crowded portion of the city. That we have wretchedly failed, even in this small matter, up to this time, the crowded condition of the cable system of Broadway and connected roads is in evidence. In fact, this crowding has become such in this year of grace 1897 that whole miles of cable-cars are often seen on Broadway, the cars not more than ten feet apart, and sometimes blocked in solid trains square after square for miles along this one of the most important of all the business streets of the world. Besides this, these cable-cars are almost constantly crowded to suffocation, and beastly jostling of passenger against passenger. Moreover, the crowding of the cable-cars together as named interferes constantly with the easy and rightful moving of all sorts of business vehicles which, by the very nature of the fact that they are the carriers of and for the business men and the business houses occupying Broadway and adjacent streets, ought to have, and must eventually be granted, the first right of way along this great thoroughfare.

Here let it be remembered that while this crowding alike of cable-cars and jostling of all other kinds of wagons, drays, etc., and the abominable crowding and delay of all passengers that must ride

to and from these business centres along Broadway is bad enough and provoking enough to-day, it will get worse and worse every day in the future, precisely in the proportion that the tall buildings increase in number and hence in tenants and travelers. Nor will a new cable-road up Fourth Avenue or Eighth Avenue, or any other avenue, meet the increasing demands of this increasing north and south traffic which is bound to increase as I have named.

To meet the immediate demand of this traffic north and south in central New York City, and to provide for the increase of traffic sure to come and to come at once in the same direction, I insist: *First*, that Fourth Avenue should be opened clear to City Hall Square, and that a perfect system of elevated steam or electric railroad should be built above the present and progressing systems of horse and cable surface lines that thread this thoroughfare. *Second*, that, without a year's delay, a perfect system of elevated railroad—steam or electric—should be built throughout the entire length of Broadway, from the Battery to the Park, there to branch east and west, rounding the Park and pursuing all the main avenues and thoroughfares running north and south, both on the east and west sides of the Park, clear to the northern limits of the city. I am not arguing for the depletion or the injury of any present line of street surface or elevated railroad in the city of New York, but simply showing how the demands of the present and the near future must and will be met sooner or later. *Third*, so far from making Fifth Avenue a genteel boulevard for aristocratic carriage-driving to the exclusion even of business wagons, as that scarecrow Dutchman Pulitzer of the *New York World* has advocated within the past twelve months, I insist that an electric or cable surface road must be built the entire length of Fifth Avenue; and in addition, that a perfect system of elevated railroad must also be built above this surface road the entire length of Fifth Avenue, and extending northward to the northern limits of the city. And if Pulitzer, or any other mere money-grabbing and shallow-headed clown, should wipe the brazen paint off his face and storm and stamp at this, I simply tell him that his ideas may be good enough for a country town but have no place in the broad expansiveness of a great commercial city such as New York is to-day and is still sure to be.

If he still blusters and stares, I tell him to get a guide and ride on top of one of those clumsy busses that now carry passengers on

Fifth Avenue and get said guide to explain to him how Fifth Avenue, from Washington Square to Central Park, looked thirty years ago, compared with to-day.

Thirty years ago a large portion of Fifth Avenue above Thirtieth Street had vacant lots, squatter shanties, and billy-goats on the rocks upon both sides of it. Below Thirtieth Street it was one array of splendid private mansions. To-day, all the æsthetic and more cultured lines of business are seeking stores on Fifth Avenue over the entire length of it south of Central Park, and as this commercializing of Fifth Avenue is sure to go on, and to go on rapidly, the ludicrousness of scarecrow Pulitzer's scheme for turning this thoroughfare into an anti-businesslike carriage-drive boulevard is so palpable that any fool but a newspaper fool would see it in a moment. In truth, Pulitzer is but a cowboy or a Buffalo Bill come East and gone into the sensational newspaper business. He knows how to make an excellent whoop and yell of a newspaper, but as for having brains or experience enough to suggest what improvements should be made in a great city like New York, it is more preposterous than it would have been to have made a modern detective out of Blind Tom. In truth, if Pulitzer wants to improve any part of the city of New York, let him widen, clean up, and keep clean the filthy street that runs eastward from City Hall Square on the south side of his own *World* or Pulitzer Building; if he would fix his gigantic intellect on this project and induce Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune*, and Hearst of the *Journal* to unite their gigantic and acute intellects with him, this newspaper gang together might perhaps accomplish some small improvements in the neighborhood of their own newspaper buildings, and God knows such improvements have long been needed. But let them all avoid meddling with large enterprises looking to rapid transit for the millions of New York, for while their purses are large enough to pocket all the gains that are going, their brains are too limited for any large commercial undertakings.

Having suggested what seem to me to be the needed and inevitable improvements in the way of rapid transit north and south for the great central New York of the future, I now proceed to map out a complete system of surface and elevated steam or electric railroads to run east and west from the Long Island terminus to the proposed Jersey City terminus of the Greater New York of the future. We must still continue this eternal crowding north

and south in central New York—must encourage its spread east and west, and in order to aid this must provide rapid transit from and to the east and west terminals named.

In a word, the time has come for New York to spread east and west beyond the limits that hitherto have bound it, and now a great and perfect system of rapid transit is demanded.

As previously hinted, I would first of all erect six more bridges across the East River, connecting central New York with its Brooklyn and Long Island attachments; I would then erect seven bridges across the Hudson, leading to the same streets in New York as those erected across the East River, but instead of making the terminals of these bridges on either side of the city to slant down to the sloping level of these streets, I would continue them on a level with their highest elevation in a splendid system of elevated steam or electric railways, not only across central New York City but also across the entire additions to this city on the Brooklyn and Jersey City sides, clear to the eastern and western limits of the Greater New York of the future.

If after due consultation it should be determined that it is alike illegal and impossible to cede to New York the straggling and despicable portions of New Jersey that I have named, then I suggest that, if necessary, national interference may be sought in order to bring this sandy and sleepy section of our country up to some sort of co-operative financial action whereby, through uniting with New York, the filthy Jersey City swamp-lands may be redeemed as I have suggested, the grading of Jersey City done, and done at once, these seven splendid bridges built across the Hudson River, and the Jersey City side of New York thus being connected by a splendid system of surface and elevated railways with central and eastern New York, and that so, even against her will if need be, old Quaker Jersey might have a great city of her own on the western banks of the Hudson at once worthy of her many and glorious lost opportunities and worthy the commercial civilization of our age and of future ages. In a word, if we cannot make Jersey City and her swamp-lands a redeemed and a progressive western portion of New York, let us help poor Jersey to redeem those swamp-lands and help her to build another New York or Newark of her own that shall include her present Newark, the swamps, and Jersey City all in one.

The scheme of rapid transit east and west across Greater New

York, and of interstate financial co-operation, that I am here mapping out, would be a very expensive scheme; but as the vast interests alike of the nation, of New York, and of New Jersey would all be immensely enhanced in value by such a scheme, I am satisfied that if the nation, including the two States named, could only be gotten out of the hands of the rascally money-lending gold-bugs of Europe and America; and that, if the silver mines of the country were opened and free coinage given free sway, and the money of the people made nearly double per capita what it is to-day—in a word, a little cheaper and far more plentiful, and thus a general boom given to the entire trade of the nation—the vast expense of the scheme suggested could readily be met, and that the investment would very soon pay a reasonable dividend. In truth, if Jersey can be made to see that the scheme would pay her 100 per cent. on \$100,000,000 she will jump at the enterprise. At all events, some such scheme must be undertaken in the near future, and for their already shrinking and contemptible reputations I am sorry that the pegging newspaper men and the politicians of New York have not themselves been the originators of this scheme.

By the plan proposed I would carry passengers from Newark to the eastern limits of Brooklyn or any intermediate station for five cents, and make the run from either the eastern or western terminal to the opposite terminal in not over fifteen minutes.

I am well aware that many serious objections will be raised to the vast improvement I have here outlined. For instance, that it will darken and spoil our streets, etc., and how will I get over the junctions of the eastern and western elevated railways and the northern and southern elevated roads, etc., etc. But I have thought of and thought through all these objections, and will here answer them as briefly as possible.

I have already suggested that I would carry the elevated roads across central New York at a height equal to the highest elevation of the bridges across the Hudson and the East Rivers. If necessary I would increase this elevation a little in the approaches of these eastern and western roads toward the centre of central New York. In a word, would build the eastern and western elevated roads high enough to clear the elevated roads going north and south, and so would meet the objection of the possible awkwardness of the intersections of these eastern and western with the northern and southern elevated roads.

The objection that elevated roads as they exist to-day deface the city, especially that such a network of city railroads as I have planned would be a general eye-sore all over Greater New York, I have saved to the last, because this is the point concerning which I have the most original suggestions to make, and because I always like to keep the best things for the last, anyway.

In the first place, I have to admit that the present ugly and uncared-for system of elevated railroads in the city of New York is an eye-sore, and that were I proposing to thread Greater New York with such crude, rude, and neglected structures I should be worthy the same execration that now ought to be heaped upon the barbaric and money-grabbing owners and directors of those roads; but I have no such clumsy and uncared-for scheme in mind.

It must be asserted, however, that when such business enterprise is manifested as has recently been shown in the erection and beautifying of store-fronts in the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue and Seventeenth to Twenty-third Streets, in New York, people forget that an ugly and rusty elevated railroad runs along over their heads, and the storekeepers are not annoyed by the same. In a word, this objection is foolish and easily overcome; but I have in mind general improvements in the erection and care of the entire elevated road system suggested that shall be commensurate with the admirable improvements in the store frontage of the section already named. In a word, I will beautify your city with these elevated roads and will not disfigure it at all. How? As follows:

I will insist that by city and State legislation, if need be, the owners of the present systems of elevated city railroads be compelled to paint their rusty and clumsy structures and to keep them and all their stations painted in such colors of combined white and straw and green as shall upon trial seem most restful and pleasing to the eyes of the vast millions that throng our streets year after year, and any persons of artistic tastes can decide on this project. Again, I would by law, if need be, compel the owners of the present elevated roads to plant flowers and hardy trailing vines all about the stations along these roads, and to choose such vines as will be beautiful even in our harsh winter season when ordinary flowers cease to grow and bloom out of doors; and of course I would by law impose these conditions upon all new railway corporations applying for franchises in order to carry out the general system of elevated roads that I have here named. And

I am not yet by any means through with the improvements and comfort for travelers that I would still insist upon.

It is clumsy, awkward, inconvenient, and tiresome enough to climb the bleak and wretched stairways that now lead to the stations of our elevated railroads, and when the still more elevated roads running east and west above the present roads shall be an accomplished fact, it will be practically out of the question to ask or expect passengers to climb stairways double the height of the present clumsy affairs.

Hence I would insist at once and by law, if need be, that these wretched excrescences of stairways be done away with, and that in the place of them a perfect and ample system of elevator service be provided by the owners of all these present and prospective roads, so that people, old and young, can reach the first stories of these north and south roads and the second stories of the proposed east and west roads rapidly and without any of the tiresome inconveniences incident to the present rude and clumsy arrangements.

If corner properties at the mutual junctions of these roads have to be purchased in order to make this system of elevator service ample and perfect, so much the better; for then the sidewalks would be left clear and unencumbered for pedestrians, as they always ought to be. And still I am not through with the improvements I have in mind in connection with Greater New York and its new creation of elevated roads and general conveniences for the public.

It is a perpetual and a crying disgrace to a great city like New York that, except in City Hall Square and here and there in Central Park, it has no public toilets or lavatories for the convenience of its teeming inhabitants; and it is a still greater disgrace that in the cases named the provisions made are so vile and so poorly attended to that no decent man or woman cares to visit these places.

To overcome this disgrace and to meet present and future demands, I insist that at one corner of every square mile of the inhabited portion of New York—present and future—there should be a public toilet for men and for women, so select and so perfectly arranged and cared for under city authority and direction, that any lady or gentleman would feel the same freedom in visiting these places that we all now feel when at home or at our hotels.

Again, I am well aware of the enormous expense of the improvements here demanded; but there is no reason why a few million-

aires in New York should go on increasing their millions by exorbitant usury while failing to pay proper taxes for money so gained; and there is every reason why these same millionaires should pay many hundred per cent. more than they are paying for the general improvement of the city whose industry has made them their millions and enhanced the value of the properties they now call their own.

In a word, make me dictator of the city of New York for the next ten years and I will, without any revolution, row, or bloodshed, execute all the improvements I have named, raise the money to do so by quiet and legitimate ways, and pay cash for all contracts and all labor employed in executing the scheme.

But I would not consult a single newspaper man in New York, nor a single politician now on top, as far as my present knowledge of these men gives me any true understanding of them.

In a word, as New York is rock-based, river and ocean bound, and convex to the skies, it is at once perfect as to atmosphere and drainage, and practically incapable of being tunnelled without great danger to the safety of the present buildings of the city. Hence, after years of meditating on these things, the complete system of overhead and surface improvements here indicated.

I do not expect that the improvements here suggested will be inaugurated or executed immediately. I know too well the limited and selfish understandings of the individuals now in charge of the city; but sooner or later some dictator, or the people *en masse*, will arise and demand that these improvements must and shall be made. Won't some of our twentieth century female clubs lend their immediate and screaming aid—then our millennium may be nigh at hand.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

RELIGIONS AND THE RELIGION.

THEY who first made use of the Latin word *religio*—meaning a sacred obligation—or of the Greek word *theologia*—signifying God-wisdom, little perceived how the germs of signification in those words would evolve into systems embracing every portion of the globe, and, as regards America alone, forty in number. The scope of religious evolution throughout the ages can be estimated from

the following encyclopædic information. The Christian religion in various forms claims of the inhabitants of the world, 477,000,000; Confucianism, 256,000,000; Hinduism, 190,000,000; Islamism, 177,000,000; Buddhism, 148,000,000; Judaism, 8,000,000; and Polytheism, 118,000,000. Here are five distinct systems of religion, without counting the score of others divisible, in minor keys, from polytheism or idolatries. Hence a study of the religions of the world in the past or present necessarily suggests vastness and absorbing interest.

However, the students of religion or of theology glean in different fields; and, unfortunately, the latter class neglect more or less to examine and study all the religions. But inasmuch as everyone, whether savage or civilized, is naturally a religious animal, the tracery of religious evolution becomes a fascinating pursuit.

English scholars have ever disagreed as to a standard definition of the word religion. Oxonian Max Müller defined it to be "a mental faculty or disposition which always, independent of sense and reason, and sometimes despite them, enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names and varying disguises." But an objection to that definition can be made on the ground that it necessarily implies an intellectual process which excludes the religion of the savage of "untutored mind," and also the union of belief in worship which seem to be parallel and inseparable sides to every religious system whatsoever. Herbert Spencer's definition of religion seems similarly inadequate. Other philosophers define religion to be "an emanation of wonder or curiosity as regards the first cause of all things." Perhaps a recent definition by Doctor Colange of Philadelphia may come nearer to general acquiescence—"a system for the worship of a Being who is regarded as superior to man." Allan Menzies, Professor of Biblical Criticism at the University of St. Andrews, supplements with this definition: "Religion is the worship of unseen powers inspired from a sense of need. But be the definition whatsoever you please to select, we must not forget that religion is at most a sentiment, and is also practical, and constitutes universally some system of duties."

Theology is a system of opinions, and is speculative only; and may be defined as the study of religion. It inquires into the nature of the Power or Powers to whom all visible things are believed to be under subjection; while religion is the sentiment which springs from that inquiry.

The infidel, in evolving his doubts, is always confronted with the historic fact that never yet was there a tribe or people that did not have a religion, however crude. Moses, under the shadow of Sinai, and Aaron, beneath the glitter of the golden calf, knew that side by side with their Hebrew religion there existed another religious system of the Canaanites, who worshiped an unseen Superior whom they named Baal, and similarly as the Hebrews used the name Jehovah. None have doubted that religion—or a belief in and worship of gods—is universal at the savage state, although the needs or incentive thereto may have been low and material. Religion is an inheritance which has come down to all mankind from the time when human intelligence first turned toward an effort to understand the world. The savage practiced either a major or a minor worship of nature or of ancestors, and finally of a principal deity. Herbert Spencer contends that “the rudimentary form of all religion is the propitiation of dead relatives,” or, as he phrases it in another place, “Ghost propitiation is the origin of all religions.” But the majority of philosophers regard a worship of nature as constituting the root of the world’s religions. Hence the naiads and dryads of the mythologists. Polytheism was undoubtedly the first crude form of religion, and therefore perhaps came the significance of the Mosaic commandment beginning with the phrase, “Thou shalt have no other gods.”

In its primitive state religion knew as features—what have never left its subsequent evolutions—sacrifice, prayer, sacred places, and sacred seasons; and primitive religion taught restraint of individual excess and a morality which consisted in discipline and subordination to the community. All primitive religions held belief in some future life. The funeral practices of prehistoric times, when articles of subsistence accompanied the buried body and anniversary festivals of death periods were held, prove that belief from the Egyptian time to that of the aboriginals of the continent.

Religions, from being merely tribal, have evolved into a national character, as in the Assyrian Era, long before the Hebrew tribes became absorbed into the Jewish nation. We know that there existed an older state religion in China before came Confucianism, that was succeeded by native Taoism (the magical system) and imported Buddhism. But both Confucius and Buddha were rather teachers of virtue than of religious doctrines. And yet to-day China has no national religion, but supports three systems existing

together, yet championed by the state, and curiously without discordant rivalry with each other.

Egypt, the land of still more ancient civilization than China, had a national religion, notwithstanding its several provinces independent of each; but the foremost scholars of Egyptology confess that no history of Egyptian religion can be written; and that it was a worship of animals in connection with a sun god is conceded. We can well understand how the Hebrews must have felt strange under Pharaoh when their religion, founded on a sense of sin—which no other early religion had thought of—had to be compared with that of their Egyptian taskmasters. No religious system was ever more perfect than the Hebraic, and as a great legal author has said, “upon its sense of sin and pains and penalties as embodied in its Decalogue has been builded all the criminal jurisprudence known to civilized nations.” David Dudley Field—who has been deservedly called the American Justinian—declared that his Penal Code, which he prepared for the State of New York, did not contain the modern definition of one offence that could not be traced back to portions of the Ten Commandments as an emanation from their prohibited sins.

When Greece adopted Zeus as a Supreme Being for worship, it only made him the centre of a variety of minor deities. Strictly speaking, Greece never had a national religion, for this was one belonging to localities. There was in one place the deity of the hearthstone; in another, of the grove; and again, of the field. It was the æsthetic artist, rather than the priest, who ministered to the religions of the Greeks. While Oriental nations were worshipping sun or fire as practical Unitarians, Greeks were engaged in adoration of all nature. And much the same may be said of the later Roman religion of mythology. At the same time, in the far-away Asia, the religion of the Aryan family was existing and spreading; and in India growing into priestly hands, as also grew the religions of Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, and as characterized the Hebrew religion from the time of Aaron. It is not to be forgotten that in all those religions sacrifice and prayer were important factors. The Greek prayed bareheaded because his prayer savored of contemplation of his gods; but the Roman then covered his head because his prayer was an exercise of thought. For all the religions there must be provided an altar.

Before approaching the greater religion which dawned with the

Christian century, it is important to consider all these evolutions of the various prior religions, because, as law is said to be "a science-spark plucked from the embers of all other sciences," so the Christian religion necessarily embodied the best elements of all previous religious systems.

It is never to be forgotten, even by Hebrews, as a historical matter, that Christianity at its outset was a movement within Judaism, much as our American democracy was a movement within the circle of kingly traditions. How few who repeat the Lord's Prayer in the English Episcopal or our Apostolic Church are aware that its main language originally appertained to synagogue worship. Christ was a true reformer in that He used as far as possible old materials toward constructing a new edifice. In similar manner, Luther and Henry VIII., in constructing the Protestant system of religion, preserved some of the Roman worship; and, as prayer-books show, those two Churches used, and yet use, the same Apostles' Creed. Solomon was probably the first to fully realize how much religion depended upon sentiment, and hence his gorgeous temple. Hence St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in London, and all the cathedrals. Hence also the mosques of Mahomet. No doubt, as the poet Bryant sings in the first line of his approved hymn, "The groves were God's first temples," but as sentiment took more and more hold upon man's religious sensibilities, art was invoked to aid nature in religious systems. Were John Wesley alive he would discover that in many churches of the religious denomination of which he was founder the congregations had builded spires and used the majestic organ for musical aids. These violations of his modest methods were due to the preponderance of sentiment even among his clergy. General Booth, the founder of what is called the Salvation Army, recognized the value of such sentiment when he went back even to the time of Miriam—that first Hallelujah lassie—and instituted songs and music for his religious system, even at street corners. Joe Smith and Brigham Young gave similar recognition in the details of Mormon worship. Then sentiment depended upon architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, all of which largely influences nearly every one of the religious systems of the world. Even the sects that reject the aids of the arts in their religious systems seem driven to appeal to and cultivate the sentiment of their followers by preserving it in their singing. Burke made the

existence of a love in some degree of the sublime and beautiful among all peoples, primitive or civilized, the foundation of happiness. Moses *ab initio* cultivated the sentimentality of the "chosen people." He did not disdain the glitter of ceremonies, and all that he ordained were tinctured with sentiment. They who accept the full validity and literal descriptions of the Apocalypse, or the biblical book sometimes known as Revelations, find therein that in the world to come, as therein described, sentiment largely prevails. And they who rely strongly upon ceremonies and appeals to the senses for the promotion of religious feeling refer to those Revelations as well as to the Mosaic ceremonies for precedents. Nor did Christ himself disdain sentiment and ceremony, as witness the washing of feet and the uses of perfume and frankincense even down to the time of the sepulchre. The communion service of the Protestants and the Eucharistic ceremonies of the Holy Church are certainly tinctured with reverent sentiment, as the descriptions and language annexed to the pathetic and poetic last supper in the Evangelists abundantly demonstrate. Sentiment lingers about the democratic camp meeting or the rude religion of plantation negroes as well as in the vast and gorgeous cathedral. And the closer is studied this alleged relation of sentiment toward religions, the apter seems the previously quoted definition given by Professor Menzies. Sentiment, as commonly defined, comprehends thought, feeling, and opinion. When the poet Wordsworth sang, "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky," he recognized the natural sentiment in even the savage who first beheld that celestial bow of promise. In whatever direction, therefore, we may turn the kaleidoscope of religion, the vision never loses sight of the bright scarlet color of human sentiment in its texture. And sentiment not only inspires religion, but religion nurtures and deepens sentiment. No sect has endeavored to wholly divorce the two. And it is undeniably the worst blemish upon agnosticism that it is a foe to sentiment.

The twentieth century, however, will commence with the words "religion and theology" when applied to the Holy Apostolic Catholic Church, assume a matter of paramount importance because its religion, in its nineteen hundred years of form, is the only real religious system; and its theology has for its foundation Christ and the Apostles, together with such accretions and engrafting as the needs of advancing civilization and the development of its own system of religion have logically and ethically ordained.

The Church, in regard to all the other religions of the world, occupies a position similar to that which Aaron's miraculous rod sustained toward the rods of the Egyptian magicians when the former swallowed the latter. The Christians of the era of Saints Peter and Paul, who were referred to by Christ as the "two or three gathered together in my name," have, under the wise administration of the Church of Rome, increased in 1900 years to the astonishing magnitude of 230,886,533 Catholics all over the globe—according to the report in March, 1892, of the American Statistical Association—the latest computation known. Of these seven millions and a half were, at the last census, reported to the Federal Government as belonging to the 77 Catholic dioceses of the United States, while the same census showed that there were in this country 42 factional religions masquerading under the title of Protestant, and each more or less theologically warring upon the other. All of which serves to recall the words of St. Paul in his famous discourse at Troas, reported in the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles at verses 28-31, "Take heed to yourselves and all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood. I know that after my departure ravenous wolves will enter in among you, not sparing the flock, and will rise up men speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch!"

When the topic of sentiment, which lexicographers define as "exquisite sensibility," is applied to the religions of the world, it belongs arbitrarily to the religion of Peter and his successor Popes. Where is the sentiment found in the Protestant chapel when the parson of it, clad in the habiliments that he wears when addressing a political meeting, is seen and heard making an extemporaneous speech to the Almighty that he calls prayer. But place his auditor in the Catholic Church, wherein rises the incense which is typical of the sweet savor ascending to heaven from the humble heart fired with true penance; wherein confronts him the expressive, majestic altar, with its reminders of Christ's birth and suffering, before which is heard the service in words and language St. Peter employed in Rome, and which, wherever in any clime a similar altar may be, the same sounds may be uttered; wherein rises and falls the same music of praise that visited the ears of the early fathers of the Church. Poetic inspirations on every side inflame

the best sensibilities of the heart of that auditor—in the paintings on the windows and on the walls, typifying holiest and tenderest scenes, while the sense of the real presence before him clings to every fibre of that auditor's heart-strings. All the other religions of the world have attempted in some mode to reach the sensibilities of their worshipers, but none so fully absorbs the sensibilities of a disciple as the liturgy and world-wide system of worship in the Apostolic Catholic Church.

New York.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

THE IMMACULATE CHILD.

In the manger the sweet Babe lay,
Under the wintry sky;
The place was barren and gray,
The inmates were hushed and shy:
A tremulous, infantile cry
Is uttered by lips undefiled;
The fond Mother breathes a fond sigh.
Lo, the immaculate Child!

In a wonderful, sudden way,
Far-off, yet dazzlingly nigh,
A light outshining the day
The innocent shepherds descry:
Affrighted and awed they would fly,
A vision so vivid and wild;
But list! the clear voice from on high!
Lo, the immaculate Child!

With feet that no obstacles stay,
With fire of vehement eye,
With tongues that fervently pray,
The Wise Men their glad journey ply;
A luminous star they espy,
Like a lamp in the mid-air enisled—
It leads where their promised hopes lie;
Lo, the immaculate Child!

ENVOY.

The young Mother's soft lullaby
Is pure and pleading and mild;
The angels in praising Him vie!
Lo, the immaculate Child!

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

MUST THE NEGRO GO?

DURING the spring of the year 1895, and after more than thirty years of sincere and old-fashioned abolition sympathy with the negro race, I made two visits to several of our Southern States, with results as follows:

First, all my old abolition sympathies, which had been weakening for over ten years in view of the insufferable self-assertion of our negroes since the day of their emancipation, vanished like so many scattered sophistries, for which I had no further use.

Second, on returning to New York I published in the next issue of the GLOBE REVIEW my conviction that, spite of emancipation and our so-called education of the negro—and perhaps aided by these absurdities—the negroes of this country were more than ever a shiftless, unteachable, immoral race, incapable of any true civilization in our land, and unworthy of American citizenship.

Third, that without mincing matters, or any longer writing or thinking on the basis of sympathy with the negro, I was convinced that inside the next thirty years the South would be obliged to “re-enslave, kill, or export the bulk of its negro population.”

Fourth, and in view of this declaration, I was abused by many of the white editors of Southern newspapers, misrepresented and outrageously attacked by certain howling Baptist editors of so-called religious papers, and, worse than all, slandered by priest Slattery of Baltimore through the pages of a New York Catholic magazine.

Fifth, and in reply to much of this Christian and Catholic shot-rubbish I published several papers on the negro problem, one by Eugene Didier of Baltimore, one by Dr. Gillam, also of Baltimore, and by various other experienced writers, all going to confirm my own general estimate of the freed and so-called educated negro, and his destiny, and still further showing that wherever, in Santo Domingo or elsewhere, the freed negro or half-breed had come into freedom and political control, commerce, enterprise, morality, and every true evolution of civilization had decreased in proportion, and that though the white race everywhere was bad enough, shiftless, wasteful, and immoral enough, it had certain inherent qualities that would not allow a lower, a more immoral and a more shiftless race to dwell in its midst on any equal political or social footing, and that hence, as I had said, the South would be *obliged*,

sooner or later, to re-enslave, kill, or export a large portion of its freed negro population.

I did not pretend to say in what way it would have to kill them, and I frankly admitted that my own sympathies were against any one of those processes, but that I had done with sympathy for the negro, white or black, and was simply stating correct history and lucid prophecy.

Finally I saw, as I have often seen before, that it was useless to argue with fools, white or black, and so my traducers grew weary of their own idiotic howlings and ceased through self-weariness of their own screaming falsehoods and absurdities.

Now comes a remarkable word from a black man, at least partly sane and sensible:

Washington, October 13 (1897).—Bishop Henry M. Turner, of Georgia, perhaps the best known and most highly educated negro minister in the world, while in Washington gave his views relative to negro emigration to Africa thus:

“There can be no question that the future of the negro race lies in Africa, the richest country on the face of the globe and the natural home of the negro. It has simply come down to extermination or emigration.

“Why? Simply from the fact that statistics show that the negro race is dying out. The several causes for this would make interesting reading were I at liberty to name them, but this I cannot do at this time.

“The negro race is not, in this country, growing healthier, wealthier, happier, wiser, or anything else which goes to make life worth living.

“God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, made Africa for the negro and the negro for Africa. I believe this just as much as I do that the sun shines.

“Africa proffers the greatest possibilities on earth for the negro to emigrate to, that is if he has any idea of being anything this side of the day of general account giving.

“Even nature is invoking the American negro to return to his God-given home. The trade winds which once blew from three to four hundred miles out at sea, from the west coast of Africa, have mysteriously changed their course, and are now fanning the shores, moderating the equatorial climate, diminishing the heat and humidity, and driving away the death-dealing fevers and malaria.

“I believe this is simply God preparing Africa for the reception of her children who are suffering in this country, and who must return sooner or later.

“The colored race can never be more than hewers of wood and

drawers of water in this country. The master race, the white race, will always reign supreme.

"John Temple Graves, a gentleman for whom I have the highest regard, said in one of his speeches that the negro would never be allowed to control in this country, even where he had a majority. He also said that the price of his peace was his subordination, and that never would the negro be recognized as a social or political equal. This being true, how can the negro ever hope in this country to attain the full stature of a citizen or a man?"

"Has the African emigration scheme met the approval of a majority of the negro race?" was asked.

"No, indeed; but, on the contrary, a lot of ignorant negroes have opposed it from its very inception. They prate about the sickness of Africa and many other things of which they know nothing.

"The thoughtful and intelligent of the white race indorse the emigration policy, and it will yet prove a success and of untold blessing to the negro race. It will be remembered that not more than one-third of the children of Israel ever came out of Egypt. The other two-thirds were exterminated. This will be the final outcome of the American negro if he remains here."

Having insisted upon freeing and educating the American negro according to American methods; that is, to cram him with all sorts of political, religious, and other falsehoods, and to hold his head high in the air like an old hen proud of her soon-to-be "broilers," and to protrude his thick lips like a jackass about to bray, New England has washed her bony and wicked hands of the negro problem and has dumped the black race like so much manure on the Southern people, saying to this dumped pile of blackness, "These are your old masters—now rule them like slaves."

This is New England reform Christianity, and her minions, east and west, are now heading for the same result in Cuba. But New England is not God Almighty, and the laws of this universe will not be changed to suit the ancient whims of Sam Adams or the more modern eloquence of the late Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. And the negro problem will not be solved according to the text-books of Tom Paine or the late Ben Franklin.

Neither men nor nations are born free or equal, and there are certain old texts of Scripture bearing on this theme which are as certain of fulfillment as that heaven's eternal justice, in some way unseen by infidel idiots, after all, somehow circumvents the red-tape and the hurrahs of scoundrels and manages the affairs of this

world in a way and toward certain ends of righteousness not at all recognized either in the American Declaration of Independence or the Constitution of the United States.

I have no inclination to pursue this negro problem further, but it is again pressing upon us from all sides.

The point only hinted at by Bishop Turner has recently been boldly and lucidly declared by another negro Bishop, also of Georgia. In his book, "The Negro and the White Man," Rt. Rev. W. J. Gaines, D.D., feeling perhaps, as I have always claimed, that the American negro has the same natural right to a residence and a chance in this country that the white man has, and seeing the insurmountable obstacles in the way of deporting the American negro, asserts, without defending—in truth, while daring to deplore—the fact that miscegenation and amalgamation—that is, a universal whitewashing of the negro race and an utter debasement of the white race—is and long has been a palpable fact in our so-called civilization; and that, in this process of licentious and unlawful and lustful intercourse, and not in exportation, the problem is now being solved and will yet be solved entirely.

Through all my earlier abolition days I constantly asserted that the question of race and color was much slighter, as a matter of fact, than old pro-slavery people would have us believe; and in recent years, when low-bred white brutes have lynched negroes for assaulting white women, I have again and again reminded them and the great newspaper world of our day that through a period of two hundred years white men—especially in the South—had been assaulting negro girls, until, as is well known to all observing people, the number of half-breed negroes pretty nearly equalled the number of full-blooded negroes, even in slavery days, and not only in the South, but all over this land; hence, among other logical conclusions, it would seem that all white men might look with a little more charity upon the fault of a stray and degraded negro now and then. But white men in America are not governed by logic or reason or justice; they are simply governed, in the main, by lust, pride, and ambition; hence, again, they could not and would not see the power of my warning for charity's sake in these later or earlier years.

In truth, the average white American, especially the newspaper white American and every white fool led by newspaper "public sentiment," thinks that he bosses all races and race questions,

all nations and national questions, all logic, all reasoning, all questions of morals, philosophy, and civilization, and that he can not only do and say what he pleases and as he pleases, but that he can and will compel the entire human race to submit to and obey his dictation; and, unfortunately, this is the sort of civilization that John Ireland and many other half-taught Catholic wild-cats praise and delight in.

But we will for the moment stick to the negro. Here is a quotation from the book by Bishop Gaines referred to:

“ There is a growing indisposition on the part of the young white men of the South, and as to that, in many other parts of the world, to marry and assume the responsibilities of families. With access to so many colored girls they prefer to live in license and shame rather than take upon themselves the burden of rearing children in honorable marriage. The white man who does not hesitate to use violence toward a colored man for illicit intercourse with a white woman, even with consent, does not scruple to live in adultery with a colored woman. Nor is this adulterous intercourse confined to the young unmarried men of the South. It is common for married men to have their colored concubines and to raise up children by them in the same towns and communities where their legitimate families reside. The white man is thus seen to be the potent factor in the ever-growing evil which threatens the speedy interblending of races in the South. By reason of superior wealth and advantages he is in a position to carry on this process of miscegenation, and when it is at length accomplished the sin of it must lie chiefly at his door.”

In the *GLOBE* articles upon the negro already referred to, and on the basis of much carefully gathered information, I took the ground that freedom and our so-called education have increased alike the immorality of the American negro and his white instructors and associates.

It is a delicate subject to handle, and I did not care to go into it then and do not care to go into it now in any detail.

Bishop Gaines states and seems to deplore the fact. If he deplores it, however, he is as much an exception to the lustful cravings of his race as he is an exception in the range of their intelligence. Let this suffice to cover that point for the present.

What I am to emphasize here is that as to physiology, virility, and morality, the fact as stated by Bishop Gaines is alike a fearful debasement of both races concerned in this sensual and increasing

crime; that a half-breed, though usually a little more aristocratic than a full-blooded negro, is, in fact, a much baser and lower form of human creature; also that the "white trash," rich or poor, that has been incident to the half-breed's whitewashing and debasement, is henceforth a lower and a viler type of white man; finally, that if, as Bishop Gaines suggests, there is or may be a Providence in this mode of settling the negro problem, it simply means that eventually Providence will use this method as the shortest method of annihilating, that is, of slowly killing the American negro, and of damning and destroying his European whitewasher.

If Yankees and other uninformed and provincial and unobserving and stupid people turn up their wiseacre noses and assert that I am unjust in these discriminations, I ask them to go to Philadelphia or to Washington, and attend "divine service" at one of the aristocratic negro churches, and they will not find half a dozen full-black negroes in any one of these pious assemblies. Ninety-nine per cent. of them are bastards, or the offspring of bastards, and they are proud of it, and want to encourage the process that brought about their own status. I am not blaming them.

Baron Hirsch did not crucify Jesus of Nazareth, and I blame no modern Jew or negro for any one of his ancestors' crimes. I am simply stating a fact.

In the leading negro "literary society" in Philadelphia, you will not find a full-blooded negro. If his tint is a shade darker than the half-breed the doors of the "literary society" are shut against him.

I do not blame these young people for preferring whitewash to soot. Mrs. Paddy, the rich butcher's wife of Chicago, now prefers the marbles of ancient Grecian and modern Italian sculptors to the grotesque plaster images of saints that once held her devotion.

She may have advanced in civilization largely through her husband's stealings, but her tastes have changed, and she has a right to her present preferences. So have the half-breed negroes of America; but in the sight of that eternal justice which makes for righteousness and dominates the universe and every atom in it to highest ends, the American half-breed negro and Mrs. Paddy are in all probability, both of them alike, on their way to speedy hell and misery. Compounding with crime leads to more crime, and both lead to hell.

Smite God's justice in the face, and though you be an Arch-
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bishop, or a low-grade, blackest negro of some Southern swamp, and though you run and hide as Mr. Adam did before you, it is all the same—the Eternal will find you and export you or amalgamate you with your kindred and useless ashes in the burnt-out silences of eternal hell.

When Brazil exported the only decent man in its territory, and the American press—that eternal organ of pandemonium—was shouting for liberty in Brazil, the *GLOBE REVIEW*, almost alone among the standard magazines of this country, asserted that, more than ever, and by special reason of its insult to Dom Pedro, Brazil would become a land of anarchy and cut-throatism; and during the last six years the American press has recorded sundry facts in evidence of the correctness of my prophecy.

To-day, what the American press calls the “most highly educated negro minister in the world,” stands up in Washington—where two years ago the “Paulist Fathers” could not convert the negroes because Thorne had insulted them—and declares, in substance, Thorne was right, and Slattery & Co. wrong, and that the black aristocrats and inborn loafers must go to Africa, or the white people will re-enslave, export, spoil, or kill them.

But Thorne does not linger over exploded or exported problems or cases. The question of to-day is, shall the white people of Spain, resident in or born in Cuba, rule their own discovered and long-settled possessions, or shall a lot of black and half-breed negroes rule that island for a time before selling out to Uncle Sam, and then, having sold out to Uncle Sam, what will become of the Cuban negroes and half-breeds named?

On the technique of this fine problem I offer no prophecy at present, but I express my earnest hope that, if the United States Government undertakes to bluff or bully Spain out of her rightful control of the Island of Cuba, the abler nations of the Old World will unite with Spain and send the armies and navies of the Old World all over here and not only blow our everlasting and senseless boasting and conceit out of our heads, but blow our Declaration of Independence, our imbecile Constitution, our divorce laws, reform laws, and the G. O. P. itself, with all its white squadrons and black squadrons into the everlasting depths of oblivion to which they rightfully belong.

In conclusion, I beg leave to suggest to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry M. Turner, of negro extraction, that if he and his people do not

get a speedy "wiggle on them" toward those divinely prepared shores of Africa, they may find so many ambitious scoundrels of our white race comfortably ensconced there that even Africa itself may be lost to the black man's control.

If I at all understand the problem of racial civilization, it has taken the various representative nations of the two white sons of Noah about four thousand years to attain such advancement as we now have under the Czar of Russia, Billy Hohenzollern of Berlin, Mr. Faure of Paris, Queen Vic of England, and our little Major—called President McKinley—of Washington, D. C., while the descendants of Mr. Ham, of Noarkian fame, have been dancing and laughing to the music of some very old songs, resembling "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And if Tom Paine—drunk or sober, or Wendell Phillips, inspired or uninspired, or my especial pet, Mr. Priest Slaterry of Baltimore, imagines that the Ham boys are going to catch up to the Shem boys or the Japhet boys in a day by reason of declarations of independence or white aristocratic negro impertinence, or by Boston baked beans and poppycock humanitarian theories of education, I beg to assure those hopeful youngsters that they very imperfectly understand the true processes of national or natural evolution; and that while I do not much respect the acme of white civilization so far attained, I see very clearly such differences between this and any negro-civilization that has met my vision up to date that I am much inclined to Bishop Turner's view of the case, and hereby recommend the American and Cuban and San Domingo negroes to sail or swim for Africa by the first steamers available or the first favorable ocean tides. Au revoir and bon voyage, Bishop Turner & Co.

Truly yours,

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE MAGNETIC POWER OF ROME.

"IN the *National Review* Mr. Bernard Holland finds the secret of Cardinal Manning's conversion in what Manning himself called 'the chief thing'—'the drawing of Rome.' 'This,' he said, 'satisfies the whole of my intellect, sympathy, sentiment, and nature in a way proper and solely belonging to itself.' So, adds Mr. Holland, 'the true argument for Rome is higher magnetic power.'

He presses for answer from some leading polemical Anglicans to questions such as these: 'What is it in this world-wide association which so powerfully attracts some and repels others? Is repulsion one form or stage of attraction? This drawing felt in some form or degree by many of the most finely tempered souls, is it from the true center of all spiritual attraction, or whence?'"

The above paragraph appeared in the *Review of Reviews*, last season, under the style and title of "A Pertinent Anglican Query."

Evidently these three questions cannot be met by decided partisans on either side of the division-line; for it is patent, at the outset, that the Catholic would answer from his own stand-point—that stand-point of faith, which seems to prevent him from apprehending or even divining the mental attitude of others less or differently illumined—while it is equally patent that the modern religionist of extreme dissenting proclivities would not entertain the question at all, or answer, like an aged and most worthy clergyman whom I once knew, "Superstition! pure superstition!" Wherefore, one may safely assume, that the *Review of Reviews* directs its query to "leading polemical Anglicans," on the ground, presumably, of a certain sympathy which Anglicanism has for Rome, due to her Catholic tendencies, which, somehow, every now and then, get the upper hand of her Protestantism.

At all events, the questions themselves are curious ones and sure to interest the thinker, be he Protestant Episcopal or a purely unbiased and disinterested outsider. From the point of view of an unexplained fact—for we know facts are stubborn things—of a mysterious, spiritual experience, vouched for so widely as to have the solidity of actual testimony, as of affidavit, it possesses great interest; and when we come to consider the delicate, poetic, and spiritual side of it, this interest is infinitely heightened. The psychologist has also his account therein; indeed, I fancy that the higher religious view of it would be strengthened by the side-lights thrown from these outer investigations—not so much as to the points involved, which to the devout Catholic are settled already, as to the temper and disposition of the outside world in their regard, and that of the investigators themselves as shown in their methods of approaching them.

These persons presumably have not the light of faith, as Catholics understand it; yet they must have some faith, some inner illumination of the Spirit. Else they would not be fit investigators

of any profound matter; and this is still more true of persons attracted or drawn in the manner described. The base of sincerity and reverence being secure, errors become like those of the astronomer about the stars, involuntary, regretted, and subject to correction always.

One very common and wide-spread error is this: that mere outside beauty of ritual is, in and of itself, a source of profound attraction. The brilliancy of waxen tapers, gorgeousness of vestments, stateliness of ceremonial, scent of flowers, painted windows, processions and the like, while appealing to a sense of the beautiful, to the eye of the artist and to the lover of color, in the most intense way, are not, in themselves considered, motives to holiness or worship. Their value lies in their fitness as expressions of something other and greater than they. Their significance may be much or little—even nothing, at times, as when the stage-scene in a play-house represents a church. It is a mistake to suppose that, even with the most ignorant, the husk is valued apart from the kernel. The fussy Ritualistic rector cannot build up his decayed parish through these agencies, save as spiritual realities enter the souls of his flock to make them potent.

Of some other things this is not true. The uplifted cross speaks of the Christ who died, though it be in a wilderness or in a hovel. And sacred music has its own sweet and startling message to some souls, as if a voice Divine had spoken. This, again, anywhere—on the face of the green earth. These hold significance within themselves, and in speaking of ritual, this being a vital distinction, it is wisely borne in mind.

Therefore, when careless people speak—as they are very apt to do—of *the ceremonial of Rome as her attraction*, it is well to make them define precisely what they mean. Would the mere ceremonial be potent apart from the august doctrine it enshrines? How about similar ceremonial among Episcopal Ritualists? Is it availing, apart from the measure of actual faith its promoters possess?

No, the answer to the questions is far from lying so near the surface. *Antiquity* has a charm for some minds and is an attractive force in conservative circles in certain parts of the world; not in the United States, however, where by the mass of men it is usually flouted. To the average New Englander, in particular, it seems utterly futile—a new Church, like a new house, being better than

an old one! No sentimental, ancient, ivy-covered attractiveness for him!

The charm of *authority*, likewise—of a decisive voice speaking with power from the See of Peter—only allures a few of the weak or wavering. Republican independence takes quick alarm. In fine, whatever attraction these forces may exert is for other lands than ours; nor are they, anywhere, more than the merest fraction of the whole potency.

The sound and sensible theology of Catholicism, fitted together in every part and welded into a compact and beautiful whole, has, however, great weight with clear minds, who come upon it, perhaps, for the first time. Its admirable points are in the nature of a surprise. To Protestants, imbued from childhood with an idea of "the errors of Rome," her calm and dignified presentation of dogma comes with a force, of which the Roman Catholic himself can have but faint conception. Receive it or not, the stranger feels he has come in contact with a power. And though this is beside our topic, as exerting no occult fascination, it is satisfactory to find that the attraction, of whatever kind it be, has a solid basis, whereon the unimaginative and judicial intellect can truly rest.

It is not too much to say that, with some minds—and those of the best—well-put, systematic dogma quietly advanced, would prove effectual, for the very reason that such a sword needs no enchantment for its blow.

It is plain that we must seek the answer to our questions in regions spiritual, somewhere among the unseen forces of the Divine. We know that the brooding power of the Holy Ghost, in creative energy, touches the human soul everywhere, without distinction; in the desert or amid cloistered silences; also in a Methodist camp-meeting or amid the drums and tambourine flare of the Salvation Army. Why not in the beautiful Credos and Te Deums of an ancient Church? Why not in the lives of saints and their deeds of charity? Why not amid a glorious ceremonial and the ascending prayers of believers? "Surely this power from on high is mystical attraction and of the highest type," says the Christian of a newer fold. To him this is sufficient explanation of the matter, and he utters faithfully the general voice of the separated brethren, in suggesting that Protestantism may, not unfairly, be called a special cultus of the Holy Ghost.

The Anglican alone rests unsatisfied. To him also belongs this

belief, in all its fulness; but he has, likewise, a fine, strong conception of something more. To him this answer seems imperfect. If it cover all, he argues, why is there not like magnetic attraction among other bodies of baptized believers? There is something which Rome has, which they have not! And he strives to find it. His brethren describe him as a High Churchman. He may enter a brotherhood of Anglicans, or call his sacramental service a mass and the like; but, in more likelihood, being a judicious man, he quietly strives to imbue his people with more of Catholic truth. He is feeling after that mysterious Presence which has charmed the love and devotion of the Church throughout the ages. And his search of Faith is rewarded of the Blessed Master; in some imperfect, mysterious, spiritual way he does find it. Over a blind, wayward path he may indeed be journeying, and yet, as it were from afar off, he catches the gleam and his people with him.

To his own surprise—and still more to theirs—deeper faith and stronger spiritual vision bear practical fruit. A larger measure of self-sacrifice, more devotion, more enthusiastic interest in the Master's work begin to appear. The supreme cause works its effect. Moreover, many are reconciled thereby who would otherwise look upon the whole as a mere gorgeousness of religious idolatry. They apply the Lord's own test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the single-minded clergyman is justified.

Then thoughtful souls begin to ask the why and wherefore. They perceive that these things are close akin to the experiences of the mediæval Church; that the spiritual strength comes from the same Source, whence the devout Catholic has drawn it for ages. It is from the one Fountain, though drinking-cup and path of approach differ.

At all events, they are conscious of being strangely and strongly attracted. Now, "this drawing, felt in some form or degree by many of the most finely tempered souls," is what puzzles Mr. Holland. "Is it from the true center of all spiritual attraction?" he inquires. Surely, surely, Mr. Holland! Whence else could it come? Is there any phenomenon at all resembling it elsewhere in the known world? And if not—if the perpetual miracle thus enacted throughout the ages be unparalleled in sweetness and power—why doubt its Divine origin? It is in regard to the mode of the Divine energizing that Christian men differ, not as to the fact itself, on either side, human or Divine.

As I understand it, though theology be dangerous ground for mere lay thinkers, the Catholic Church does not deny the presence of the Holy Ghost in her highest miracle, the Sacrifice of the Mass; still less, elsewhere, in more ordinary modes of operation. So that she covers the Protestant ground fully, still having splendid space for more! "No man cometh unto Me," said our Lord, "except *the Father* draw him." In another connection He said, "And *I*, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself." And as Catholic dogma seems to be that the three Persons of the Ever Blessed Trinity are present in the Divine Sacrifice by virtue of their unity in the Godhead, the question as to the source of attraction seems sufficiently and overwhelmingly answered.

A query involving less theological peril is that of the strange human experience hinted at by Mr. Holland. When our Lord, himself, was on earth, the sacred historian declares, "there was division because of Him." It was attraction and repulsion from the first. This strange opposition, this conflict between light and darkness, has been going on ever since. I do *not* believe that repulsion is one form or stage of attraction. That seems to me like a metaphysical subtlety or sophism. It is, indeed, true that repulsion yields to attraction so often and with such sudden reaction as to account for his question. The miracles of grace are sometimes such that we are confounded, and, in our amazement, doubt their extent and reality. A Saul becomes a Paul so suddenly that we try to explain the transaction by minimizing its scope. We say to ourselves, "Saul of Tarsus could not *really* have been the bitter persecutor he declares he was! Repulsion was only one form of attraction with him!" But no such plea comes from the Apostle; instead, the plain confession of his "repulsion" as a *sin*. "Being exceeding mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." Nothing could have turned this repulsion into the contrary attraction save the light from heaven and the voice that said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest!" The change from repulsion to attraction is no easy transition like that from "one form or stage" of feeling to another—else that vision were needless. But it was a necessity; for heaven never *wastes* a miracle.

The idea that children should be left unbaptized and allowed to stray into regions of repulsion—it may be on this very theory that, in order to the final attraction the stage of repulsion must precede it—is fraught with direful consequences. For Death may

come early or the miracle of conversion remain unwrought. Truly, sophisms have their dangers.

We have now to consider how the attraction works upon souls and precisely what it is. In Mr. Holland's own words, "What is it in this world-wide association which so powerfully attracts some and repels others?"

Yet, as the old English writer accurately and quaintly declares, "There are some and other some." Even those who are attracted present widely varying types. There is a world-wide distance between the imaginative school-girl captured by what she believes to be a miracle, as depicted in Madam Dahlgren's recent *Rosary* article, and the case of Cardinal Manning. Mark the comprehensive statement of the latter. "This," he says—the drawing of Rome—"satisfies the whole of my intellect, sympathy, sentiment, and nature in a way proper and solely belonging to itself." That a sound and superior mind should find a solidity most restful to itself in the compact body of Catholic dogma we have already admitted; but there is more to say. The Cardinal does not stop with a cold, intellectual satisfaction. The demands of sympathy and sentiment are also met—he avers—and what we term the natural impulses. To say truth, many of these same doctrines have a charm within themselves, a beauty of feeling and fitness, perfectly differentiated from logical power or force of authority. Take, for examples, the ideas of Reparation, Perpetual Adoration, which enshrines much of Heaven's own eternal blaze, the Grace of Union, Intercessory Prayer for the Living and the Dead, and as many more. These appeal to sympathy and sentiment, though they be also dogma. What more beautiful thought than that of a possible Reparation for the awful sin of Earth, day after day, against the Eternal, His holy Name and Divine Majesty? What stirs native tenderness of feeling like the sight of the great Church Militant in prayer for the Dead? Why is not her solemn Requiem Mass alike beautiful and precious? Many of the veriest doctrinal truths are thus alive with light and hope.

The Protestant naturally asks, "Why have we not, also, these?" He is told they are but errors, falsities of dogma—as, indeed, they may be—the polemical brethren must decide that! but no one explains the charm. Light and beauty and solace for souls lie in these so-called falsities. That is our puzzle, and likely to puzzle us a great while longer. It is a strange phenomenon. The Script-

ure says, "That which doth make manifest is light." That which sheds forth illumination of soul and spiritual peace, must it not be of the True Light, and from it? Can error do this? Did error ever do it? "Herein is a strange thing," said the blind man, after his cure, to the disapproving crowd, "that ye know not whence He is—and yet, He hath opened mine eyes." The fact of the miracle was its own argument. He could see—see beautiful and bright things which he never saw before! Is it not thus with the soul, brought in contact with these rich and vivifying doctrines? The charm seems to lie in the fact that the dogma is "all glorious *within*," that it reaches sympathy and sentiment *through* the intellect—a thing which is not true of Calvinism, with its cold, and in some measure convincing power, or of the Anglican "Thirty-nine Articles."

In point of fact, no error, admittedly such, ever had this gift of grace and comfort. From the Arian heresy to modern Ingersollism and Madame Eddy's Christian Science—from errors of practice like religious persecutions, be they of the Inquisition on the one hand or Salem witch-burnings on the other—from all these, I say, there has been no radiation of light and peace. Nor has the human soul ever found rest therein. Truth and righteousness bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, sown in peace and ripening into joy unspeakable. This, on the other hand, will hardly be disputed. But, viewed in the light of these two statements, is not "the magnetic charm of Rome" something more than a curious fact? Is it not, even, a forceful argument?

Of course the attractiveness of Rome being multifold and the moods and tempers of men equally diversified, curious complications result. Approaching the skeptic here and the enthusiast there, what charms the one repels the other. To Madame Dahlgren's miracle her wise and learned father only said, "Fudge!" adding that he "had no time to investigate hallucinations." Yet his position was more untenable than hers—faith being a positive and doubt a negative force—to condemn without knowledge swerves as far from balanced good-sense as to receive without inquiry; the faith-cure itself being as old as the world.

For many people the practices of Rome have strong fascination. Such persons are usually indifferent to dogma—even, in some cases, scornful of it!—but the kindly ministrations of Charity Sisters, the lives of prayerful nuns, the benevolence of a good Franciscan,

the self-denials of a Trappist embody for them the magnetic charm. They feel that something Divine inspires all this; that some hidden Light illumines these strange souls, these lives which are not the common lives of humanity. The missionary priest, toiling in loneliness amid trials and privations, is an object-lesson of self-sacrifice, and many are drawn to him and his Master, they know not how. It is the power of the Cross, unfelt, perchance, in dogma, yet manifest in living light.

Her actual religious practices, too, even in small things, have a wide-spread charm. Take Millet's picture of "The Angelus," for example; can anything more lovely be imagined? A shrine of the Blessed Virgin in a lowly home, a peasant-woman of Normandy with her beads, a village priest showering benedictions on his flock, are all studies for the man who would know something of the fascination Rome daily exerts. The painter catches the picturesque beauty for his canvas, the poet feels it supply his analogous need, the Protestant admires, though he turns gravely away. The Faith of the Church, as expressed in these little things, has its reward. The world is blest, and even the Protestant bows his head for heavenly benediction, glad to feel there is something he, too, can receive.

That the special devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin contributes immensely to the general charm will hardly be questioned. The beautiful vision that has floated over the world through all the Christian centuries of a Virgin-Mother, sweet and pitiful, with a comprehension of that world in its deeper needs and power to meet those needs through intercession with the Almighty, is a vision the distressed world will surely cling to. It has a hold upon the heart; its might of love, a force past reckoning and past struggling with. It conquers hardened men and degraded women; its womanly pity weaving a spell of light and up-lift. "The drawing of Rome," here, is a drawing up into the heavens, where Dante saw the Madonna, as he says in his *Paradiso*. Our ideals of virginity and maternity find in her their best and purest expression; so that "men of good-will"—whatever their position theologically—follow the lead of Holy Scripture and call her "Blessed." There is no more potent factor in our whole problem than this devotion paid her by Catholics in every age and clime; its "magnetic charm" being the unfailing inspiration of a crowned and glorified womanhood.

It is not this attractiveness, however, or anything of a more general nature, in the sphere of Catholicism that Mr. Holland has in mind. The great center of all Catholic worship—the Sacrifice of the Mass—is the true source of her power. This he perfectly comprehends. Spreading out in streams of beauty it floods all lesser ceremonial with its own splendor, being the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end, the first and the last.

It attracts some and repels others—true, Mr. Holland!—where the Divine One is not Saviour, he is Judge. The human soul must make either sweet submission or the great Refusal. It is an intense demand, not to be evaded. It is a perfect demand; the unspeakable Love will have all—or nothing. It is a tender demand—and conscience has a fire unquenchable, remorse, a torrent of tears for the man who—God help him!—is repelled by the tenderness that would lift and save and glorify.

Perhaps it is this immediate Presence of the Lord which, in the Roman Church, serves to accentuate the demand He everywhere makes of the children of men. The Divine voice may come from her altars with a deeper thrill, to interior souls, especially, trained to habitudes of faith. Even the stranger catches the inspiration—in a glimmer, as it were—through the puzzle of a strange service, the seeming babble of a foreign tongue. Can the magnetic silence and the throbbing music-voice, which alike stir the depths of his being, have other complete or profound explication? Can we do else than say with the Apostle, “It is the Lord”?

As a matter of antecedent likelihood, is it not in keeping with other modes of Divine action? Would He not thus softly signify His presence? How else could He speak to mere mortals? How better commune with their dull spirits? How else inspire and comfort them? How else say, “Peace, it is I”? Invisibly He must come, if at all! Gently, gloriously, spiritually, speak! Silently, imperceptibly, as the sunlight the flower, turn the repellent, wilful spirit of man toward and unto Himself!

Is not this “the drawing of Rome”? Or do we need, in the premises, further light from the “polemic Anglican”?

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

MARY'S JOY.

With deeper fire than that of Bethlehem's star
 Glowed Mary's heart as on the Holy Child
 She gazed and saw within his eyes so mild
 The *peace on earth* swift-echoing afar.
 Glad angels held the gates of heaven ajar,
 Watching in love-lit rapture when she smiled.
 O Mary, Jesu, pure and undefiled,
 No sin or wrong your holiness can mar.

To touch his baby hands, his lips to kiss,
 And worshipful to fold him to her breast,
 Such awe maternity again ne'er finds.
 Thou Virgin Mother, the divine behest
 That made this Child thine own and all mankind's,
 Gave thee a joy transcending human bliss.

ABIGAIL TAYLOR.

ABOUT SHELVING PROTESTANT PARSONS.

DURING the past few months there has been any amount of wise-acre moral gush going the rounds of the so-called religious and some of the quasi-literary papers of the East touching the supposed sacrilegious habit that the Protestant churches are said to have fallen into of "shelving" their preachers who are over fifty years of age.

I wish to point out the fact that this wild cry of "mad dog" has much more of sensation than of truth in it; to point out the striking contrast between the Catholic and Protestant churches in this particular, and to emphasize the real cause of the Protestant evil complained of—as far as the evil really exists—and to intimate wherein a cure for this evil may be found.

The venerable Theodore Cuyler seems to have been the leader in this holy war against the so-called wickedness and ingratitude of modern Protestant churches, and yet he himself is a striking example of the general falsehood of the complaint named, for during many long years after he was fifty years of age his following

was stronger and more appreciative than during the earlier years of his ministry.

I am not now as familiar with the movements of Protestant churches and pastors as I was thirty years ago, but I am satisfied that the roots of the evil, as far as it exists, must be sought in the changed and changing spirit and work of the Protestant ministry quite as much as in the changed and changing attitude of the people. Like people, like priests, the world over; and in order to bring out this thought more clearly I will glance at a few of the leading clergymen of our larger cities a generation or more ago. Certainly they were not then shelved at fifty years of age.

A generation or more ago, when Socinian Unitarianism was still a power in Boston, Drs. Robinson, Gannett, and Ware, and later Drs. James Freeman Clarke and Peabody, were all stronger in their influence and in the affectionate regard of their people when they were from fifty-five to sixty-five years of age than during the earlier years of their ministry.

During the same period Dr. Bacon of New Haven and Dr. Burton of Hartford were the ablest and most appreciated Congregational pastors in those cities when their own lives were approaching the well-won rewards of three-score years.

In New York, during the same generation, the venerable Dr. Tyng of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Thompson of the Broadway Tabernacle, Dr. William Adams of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, Dr. Chapin of the Broadway Universalist Church, Dr. Hitchcock of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Cuyler of Brooklyn, when way past fifty years of age, were all greater powers in their Protestant pulpits than any of the rising brood of youngsters could claim or hope to be, and they were well loved and well supported by their admiring congregations.

In Philadelphia the same general truth holds good of the generation in question. Rev. Albert Barnes of the Washington Square Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Boardman of the then Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Chambers of the then First Independent Church, and Rev. Dr. Furness of the First Unitarian Church were all in their prime, able, alert, popular, successful, loved and honored by their people, and still drew full houses of admiring listeners when they were past sixty years of age; and the last named—Rev. Dr. Furness—was still the most eloquent and

the most appreciated Unitarian minister in the United States when he was long past seventy years of age.

Indeed, there are successful ministers in the United States to-day who are close in the neighborhood of eighty years of age, but they are of the past generation of parsons—men who, besides being sincere in their faith, were well content to remain as pastors over the same flock that called them in the early years of their ministry, and were not forever itching for larger salaries and more fashionable congregations.

Now distinctly that generation of Protestant preachers has passed or very nearly passed away, and in their old places we have the noisy, reform, rhetorical, and soulless nobodies who attempt to fill the same pulpits in our day. And here is where the shoe pinches, and here is the root of the evil complained of by the parties named.

Instead of studying the Scriptures in order to understand their meaning and to be inspired by the spirit of the ancient prophets and the Apostles of our Lord, the present generation of pulpit orators, so called, have studied the long ago exploded theories of socialism, total abstinence, sociology, and Herbert Spencerism, and above all have studied how to get at more lucrative parishes; have learned how to swing their arms and roll their voices at so-called schools of elocution, have learned the long-winded and over-diluted language of Emersonian transcendentalism, and so expect to float heavenward as well-filled windbags and draw their followers after them by selling seats to the highest bidders; and the average congregations of our new generation have changed quite as basely as their pastors.

Meanwhile the average salaries of ministers have been greatly increased, so that churches which used to pay the men I have named anywhere from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year now pay their bloated and blatant successors anywhere from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year.

Meanwhile, also, the parsons themselves, having neither religion nor natural gifts of any superior character, have ceased to be loved by their congregations, have simply become rhetorical phonographs for the sensational filling and rental of pews; in a word, have grown to bear precisely the same relation to Protestant congregations that actresses and actors bear to theatrical managers, and as soon as the star or stock phonograph ceases to draw a crowd

of so-called pious and gaping fools, a new parson—that is, a new human phonograph—must be introduced and the old one thrown aside. The pews must be filled, revenues must be raised, and if the old phonograph cannot do this, shelve the machine, certainly, say the trustees, and get one with a Talmage rattle and twang, or one with a Beecher strut, a man-machine with peculiarity of voice or manner, that, like a scraped and whitewashed elephant, he may draw a crowd for a while.

Like people like priest, as we said. The parson is seeking money and notoriety, and the people are seeking a parson that can raise the wind. Under these circumstances, it seems to me as impertinent as it is unjust for the phonograph parsons to complain that the congregations will not use them when their voices have grown squeaky and their hinges rusty with age and with general yelling.

Managers understand that theatrical stars lose their voice powers after a certain age, and the stars usually understand this also. Owners of race-horses do not expect old horses to race like young ones, and if the parsons of our day have reduced their profession—as I hold they have done—to the level of dramatic performances or to the level of the race-course—where the winnings depend upon the prime condition of the muscular organs, and not upon the sublimities of thought, the depth and sincerity of faith and heart, not upon the power of the preacher to instruct and guide the human soul—for what human Protestant soul wants or needs to be instructed or guided any more—why should they complain because their managers, the trustees of the churches, take them at their own estimate and shelve them in due season?

As far, therefore, as the complaint named is true, I look upon the fact as a righteous retribution of heaven—a deserved humiliation for a set of men who, while claiming to be ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, are too often the veriest worldlings of pride, sensuality, and selfishness. Hence they must take their chances with other men of the world, and especially with those men and women whose drawing powers depend upon the prime condition of their muscular system, as I said. In truth, the case is worse than this, for while men of any natural force of thought or any natural gifts of oratory can and do hold those powers and can and do wield them in masterful fashion well up to their seventieth year, the mere phonograph rhetorician—engaged in the ministry—wears himself

out by his own shallow falseness, and is apt to be good for nothing and less than nothing after he is fifty years of age.

To my mind the root of this evil is deep in our modern system of school and college training, in our false political economies, in our total and infernal shallowness of soul and lack of loyalty to truth in all lines; and I do not look for any general improvement in Protestant methods and life until the very lie of Protestantism has been generally acknowledged, repented of, and forsaken. Neither do I look for any permanent improvement in our social and national life until the essential lie at the heart of the French Revolution and the American Revolution has been seen, admitted, repented of, and forsaken by the so-called advanced nations of modern civilization to-day; and how far we are from all this may be imagined when only now and then do I find any man of sufficient insight to see and understand how radical are the blows of the axe I am laying at the root of our modern upas-tree of Protestant and democratic and eternal falsehood.

Shelve your seedy parsons by all means; shelve your seedy politicians by all means. If the genius of modern civilization is purely a matter of athletics—why, let the scorchers take the prizes and go to the devil where they belong.

As far as I can see there is still room and work, and bread and honor, though perhaps with suffering and sorrow—as of old—for all men of genuine character and ability in this world, and I am quite willing to risk their chances in the world to come.

In a word, as far as the complaint named is true, Protestant parsons over fifty are shelved because they are in no sense fit representatives of the Master they profess to serve, and because the age in which we live cares a great deal more for football, baseball, bicycles, theatres, gambling, lust, money-making, and every lowest form of vice and hypocrisy, than it cares for God and truth and the Saviour of the world.

Like people like parsons; both are joined to their ideals, and the sooner the Almighty sets about that world-wide shelving of liars and imbeciles now sitting on the thrones and altars of this world the better; I for one shall be pleased. I gladly admit, in fact, positively assert, as of my own knowledge and experience, that there are many splendid exceptions to the general characterization of the Protestant ministry here given.

In the first place, there are still living many representatives of

the last generation of Protestant parsons, men ranging all the way from fifty to eighty years of age, gifted, consecrated, and as earnest in their work of preaching the truth and trying to save souls as are any of the best priests in the Catholic Church—and they are not shelved either. In the next place, we can say just as positively that among the newer and more rhetorical and more worldly generation of youngsters there are exceptionally good, devoted, and gifted men in all sects of the Protestant ministry; but these are the exceptions, and the rank and file are a low-browed, shallow, and noisy set of men, without natural refinement and still more painfully without any supernatural or spiritual power.

The Young People's Christian Endeavor humbuggery could not kick its heels so high or make such a figure in our effete Protestantism if the modern Protestant ministry were much other than a sham and a show.

Hence, instead of complaining of the shelving of Protestant parsons over fifty years of age, I rejoice in the fact, as far as it is a fact, and pray God for such new and universal scourgings of the money-changers out of Christ's temples everywhere as shall give true men and true women a chance to breathe again.

Here, however, I wish to call attention to the striking contrast between the average ministry of the Protestant churches—so-called—and the average priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, especially in the matter referred to.

In the first place, I understand that by reason of the hard work and the sacrifices required of young priests and of students for the priesthood only a very small proportion of priests ever reach the age of fifty years; but my experience has taught me that whether young or old these men, in more than ninety cases out of a hundred, are full of faith, full of zeal for righteousness and truth, full of that willingness characteristic of their Master and all His true followers—to sacrifice their lives for the good and salvation of the souls committed to their care, and everywhere throughout the Church the evidences are palpable that, recognizing the fact that faith and thought and every power of ministering for the good of souls, increases with the years of a faithful soul, the Church honors most those who have passed the age at which Protestant parsons are said to be shelved, and it is just as palpable that as far as faithful Catholics allow themselves to depend upon human instrumentality in seeking and receiving the graces of heaven for

their souls, they love and revere most the priests whose locks are gray and whose voices mayhap are weakened a little by the stress of labor and of years.

Would to God I could make this distinction between the attitude of the Protestant and Catholic clergy toward their people and of the people toward the clergy clear to every Protestant in the world. I am not saying that all priests are saints or that all Catholics revere them. In the main, however, the priest is there to instruct, to guide the conscience and the will in all duty, and the people gladly recognize their need of his guidance, and hence the older, the more venerable the priest, and the greater his experience in virtue and wisdom, the more loved and the more welcome is he in his ministries to every true Catholic soul.

Good and noble and venerable priests write me, however, that there is a small but perhaps a growing class of worldly and rhetorical priests even in the Catholic Church; but I take it that these men are only the exceptional Judases of our day, and that they are in a very small minority. Yet the follies of the age, the lies of the age, the sophistries of the age, the Americanisms of the age, are so numerous and so inviting that there may be more danger than we dream of in this modern tendency toward what is called a liberal and fashionable and rhetorical priesthood. Let us hope not, and may the day soon dawn when our priests, being charged with a new and apostolic fervor of righteousness, and our people filled with new longings for purer lives and a sweeter charity, the gospel of the Son of God, as expounded by His only Catholic and Apostolic Church, may kindle the world afresh with the light and glory of the Cross until Protestant and pagan nations, and even infidel, upstart, self-willed, conceited, self-righteous, and bragging Yankeeedom may really be brought to its knees in humble faith and in willing and glad submission to the light and authority of this one and only true Church of the Eternal and Living God. Then what a shelving of Protestant parsons there will be, and what rejoicings in earth and in heaven by reason of the same.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

HILDEBRAND THE GREAT—POPE GREGORY VII.

“NOTHING can be great,” says Longinus, “the contempt of which is great.” Neither wealth nor honor gives a man a title to greatness, for one of the very marks of greatness of mind is to despise these gifts of fortune and to be above all desire of them. True greatness is not bound to any particular class; it often shines out from the by-paths of life, manifests itself under the pressure of poverty and distress, amidst the jeers and indignation of the world. No man whose sentiments or actions are little and grovelling is deemed great, but he whose soul is lofty, whose heart rises superior to misfortune, he only is truly great.

Of such stamp of character was St. Gregory VII., called also by his family name Hildebrand. His was a peculiar grandeur, and his place in history a peculiar elevation. His life was like a climax of greatnesses, moral, intellectual, and political, each one impressing us more favorably, till disposed together they form something sublime. As a youth he gave up human honors to follow, through affection, Gregory VI.; as a man he evidenced a glorious magnanimity in defence of spiritual supremacy; as a Pontiff he hurled defiance at an antagonistic world, alone and independent in his assertion of Religion’s rights. Thus it would seem to all right-minded men, Hildebrand’s name stirring up within their souls the most vivifying memories, while to many a mind it savors of evil omen.

It is a great pity that modern writers like Villemain have been so far derelict to justice and truth as to mould their judgment of Catholic heroes according to their predilections; it is a burning shame also that many a so-called liberal Catholic has followed their standard. Such is not writing history conformable to its lofty purpose. If personal feeling dictate to a writer the measure by which he is to picture a hero, then history assumes a dangerous aspect, and if writers treating prejudicially the character of St. Gregory VII. have labored to engage our belief, then their efforts have been malicious, unworthy of credence, and dishonorable. There is not in the whole life of this heroic Pontiff a quality more apparent nor more generally acknowledged than that capital attribute in human action—good intention. Why, then, with a property so

agreeable and a power so invaluable, have writers blackened his memory with the loathsome accusation of meanness and self-created supremacy? Again, is it lawful for us moderns to sit down and mete out judgment on the conduct of mediæval personages according to our present views of life and our present rule of action? St. Gregory VII. consented to the deposition of Henry IV. of Germany, and because he committed this "foul crime," have we the right to judge his action inconsiderate of the circumstances of his times, his extraordinary power and his office of Mediator between Christian nations? If such be the case, truly, "*cæcis erramus in undis*."

The correct view which history presents of Gregory is that of a great director who steers successfully the doings of his age into the channel of time, and the scene is one wherein a towering genius and a gigantic mind predominate. Whether psychologically considered in the sanctuary of the soul's feelings and thoughts or viewed in the bright dramatism of the statesman's career, Gregory's character possesses a fascinating glamour; he is equally the subject of astonishment and reverence. Placed in juxtaposition with a long line of Papal predecessors, he rises above all in his rare union of golden qualities. For soundness of judgment, depth of penetration, and firmness of principle, he surpasses all his peers in the Papacy. Perhaps it is on account of this beautiful array of royal attributes that he has ever been the object of praise and animadversion. Hildebrand's life was in the main a continued tempest, but to meet its howling winds and dashing billows, he possessed an unyielding firmness of will. He was aggressive, but his aggressiveness centered in right, and when spurred on by the consciousness of justice and honesty, only then did his mind, disciplined to resistance, overleap impetuously the barriers to overwhelm opposition. That in his office of supreme ruler of Christendom he distinguished not between prince and peasant; that with all the innate vigor of his being he fought to confirm and strengthen ecclesiastical rights and privileges, is not condemnable; for if there be a duty plain to the conscience of a Roman Pontiff, if there be an obligation hallowed by all that is just and true in the doctrine of the Church, it is that of resistance to the lawless encroachments of the civil power. What Gregory VII. fought and suffered for in the eleventh century, Leo XIII. contends and suffers for to-day. And how other could these saintly Pontiffs act

after swearing at the foot of God's altar to defend His Church by every vital energy, even unto death?

Gregory's name is glorious and immortal. Yet its glory and immortality must be traced rather to the influence which his genius, schooled by affliction and vicissitude, has exerted over the development of ecclesiastical and civil power than to the hidden virtues and saintly character which so many writers have been at pains to asperse. It is an indisputable fact that from the time of St. Gregory VII., so potent was the revolution which he effected in Church and state, so fortunate were its results, that a distinct line of demarcation was drawn between the spiritual and the temporal arm, the independence of both spheres of rule was guaranteed, and thus society plunged into disorder and contention bent to receive its *coup de grace* from men who knew well how to value his example. Yet Gregory VII. established no new dynasty; he left, however, to the world the memory of his giant vigor and his devoted zeal, the dying declaration of his love for justice and his hatred for iniquity. Like to the strong and sturdy oak, "the pride of the forest," his genius expanded with time, ever increasing in vigor, acquiring extension by the displacement of less worthy and useless surroundings, until at length, towering in majestic beauty far above its companion works of nature, it symbolizes independence, fortitude, and perpetuity. Or like the rock imbedded 'neath the depths of an ocean waste, surviving the wash of tempest and storm, Gregory arises grand and haughty over the subsiding forces of revolution and chaos. Such he was as statesman, ruler, and Pontiff.

"With comprehensive mind and truth endowed,
No vulgar passion his great soul control'd;
Rich in the science that a priest required,
With ardent zeal which love divine inspir'd."

St. Gregory appeared when the world was in a state of transition. In earlier days from Rome, which the poet called *Rerum pulcherrima Roma*, had gushed forth the spring-tides that had infused life and energy into civilization. We know how, from her haughty hills—those symbols of her arrogant sovereignty—ancient Rome ruled the world, and how turreted on these seven mountaintops she proudly boasted of her world-wide dominion. We also have read how, in the economy of the world's Eternal Ruler, this

Queen of the Universe, wrapped in her drapery of luxury and power, was forced to bend her haughty head to the sweet yoke of Christianity. Centuries of unrestrained empire had elevated Rome unwisely beyond all healthful prudence, and it was some impulse, more than a natural one, which drove in aftertimes the serried hordes of Goth, Visigoth, and Hun from their fastnesses in the very heart of barbarism down to the golden gates of *Roma Æterna*. Rome gradually falls. She never dares to raise her head, and the student of history may vainly look and fondly peer down the long vista of time for her subsequent rise; he must despair of her regeneration evermore, till the sacred *Labarum* waves high over her heaven-blessed walls. Then Rome awakens from her lethargy, and becomes the *Fons Sacradotii* and *Roma felix*. She again rises before the world, but devoid of the false glitter of her ancient material brilliancy, Christian and free. Peace and contentment now smile over her, till restless of her Western home she seeks an abode in the Orient. This act of her ruler in changing the seat of empire to Byzantium was political suicide, and as the years go on she sinks into oblivion. One power alone preserves strength enough to re-establish rule, and that power was the Church. An independent realm now appears above the horizon of anarchy, and though centuries intervene and a long winter of darkness settles over the earth, it does not die, but "only sleepeth."

The first Pope who raised the Church from the rending influences of disorder and misrule to a high standard of union and strength was Pope Sylvester II., the first Frenchman whose privilege it was to attain to the Pontifical throne. From the reign of Leo III. a wide difference had existed between the spiritual and the temporal power. Sylvester II. restored the former harmony between them, and though Pope had to depend on prince for aid and support, this close intimacy did not for many years prove prejudicial to the interests of religion. At his death his admirable work was undone, and party clangor, forced for years to be silent, burst forth with a fury that exceeded the bounds of precedent and parallel. The sacred diadem of the Church became the object at which a new vandalism grasped, and it seemed to aim at the total destruction of Christian faith. It was a foolish labor—this attempt to create popes unlawfully, and its folly was a curse to the world.

Amidst the dissension which grew thick and fast in the bosom of the Church, while crime and disloyalty polluted the office of the

sacred ministry, a great Pontiff, as if specially missioned by Divine Providence to undertake the herculean task of purifying the ranks of the clergy and checking the inroads of the temporal on the spiritual sphere, now appeared to bear the honors as well as the tribulations of the Papal insignia. At this stage of history, St. Gregory VII. arises—a massive obelisk over the wavering, tottering fabric of mediæval polity that sinks crushed by the weight of its mountainous excesses in Church and state. The beginning of the eleventh century gave birth to the man who was thereafter to be the glory of Italy, the pride of the Church, and the regeneration of society. Little is known of his early youth save that he was of humble origin, and yet that little mirrors his future. It was said that while a child, as he was sitting beneath the carpenter's bench of his father, he so disposed the shavings that fell from it as to form these words of the Psalmist: "*Dominabitur a mare usque ad mare*," a wonderful forecast of his future dignity. Although his early years are shrouded in darkness, we may well suppose that many a noble inspiration, many a longing of soul must have come over him, and living as he did under the golden glow of the incomparable Tuscan sunshine, he felt all the soul-inspiring sentiments which the deep, soft blue skies of his native land evoke. His times were not noticeable for intellectual life, and if many a dark mist overhung his earlier days, he seemed not to come under its influence; he was providentially fitted for greater days to come.

Gregory began the drama of his varied life early, for as a youth we find him following him that was afterwards Pope Gregory VI., his teacher, into the cloister of Cluny. This free-will act shows the vitality of his feelings. Love for his preceptor and spiritual father draws him away from the world; this same transcendent vitality animates the whole of his memorable career. Later, he makes the quick transition from the sombre halls of Cluny to the brilliant royalties of the German court. Henry III. has bidden him to come and instruct his heir; the king recognized in him already that,

"His were the loftiest attributes of mind,
The solid judgment and the taste refined,
The quick perception and the searching scan,
Which measures motives and which looks through man."

The young Tuscan monk had drunk deeply of the cup of religious life; his soul was uplifted; his thoughts and aim enlarged; his

sympathy for his first love, the Church, touched anew; he was now nerved to everlasting conflict for the *right* and the *true*.

When Bruno, Bishop of Toul, was nominated to the Roman purple by Henry III. of Germany, he besought Hildebrand to accompany him to Rome. The sage monk of Cluny picked up but one golden grain from Tradition's stream, and, showing it to the newly proclaimed Pope, convinced him that Roman approbation and Roman votes alone elected the ruler of the Church. Bruno hearkened to this counsel, adopted it, and was crowned Vicar of Christ under the title of Leo IX. He selected Gregory for his principal adviser, and ruled well the Church of God. All through Leo's reign, and in the subsequent pontificates of Victor II., Stephen IX., Nicholas II., and Alexander II., Hildebrand was the soul of the Papal administration; one can see the shaping skill of his genius in the papal protest against civil oppression, in the condemnation of the prevalent simony and clerical incontinence, and in the constant endeavors to lift up from the slough of misery and long-lasting degradation the household of faith. History gives us the best panegyric of Hildebrand. A great and prominent man for thirty years, when but a wish, a word, would have placed him on the Papal throne, he expresses neither. His matchless humility and his marvelous disinterestedness are but the lamp which lights up his beautiful character. What a suggestive meaning is contained in the words of St. Peter Damian who called him "the impregnable shield of the Roman Church": *Inexpugnabilibus Romanæ Ecclesiæ clypeis, domino meo Hildebrando*.

There was a true philosophy in all that Hildebrand counseled. His main efforts were directed toward the reformation of the world; he wished to re-Christianize it through the intervention of the Church. He saw no salvation for Christendom only in so far as it bent submissive to religion, and to wipe out the dark blots which enemies of the true faith had forced upon the Church he considered the grand and pre-eminent achievement of the Roman Pontiff. Certainly his energy and firm consistency may often appear too extremely severe; but has the world ever witnessed a change brought about by temporizing measures or even by pure philanthropy? He arrayed himself against the Cæsarism of his times, against that political doctrine which aimed at the subversion of the Church, and in attempting this, his colossal vigor was exercised to crush paganism, for the state-craft of mediæval days was nothing more

nor less than the old pagan policy clothed in a quasi-Christian dress.

By the unanimous consent of the Roman clergy and people, which was after a long delay sanctioned by the approval of Henry III. of Germany, Hildebrand was enthroned as Pope in the Church of St. Peter *ad Vincula* on June 29, 1073. One great victory had been gained by his election, that of guaranteeing to the proper electors, the Roman clergy and people, the right of selecting the Roman Pontiff. Truth, wisdom, and sanctity had shone from all that Hildebrand had hitherto done; now as Gregory VII., the supreme Pontiff, these were to receive additional lustre in the holy conflict which he, as the representative of right, was to wage with the powers of blood and iron. Scarcely had the rejoicing attendant on his coronation died away before the war began. It was the giant struggle of civilization with barbarism, God's cause arrayed against princely and priestly lust and ambition. Yet even in the midst of this terrible warfare we find Gregory evincing a wondrous vastness of intellect—at one time striving to secure for poor pilgrims an unrestrained privilege to make their devotions in the Holy Land, at another contending for the liberties of the French prelates; now advising paternally the rules of Central Europe, again instructing the wild, untutored Norsemen and the degenerate posterity of dark Africa.

Of all his troubles, the one for which personal happiness was sacrificed was his conflict with Henry IV. of Germany. Gregory was placed in a very trying position; he was forced to accommodate his rule to the confused state of society; he had to cope with attacks from temporal rulers from every side, and yet he felt that he was bound to extirpate from the sullied bosom of the Church the scandalous, cankerous vices of simony and incontinency. But he faltered not, hesitated not to begin the warfare from the first instant of his accession, and although before him he saw naught save persecution and violent death, he was deterred by no obstacle of power or human respect from the conscientious fulfilment of his duty. Should we marvel to see him hurl anathema at prince and bishop alike, when, regardless of their fealty to the Church, they buy and sell, sacrilegiously, divine offices and sacred things? St. Peter censured and condemned the author of simony; could his successor, Gregory VII., consistently with his duties, be blind to the nefarious proceedings of Henry IV.?

To understand the cause of the great battle that Gregory VII. waged against the German Emperor, as well as to comprehend the reason of his differences with bishops and priests in different parts of Europe, one must look impartially at the degraded condition of the Church in his times, and at the character of those against whom he used the terrible coercive power of the Church. It must be remembered that there was one leading principle according to which Gregory dealt with kings and princes, and that was, so soon as rulers went outside of the sphere of the civil power and encroached on ground over which they had no jurisdiction, he, in his capacity as supreme spiritual ruler of the world, warned them of their incompetency and injustice. If then they did not desist, he, as the guardian of religious liberty, pronounced their usurpation sacrilegious, and when necessity demanded, he excommunicated them. And in thus limiting the bounds, beyond which the civil power dare not move, in drawing the line of division between the spiritual and the temporal, he was giving to the world order, harmony, civilization, and universal peace.

If, to be keenly alive to religious interests, yet not to be wanting in fairness to others, to be aggressive when necessity exacts it; to be aspiring, to be progressive, if this is to be a master of true polity, to be a safe director of peoples, in short, to be an ideal ruler, then Gregory VII. was pre-eminently a good, true, and faithful sovereign. For what other end was his policy framed, if not for the resurrection of his charge, if not for the glory of God's Church?

When Henry's oppression became so intensified that he wished to crush Saxon and Roman alike, and when the German autocrat desired to subject to his degrading absolutism the holiest prerogatives and privileges of faith, how noble is Gregory's conduct! To crouch under such an iron rod of oppression, to profess an acquiescence in acts of injustice, cruel, despotic, and subversive of religious freedom, was to this man of God a manifest vending of interests the most sacred for the worldly favor of a tyrant.

From his entrance into public life Gregory had endeavored, by just and fair means, as the promoter and defender of ecclesiastical rights, to extirpate and annihilate the hydra of simony. Simony had enervated the vigor of ecclesiastical zeal; it had spread dire destruction over the sacred face of the Church; and few indeed were the episcopal sees, few the consecrated altars administered

to by pure and zealous incumbents. The *facile princeps* of the mediæval simonists was Henry IV. of Germany; against him, therefore, with the true spirit of generalship, Gregory directed his assaults.

Who was this royal malefactor that disturbed all religious and social order? A man, a king who lacked all that was manly or kingly. A debauchee, whose ferocity in victory could not be restrained within respectable bounds, and whose sycophancy in defeat was the most servile exhibition of cowardice and perfidy. A man who never knew the value of an oath, who was the disgusting object of his own nation's hatred. It was with this mediæval Nero that Gregory grappled, with this miserable apology of a feudal ruler. How modern writers can sympathize with such a ruthless plunderer and state-robber is beyond conception. How human admiration can fondly dwell on the memory of a king in whose heart coexisted everything that was irreligious, vile, and base, is something incredible. Pity the man's guilt and misery, but do not exercise your charity at the expense of his saintly and high-minded opponent. Moral feeling ought not to run after semblances, it ought not to be duped by the cold, public outlines of a man, but rather follow the warm life-blood, the high, noble, transcendent virtue of heroes and saints.

The history of Henry as regards his treatment of Church and Pontiff is the tale of one of the most rapacious and accomplished pirates that ever played the part of plunderer and spoliator of ecclesiastical property; his parallel is to be seen only in our modern Italian incarnations of political ruffianism. But Henry had his Nemesis, and this stern impersonator of retributive justice was Gregory VII., who met violence and treachery with the spiritual thunders of the Church. It is interesting to take a brief survey of the history of this struggle.

Throughout Europe the Church had acquired much temporal property from the bequests of pious princes and nobles. These temporalities were attached to bishoprics, abbeys, and religious houses. They were the legitimate fruits of inheritance, to which the Church had a just right in the law of God and man. Generally the estates and lands thus inherited were quite extensive, and to honor the Church and place her ministers on a footing with the temporal peers of their realms, princes attached different titles of nobility to them. So these temporalities became feuds or fiefs, to

obtain which certain formalities were required; investiture by the lord or prince and an oath of fealty by the tenant. This practice dated from Charlemagne's time, and did not prove for a goodly number of years harmful to the integrity of faith and order. "But the fairest right may be sullied by abuse," and this ingrafting of feudal principles on religion opened the way to corruption and usurpation. Ambitious and avaricious rulers could not resist the temptation to encroach on the rights of religion, and disdaining to conform to the beautiful line of division between the spiritual and the temporal, they subverted their own interests by making marketable commodities of bishoprics and abbeys. The misery which they brought on the Church by their simoniacal proceedings was a deplorable evil that helpless Pontiffs could not master. Scarce an ecclesiastic could be found in the northern countries who held a licit tenure of office, so extensive was the sacrilegious behavior of these mediæval rulers. It required a Hercules to cleanse the Church from this pestilence; it required a fearless Pope, one ready to sacrifice life in this noble work. Gregory VII. had been the sorrowing witness of these iniquitous proceedings; he deplored and wept over these unholy barterings done in the sacred name of religion. Parley he would not; appease he dare not. He must rise with superb daring, and, animated by faith and love for God, must control the destructive whirl of these troublous times; he must rise and rule this lawless storm and teach royalty that above there commands One more powerful and just than earthly empire, the Omnipotent God. Look at that brave old warrior of the Cross—have you ever witnessed such intensity of will, such magical, hot, passionate love of principle, love of the Church, love of God?

Then comes the darkest and most diabolic plot of all Henry's atrocity and injustice—his open and naked attempt to enslave the Saxon nation. What a mockery of empire was this! What cold-blooded perfidy to his plighted troth! Vanquished and weltering in the blood of her brave warriors, Saxony chafed vainly against the bars of Henry's prison. She was robbed of the sacred heirloom of her nationhood, her life-blood surely ebbed away, her beautiful form was most vilely mutilated, her soul was rent asunder; the wail of this poor, curse-stricken people appealed to the charity, to the deep, heart-come feelings of humanity. Could Gregory, who was contending for the independence of the Holy See, and whose soul revolted at tyranny and oppression, look quietly at the unjust

effrontery of the German Cæsar? As from his Roman watch-tower he descried the ravages of Henry IV., instinctively his sympathies became Saxon, and his resolves burning weapons. Listen to him as he thunders forth the eloquence of reason and equity, as he dooms to the curse of excommunication the arrogant and blinded giant of the North. His *Non Possumus* strikes Germany with terror, it proves of little avail to the hard heart of Henry; but the secret counselling of the German princes—the electors of the Holy Roman Empire—their restless situation, governed by an ostracised member of the Church bode no favor for him who has invoked the rage of religion upon their heads. “We cannot sacrifice the law of God for personal considerations, nor turn aside from the path of justice to keep the favor of men”—this is the Papal fiat coming from a Pontiff who was never known to temporize where justice was concerned, and this fiat lays the corner-stone of our modern civilization, by dealing the death-blow to the worst phase of the old Byzantism.

History speaks to us of Henry’s humiliation at Canossa, and tells how the German princes gave him a year of grace to be reconciled to the Church which he had sworn to defend; and it relates how, crazed with fear of losing his crown, he stole away to cast himself at Gregory’s feet and beg for forgiveness for his crimes. For three days (not for three successive days and nights, as prejudiced writers state) the royal penitent appeared in sackcloth and ashes, and Gregory listened reluctantly to him, for his stern inflexibility bends not even before royal penitence. A grand spectacle, indeed, is that of Canossa. He who for years had given heart and soul to crush the heaving bosom of liberty, who strove in vain to undermine the Papacy, whose imperial despotism had created and sent forth on Saxony a new Scythian tide of destruction and tyranny, bends low beneath the powerful arm of religion, subdued, an eternal lesson to overbearing royalty.

But what a howl of hate has Gregory’s action toward Henry at Canossa evoked from the historic jugglers of our days. How characteristic their strictures. How indignant their protests. It would be nigh impossible to measure the censure and reprehension that have been showered on Gregory’s memory for permitting this undignified humiliation of Henry IV. How significant is this protest against Gregory’s pride, “this heinous barbarism against the honor of royalty!” What a convincing proof it is of Hildebrand’s arbitrariness.

ness! Yet we cannot see any barbarism nor any unnecessary in this punishment. A king falling under the ban of ecclesiastical censure merits no worthier treatment than does the poorest peasant in a like condition. If both are equally guilty, both deserve equal punishment. Justly considered, no invidious distinction could be made.

Gregory VII. knew only too well that Henry IV. was not sincere in his repentance, for it is so evident the German Cæsar was terrified at losing his throne, that self-interest and not sorrow for his sins brought him to Canossa. What a sorry repentance is that which lasts for only fifteen days, yet it is a historical fact that scarce fifteen days had elapsed and Henry was up in arms against the Pope. Let adversaries characterize Gregory's conduct as odious, they cannot gainsay the purity of his intentions, for his sole desire, his principal effort was not to degrade, but to correct the wayward ruler, as his letter to the convention at Tribur plainly shows. The spectacle at Canossa ~~was~~ a humiliation, but it was also a vindication. Brute force was quelled by spiritual strength, and craven royalty convicted of its horrible excesses. When wrong cannot be righted other than by severity, *fiat justitia ruat cælum*. There is no more beautiful sight, none more attractive to the intellectual sense than this vindication of justice at Canossa. The spiritual element is the ruler in it, it is that which subdues the arm of oppression, which overcomes an effeminate tyrant who all the while retains his material strength.

Concerning the quick and daring blow struck at corrupt royalty by Gregory VII. in his deposition of Henry IV., it is astonishing what bitter emotions this act has evoked from men who claim to be ardent lovers of liberty and justice. How much vituperation, how much unjust censure have been visited for it on Gregory's memory! It would be a matter of congratulation if we could be assured that these "just and indispensable" criticisms were the outcome of sincerity and impartiality. We would like, if we could, to believe that much of the sectarian spirit—that summary way of accusing, condemning, and affixing to the pillory all luckless men who do not suit modern ideas of heroism—was not defamatory diversion with noble and true characters, literary tarring-and-feathering of glorious names—the worst and most debasing of all tyrannies! Let justice be not blinded; let us treat the memory of St. Gregory VII. as we would that of Gustavus Adolphus or of

Washington, the deposer of a British king, and then there will be no harrowing doubt as to the justness of the verdict. The good genius of history, if not tormented and silenced by the tyranny of sectarianism and prejudice, will ever award triumphant justice to the great "Hercules of the Middle Ages," who, turned aside by no human respect, daunted by no enemy, fought for liberty, Church, and faith.

Moralists say that reverence is slow of growth, that no artificial heat of popularity quickens it, and the saying is not unreasonable. The day has come when justice is meted out to Hildebrand's memory, and his many admirers have been the witnesses of his vindication. Literary and religious bigots, whose little world of action neutralizes the good of history, are fast disappearing. Thanks to the liberal spirit of the times, the age of bigotry is surely dying away. In the laurel wreaths of victory which prejudiced writers supposed that they plucked from fair brows, there was hidden the deadly night-shade. And it has done well its work of annihilation. To-day, under better auspices, men can sit down and write history, free from the curse of prejudice. The vindication of St. Gregory VII. came at last, in this nineteenth century, from that same country whose former ruler was Hildebrand's avowed enemy. Strange, is it not, that a noble German spirit should attune his harp in Babel's halls in celebration of this Pontiff-hero? A daring deed was Voight's—a deed meritorious of everlasting praise, to lay beneath the citadel of sectarian hate the destructive mine of history.

Let us now glance at some of the causes which have helped to heap obloquy on Gregory's memory. We have seen that from the day when the young monk of Cluny saw a German prelate passing by his monastic home on his way to take possession of the Apostolic chair awarded him by the simple will of an emperor, he had resolved to defend the Church, even though martyrdom were to seal his efforts. The arrogance of a despot he could not brook. Unwarranted infringements he could not stand. To view passively and without an effort to rectify the abuse, ecclesiastical benefices dealt out as military commissions, to be compelled to remain a resistless observer of the enslavement of the Church's nobility, this was indeed intolerable. Was there no security for the institutions of religion—no bulwark or trench to protect them? Must the ship of Church and state be ever placed at the mercy of this blind Polyphemus of the North? There was an unmastered power to

check this passionate tide—it was the power of the Holy See. In that sublime moment in the history of the world, when the fate of posterity lay wavering in the balance of human destiny, Gregory proved no craven. Steadfast and true to his duty he met, with the all-embracing energy of his mind, this emergency on which depended the future of Christendom. A thought, a word, an act determined the peace of the world; a judgment realized the hopes of universal observers, though it drove Gregory into exile, to die loving justice and hating iniquity. Why censure Gregory for placing his interdiction on rebellious royalty, when, guided alone by its mastery of brute force, it strove by might and main to sweep away religion and society? Why decry this heroic struggle for liberty? Even were we to suppose for quiet's sake that Hildebrand acted immoderately in launching the thunders of the spiritual power against a German despot, still there was reason, there was philosophy in his immoderation.

Henry enjoyed and participated in the rights of royalty and refused to fulfil its duties. He scorned to proffer his service to the Church, yet he would not allow her liberty of action. He had sworn to do her justice, just as he had sworn to promote the welfare of his country. This oath was the foundation-stone of his power. Did he fulfil his compact? Was his plighted troth to religion unbroken? His simoniacal proceedings, his despotic sovereignty had dissolved the bond which linked his subjects to the imperial throne. Obedience could not be demanded where protection was denied. It required no arbitrary stroke of a Pontiff to depose him. His violation of his contract, in virtue of which he mounted to the summit of royalty, was the knell of his despotism. Gregory declared Henry incapable of ruling; by his tyrannical acts he had lost his right to the throne. And though Henry's partisans appealed to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and branded Gregory's action as contrary to all law, divine and human, they, in their blind zeal, refused to distinguish between the legitimate use and the arbitrary abuse of authority. For, even admitting divine right in its amplest extension, a prince, once stooping to tyranny, forfeits both power and authority. Gregory's sentence then was not an act of deposition, but a simple suspension of the exercise of kingly authority, the consequence also of excommunication. His right to pronounce this sentence has been questioned, but with little reason. If the position of the emperor be only con-

sidered, there can be no doubt of the validity of Gregory's judgment. Henry IV. was, avowedly at least, a member of the Church. By his corrupt practices and open violations of her laws he subjected himself to the penalty of ecclesiastical censure. Warned repeatedly to cease from his iniquitous and destructive infringements on religious liberty, he returned contempt for charitable counsel, and at length was visited with the just and salutary punishment of excommunication. Did not Gregory possess the right to fulminate that thunderbolt? As a consequence of this censure, all Henry's subjects were freed from the obligations entailed by their oath of allegiance; for, according to the political ethics of the middle ages, as soon as rulers rebelled against the Church, and were placed under the ban of canonical censure, from that moment loyalty ceased.

This is what might be called the ecclesiastical view of this question, and no one who knows anything whatever concerning the coercive power of the Church and the relations intervening between Pope and subject can fail to see the supremacy which St. Gregory's office held over even Henry's dignity. There are divines who teach that a Pope can, by virtue of his authority as successor of St. Peter and invested in him by the divine constitution of the Papacy, depose princes under certain circumstances. This, however, is a purely scholastic question, and needs no comment here. It matters little whether this prerogative be inherent in the spiritual order or not. Gregory's action is defensible without assuming such high ground. According to the *jus publicum* of mediæval times, the Roman Pontiff was recognized as Supreme Judge of the Christian world, not only in matters purely spiritual, but also in gravest political ones. This was a concession on the part of both princes and peoples, so that when international or national disputes could not be settled among belligerent parties, both admitted in the Pope's person the Arbitrator of their differences. The ancient dictum was true here: *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*. This was also a privilege awarded to the Papal office after the downfall of the Bas-Empire, and it resulted from the prominent part which the Roman Pontiffs took in forming the new Christian Empire of the West. The Pope could, in virtue of this chief Moderatorship, interfere in any national outbreak, and his authority far preponderated the civil arm. Henry's father had admitted this power when he wished to oppose the rising pretensions of the King of

Castille to the title of Emperor. To conclude, then: Gregory's interference in the national affairs of Germany was grounded first on a political claim growing out of the circumstances which accompanied the revival of the Western Empire, and, secondly, on the general opinion of his times respecting the subordination of the temporal to the spiritual power in critical junctures. So that, viewed alone from the jurisprudence of those turbulent days, Gregory possessed the indefeasible title to coerce Henry.

Furthermore, when the Saxons, tyrannized over by the German Cæsar, appealed to the Pope for protection, they claimed that Henry had violated his coronation oath, and that the Roman Pontiff, in virtue of his authority over the empire, should appoint a worthier ruler. Henry, on the contrary, appealed to Gregory to use his authority over the Saxons; thus was Gregory constituted Arbitrator between the contestants.

Again, when affairs assumed a more momentous aspect, and Germany, aroused from her lethargy by the anomalous position of her emperor—an ostracised member of the Church—met in solemn convention at Tribur to concert measures for future guidance, the German princes, with the emperor's consent, invited Gregory to adjudicate the case in the following year. Gregory accepted the invitation, and was thus constituted judge over this national assembly, in whose presence the criminal Henry promised to appear. Had not Henry's cowardly spirit refused to permit Gregory to meet the German lords, had he not barred the way to Gregory's approach, the world would have witnessed the right of Papal jurisdiction vindicated over effete and corrupt royalty. Who is he that views these iron days, when, as the learned Herder says, "the barque of the Church was freighted with the destiny of mankind," and does not sympathize with Gregory's efforts to lift humanity and religion to a high estate? As Europe lay trembling before the autocracy of tyrants, her soil about to become the theatre of interminable conflict, Hildebrand determined her future. He saved her from the darkness of barbarism, from the bondage of despotism. Does not his beneficence deserve something other than abuse and contumely? Do not his holy aspirations merit a generous and responsive sympathy? We who are not strangers to misfortune and wrong in these so-called days of advanced civilization, when we see our own Holy Father a prisoner at the will of a robber-king, may well listen to the voices which proclaim the undying fame and

glory of St. Gregory VII. If history did not honor his memory, his vigorous battle for justice and right, she would belie her grand purposes. Tennyson seems to have had him in mind when he wrote:

“ Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blow of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merits known,
And lives to clutch his golden keys,
To mould a mighty State’s decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune’s crowning slope
The pillar of a people’s hope,
The center of a world’s desire.”

Brooklyn, N. Y.

REV. MICHAEL P. HEFFERNAN.

LOVE AS A FACTOR OF DEVELOPMENT.

HAS anyone ever told us that love is but the groping of the soul for God and can never be satisfied with anything short of Him? Well, that is the whole truth of it, whether it has ever been said or sung. There is no human being great or good enough to meet the requirements of love, and the sooner the world recognizes this the sooner it will give that “greatest thing on earth” its rightful place among the developmental forces of being and end the mad search for its fulfilment here, which has done more, perhaps, than any other mistake of time to wreck the happiness of humanity.

Heaven knows why the delusion is upon us; but no sooner is any mortal touched by the divine spark of love than he begins to paint the object of it, however faulty, in the colors of an angel, and prepare for himself the hell of fallen angels, when those colors are (inevitably) withdrawn.

And all the great artists and writers of the world have recognized this delusion of love, and spent themselves in depicting, with Parhasian skill and minuteness, the long-drawn agonies in which the victims of it go to their hells. Yet few of them pause to note the meaning of love's pains, though when they do they reach the Dantean heights of literature and show us the white hand of Beatrice pointing, past herself, to the heaven encircling "Rose of the Blessed," in whose glowing heart of infinite love, the longing, loving soul, alone finds perfect fulness and content.

It is no small secret of the power, as well as pathos, of those masterly tales of George Eliot that they everywhere recognize the hopelessness of love's high dreams and ideals and the pitiful disenchantments of the great and noble-minded Romulas, who build their life hopes upon them. But, when that young girl-author, in the heart of Africa, makes her love-wrecked heroine search the mirrored depths of her poor dying eyes for some dim promise of a life that shall yet bring her the ideal being her proud soul can worship, she goes a step higher, and, by the seerest power of true genius, is able to fling the torch of life and love past the black chasm of earth's failures and despair, where it was the sad province of George Eliot always to bury it.

Yet only occasionally does Olive Schreiner thus work out the problem of love to its immortal issue, for in the main the heavy pall of destiny, the black wall of the unknown surround her, too, everywhere. Perhaps more than any mortal who ever lived or wrote, Browning grasped the true meaning of love and recognized its place as a force or factor in the evolution of the soul. Yet even he appears to fall short at times of its higher bearings. In the familiar little poem, "Cristina," he tells us, strongly enough,

"Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age, 'tis resting merely,
While the true end, sole and single,
It stops here for, is this love, nay,
With some other soul to mingle."

But what are we to do with the subsequent lines, "Else it loses, what it lived for, and eternally must lose it," when all the facts of life and history clearly show that the towering majority of mankind never find the perfectly attuned souls with which "to mingle."

If to miss love's fulness here is to miss it forever, what a total

failure, a waste force, love must be in the whole economy of being. Rather must we not believe that these imperfect loves of earth, these souls that make us dream so fondly, that we have found love's ideals, are but the wayside shrines, where, as Browning elsewhere better expresses it, "God stooping shows us in the dark enough o' Himself to rise by." Certainly it is only in this sense that he can truly say that, "Life with all it yields of joy or woe, and hope and fear, is just our chance o' the prize of learning love," for unless it leads us on to something better than it gives us here it oftentimes is not worth the learning.

Accepted, however, as a force or factor in man's progress toward the highest, it seems to fit exactly in its character and bearing to what might be expected of it; and not the least of all in this respect is its insatiable demand for that "highest." It is really the hope of the race, that no sooner does love touch a human life than at once, however dark and cramped and sin-stained that life may be, the white wings of purity and truth begin to flutter within it and demand a place of holiness and light to rest in.

The blackest criminal seeks goodness and honor in the woman he loves, and swears to her, however falsely, to cultivate all the golden virtues. And so, everywhere, the souls that love awakens begin at once that search for holiness which, if not perverted in its course, must lead them, whether together or apart, straight to the one seat and center of true holiness in the bosom of the Divine.

"Of all human passions," says Professor Alexander in his essays on Browning, "none so reaches out toward the Infinite as love. It both symbolizes and arouses that thirst for the Infinite which is the primary need of humanity; and Browning, well understanding this, represents the perfection of body and soul, with which the lover's imagination endows the loved one, not as an unreal halo, but as that deeper insight of love which penetrates the veil of time and matter and sees the original type which the soul dimly shadows forth amidst the imperfections of the present order of things."

If only some Plato or Browning could go a step farther and convince man that that "original type" of loveliness and perfection for which he begins to cry out so loudly at the first touch of love, is not to be found in a world of finite and imperfect beings, he might perhaps let go some of his ruinous mistakes in the matter and take that wondrous love-dream which the gods allow him as the celestial pledge of his higher destiny and be willing to climb

more patiently those "great altar stairs which slope through darkness up to God." The hopelessness of realizing his ideals here would no longer kill his faith in love, nor lead him into that other, yet more deadly sin against all life and progress, the sin of letting love decline upon poor, unworthy objects, and learning to content himself with imperfections. Of all the mistakes of love this last is indeed the most common and the most fatal, for the fulness of life depends still upon the fulness of love; and the woman who can be content to sit, as in the story, at the gate of heaven, waiting for the husband with "creaking boots and railroad-novel" capacities, may be left to sit there waiting for or with him forever.

Certainly the soul can rise no higher than its ideals, and if a poor and narrow love can meet those ideals the world of the beyond is lost to it.

The hope of all true life and development lies, then, in preserving that "Thirst for the Infinite," that "Cry for the highest," which love awakens, unstified; and perhaps the truest secret of thus preserving it was given by the angel of the Apocalypse to the rapt dreamer, John, when he arrested his human desire to fall down and worship him, with the swift warning, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant and of thy brethren the Prophets; *worship God.*"

Chicago, Ill.

IRENE A. SAFFORD.

TOUCHES OF NATURE.

WHY MOVE ALONE ?

Of fairest creatures we desire increase;
 And should it be that in the years to come—
 Wherein the reapers sing their harvest home—
 The dove of heaven's perpetual peace,
 Ere yet the pulses of thy youth shall cease
 To beat in unison with love—unknown,
 Might flit across thy dreams—why move alone
 Adown the endless years in love's decease?

Why not embrace the hour of love and rise,
 In youth—immortal as thine own to-day—

Into the ever deathless, cloudless skies
 Of love's own stainless, joyous, perfect way:—
 Repeat thyself along time's shoreless sea,
 And live, through love, to love's eternity?

MY BETTER ANGEL.

Thou art my better angel, night and day
 All fragrant flowers breathe thy sacred flame,
 And little song-birds chirp thy blessed name;
 Apocalyptic gleams of thee still stray
 Along life's dreary spaces, light my way,
 As once thy ever radiant presence came,
 With gentle touch across my dawning fame,
 Until death's darkness vanished quite away.

The clouds of heaven, spaces 'mong the trees,
 Suggest thy lovely form; and near and far,
 Along the curvèd wave, the whispering breeze,
 Some thought of thee, as of love's morning star,
 Aye comes to me—and hence I call thee mine,
 O Love ineffable! nameless—divine!

THE DEW-ENAMOURED SOD.

I think that thou wast sent to me of God,
 To soothe the anguish of my keenest pain,
 And make earth's desert places bloom again,
 As flowers cheer the dew-enamoured sod;
 Turning the wrath of storm's avenging rod
 Into a rainbow—hued and starry plain
 Of fragrant beauty, crystallised with the rain;
 And all life sacred is where thou hast trod.

O leave me not, my love! nor night nor day,
 Unfold thine arms from my free yielding soul;
 Cease not thy blessed, fascinating sway,
 But as the waves still ceaselessly do roll,
 Be thou my guide, my ever constant ray,
 As of the star that marks the northern pole.

GOD'S SYMPHONY.

I cannot think that thou wilt ever die,
O angel of the land of peace! To me
Thou art the light that never was on sea
Or land, that liveth in the lover's sigh,
In every cloud and song that passeth by,
In God's immortal, mighty symphony,
His loved and loving, lulling melody
Of starry music in the midnight sky.

And still, in every varied mood of mind,
Thou comest, sun-clothed, as in days of old;
Where least I seek thee, there I'm sure to find
Thee; and as life's deep mysteries unfold,
And all its petty strifes are left behind,
Thy blessed love shines clear as burnished gold.

IMMORTAL YOUTH.

Why should not life, so beautiful in thee,
Find echo in the music of the spheres—
The sweet accord of thy diviner years
Repeat itself along life's shoreless sea?
Say that thou art God's chaste virginity
In human form—let all thy useless fears,
Thy dreams of sorrow, thine unfallen tears,
Be scattered, and thus meet life's destiny.

We know not if the days, the years, may glow
In all the future, endless, tides divine,
With love so stainless as the deathless flow
Of snow-like glory in thy heart and mine.
Then let the sun-rays of eternal truth
Repeat in splendor our immortal youth.

MY LOVE.

Could I but name the sunlight in her hair;
The still more radiant glow upon her face,
And all the majesty of matchless grace
That beamed forth from this maiden, pure and fair

As daffodils that come ere swallows dare
And take the winds of March with beauty—trace
The quiver on her crimson lips, or pace
The far labyrinth of her soul's one care.

I would say a ray from yon sun astray
Had taken human form, of angel mould,
Softly beautiful, as the dawn of day,
Before the world was faded, gray and old,
And there, beside the sea, O Queen of May!
Had solved the dream that never may be told.

WHITE AND STRONG.

I do not dream and will not dream again
That thou, O love, wilt ever come to me.
I see thee in the flowers, the stars, the sea;
And I have seen thee in the eyes of pain;
The eyes of joy that scarcely could refrain
Their utterance, and, in bitter agony,
My rapt and intense soul hath flown to thee
On shores no mariner may ever gain.

But ever baffled, by some subtle wrong,
I see thee, flying the heavenly height,
Through each sun-born day and each darkest night,
Yet love thee and weave thee into my song:—
I have given thee my youth, my clearest sight,
In my passing soul thou art white and strong.

THE VOICELESS SEA.

Most passionately I ever love thee,
Beyond all dreams of youth or riper years;
And though nor words of mine, nor yet my tears
May reach or move thee, still the voiceless sea
Shall bear to thee these burning words from me,
And in far distant ages when thy fears
Have vanished, and we meet among our peers,
Angelic songs shall bind our destiny.

Till then I seek thee not, though day and night
 I wreathe thy blessed name with ceaseless song,
 And, with the multitudinous, deep might
 Of all creation, hate the burning wrong
 That drove thee from me, when the sea, the sun,
 The flowers, and angels crowned our lives as one.

IN ALL THE YEARS.

I do not dream that there will ever be,
 In all the years that may perchance remain
 For me upon this earth, to seek and gain
 The hidden treasure of the soul's own sea
 Of joy and love and mirth and ecstasy—
 One day or hour in which I shall again
 Ascend the heavens of that sweet refrain
 Of love immortal, thou didst sing to me.

The world is just as full of flowers; hope
 Springs immortal with each new dawning day;
 In truth my own soul's dreary horoscope
 Has widened vastly on its final way,
 But thou art gone, and all the radiant air
 Is dulled with longing and with love's despair.

RIGHTEOUS WRATH.

There is no wrath like righteous wrath, so-called;
 It lays its schemes in darkness; plots as free
 With use of hellish tools of hate, appalled
 At nothing that, perchance, its envies see
 As some faint semblance of excuse for gall
 As bitter as the hemlock—that famed tree
 From which our crosses and our poisons fall
 Upon the race, to cheat God's destiny.

Time out of mind have priests and high priests found
 This sword, all venom-tipped, their ready knife
 To slay the victims of their spleen, when bound;
 'Twas this sharp spike that pierced His hands, whose life
 Had been as stainless as a child's—this hound
 That barked its "Crucify Him," dug His mound.

THE AUTUMN OF OUR WORLD.

At last the autumn of our world hath come,
 And human beings are falling fast, like leaves
 All shaken with the wind, or, broken sheaves,
 Fast driven by swept hurricanes to some
 Far distant, foreign shore and harvest home
 Unknown to mortal man that laughs or grieves,
 Or leaf that blushes with sweet life that cleaves
 Unto each heart and thing, save death's dark loam.

Nay, nay, it is not ripeness, but decay
 That this old reaper gathers to his breast,
 So covetous for broken hearts and sighs;
 And not one single, shining, beauteous ray
 Of light or hope shall enter this last nest
 Of sin and death, save love, that never dies.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Of all the tides that sweep upon the shore
 Of this fair world; of all the songs that Time
 Has woven from the master-souls sublime
 That we call poets, ever more and more,
 In matchless grandeur, and in sweetness, pour
 The crested waves of that dear angel chime
 Now echoed on the breeze of every clime,
 And starred with glory to the very door
 Of heaven's own radiant, open portals, far
 Above the reach of our divinest dreams
 Of music, and with power itself divine—
 For unto us a Child is born—a Star,
 Whose steady and whose tender, radiant gleams
 Of love undying, through all worlds shall shine.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SOME SPANISH AND CUBAN POETS.

THE literature of a people reflects their national character and aspirations, while poets especially are the most eloquent in portraying the beauties of their native land. Wordsworth sings to us of the beautiful meadows and green fields of "Merry England;" Tennyson of its babbling brooks, while the great English master holds the keynote of human nature, for no one so well understands the workings of man's passions as the immortal Shakespeare; no one so well portrays the good and evil in man's nature.

Spanish literature is not so well known to American readers as French, German, and Russian, although it contains priceless treasures worthy of study. In the literary firmament Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, and Calderon de la Barca are brilliant planets which shed their light through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; while at the present time Nuñez de Arce, Echegaray, Balart, and Campoamor appear in the starry constellation. Espronceda, Zorrilla, and Martinez de la Rosa belong to an earlier period of the present century. Espronceda's passionate strains resemble Byron's in their skeptical veins, and Zorrilla's verses are romantic, alive with life and color and Oriental imagery as he sings of Eastern beauties.

Nuñez de Arce's strains are heroic and soul-stirring; while Echegaray's dramas and tragedies are thrilling with their keen portrayal of human life and passion.

Balart's verses are sad and tender, mirroring his passionate devotion to his wife's memory; while Campoamor's are sweet at times as well as beautiful, although anon they reveal a tinge of cynicism, like the serpent's trail which marred the joys of Eden.

Castelar's writings are poetic prose; in other words, the poetry of prose, with their well-rounded periods and lofty flights of fancy.

Salvador Rueda, one of the youngest Spanish poets, has mastered the secrets of nature, as he sings of the charms of his native Andalusia, reproducing in rhythmic verse the humming of bees, the fragrance of sweet flowers, and the carolling of birds in that sunny land.

In Spain, the land of the olive and pomegranate—the most romantic country in the world, where the flood of modern progress

and innovation have not yet obliterated ancient landmarks as in other lands; where olden time manners and customs still hold sway and aristocratic prejudices prevail, a woman has come to the front, whose genius is universally acknowledged throughout Europe. Emilia Pardo Bazan, called the George Eliot of Spain by virtue of her penetrating views and her masterly style. Among contemporary writers, Emilia Serrano, Baroness Wilson, is especially distinguished, being the author of a well-written "General" history of America in twenty volumes. This is her greatest work; but she has also published several historical novels and poems, as well as travels.

A woman of liberal views, during her sojourn in America the Baroness has imbibed a still greater admiration and love for liberty; and although her native land holds the first place in her heart, America is her adopted home.

During Emilia Serrano's travels in Spanish America she was received as an official guest by the South American Republics, while every means was placed at her command to enable her to pursue her historical researches.

Carolina Valencia is one of the modern poets who has won recognition from the Spanish Academy, which never recognizes anything short of genius, and her poems were published by that respectable body a few years ago.

Blanca de los Rios's cantos, *Jaime el Romancero*, carry the reader back to the age of chivalry, bringing before him the paladins of olden times as they rode to the wars, flaunting their lady love's colors before them.

Cuban literature springs from the parent stock, but it reveals a distinct individuality of its own, as a transplanted tree develops a different growth in a richer soil; or as a child who does not resemble his father, although the same blood flows in his veins. A richer soil, a warmer clime, a closer communion with nature in the exuberance of her tropical charms, and a southern languor have produced a different style peculiar to itself, unlike the bold, vigorous, and romantic strains of Spanish bards.

When Cuba was first discovered by Columbus in 1492, and finally settled by the Spaniards in 1511, they learned that the aborigines, a mild, effeminate race, were fond of composing verses, which they called areitos. The one who most distinguished herself in the neighboring island of Hispaniola, as Santo Domingo was then called,

was Princess Anacoana, immortalized in Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus."

The onward course of civilization swept away in its relentless march the native owners of the soil in both North and South America, as well as the Antilles; more rapidly in Cuba than anywhere else, for as early as 1553 the aborigines were entirely exterminated in that fair land so favored by nature with her most exuberant charms. In no other quarter of the globe are the rays of the sun so dazzling, the sunshine so golden, moonlight so radiant, vegetation so exuberant, and flowers so fragrant as in the Pearl of the Antilles, Garden of the World, or the Modern Eden, as Cuba is called. When clouds do come, and showers occur, they are like the outburst of a passionate nature. The rain descends with tropical force, in torrents resembling misty, white sheets, soaking into the earth, which exhales a pungent, aromatic odor. The flashes of lightning are blinding, the peals of thunder deafening, resembling the boom of cannon or roar of artillery. While the tempest lasts it is on a grand and sublime scale. It subsides as suddenly as it came, and the sun reappears, while nature resumes her sunny aspect, like a maiden smiling through her tears, as some Cubans say, when the sun shines while the rain is still falling.

Cuba has a charm of her own which casts a powerful spell over her children, inspiring a fervent love of country in their breast.

In early colonial days freedom of press was withheld from the Island of Cuba; but in spite of this drawback several Cuban poets appeared whose genius raised them above their lowly surroundings. One of these, a poor farmer, José Suri, was a native of Santa Clara. He was born in 1696. Suri studied medicine, and practiced without a diploma. When called to account he disarmed his judges by his clever defence in verse, so they immediately granted him a diploma.

Another poet of considerable repute, Manuel Rodriguez, was a carpenter. He submitted a memorial to Carlos III., who replied by appointing him librarian at Santa Fé de Bogota.

Rafaela Vargas, the first Cuban woman poet of whom there is any record, published some verses in 1807.

Finally freedom of press was granted in 1811, and this gave a new impetus to letters, so several journals were started.

Juana Pastor, a colored woman, wrote some creditable verses in 1815.

The first literary review in Santiago de Cuba was started by Manuel Perez at the beginning of this century.

One of the most noted poets was Manuel Zequiera, a native of Havana, of Spanish parentage. Zequiera was colonel in the Spanish army. His epic odes are his best productions.

Manuel Justo de Rubalcava was born in Santiago de Cuba. He also served in the Spanish army, but retired to private life to devote himself to a literary pursuit. Rubalcava's pastoral sonnets are exquisite.

We now come to the greatest luminary of Cuban literature, José Maria de Heredia, familiar to American readers as the author of the "Ode to Niagara." Heredia was born in Santiago de Cuba in 1805, where his parents, people of means, had settled after the cession of Santo Domingo to France in 1795. Heredia was a precocious child, and wrote verses when only ten years old. He studied law and removed to Matanzas in 1823. Shortly after political disturbances arose, and as Heredia cherished a love of independence and freedom, he was obliged to seek refuge in the United States, as the Spanish Government looked with jealous eyes on all such aspirations. While in New York Heredia brought out a volume of poems. Soon afterward he removed to the City of Mexico, and his tragedy "Sila" was put on the stage with great success.

Juan Valera, the Spanish critic, whose name is law in literary matters, considers Heredia the most inspired Cuban poet. Heredia's poetry is of a high order and full of lofty conceptions. He was a man of fixed religious principles, as his "Ode to the Sun" reveals. His poem "La Estrella de Venus" suggested to the Cubans the adoption of the "Lone Star" as their emblem when they raised the banner of revolt against Spanish dominion.

A poet whose verses give a graphic picture of the loves and rivalries of the sons of the soil in Cuba is Ramon Velez, a native of Havana.

Domingo del Monte, another poet of considerable repute, was a native of Venezuela, but Cuba was the home of his adoption. Domingo del Monte's verses also treat of the loves and lives of humble country people.

Francisco Iturrondo sings of the charms of nature in his tropical home, the Gem of the Caribbean Sea.

José Luis Alfonso, a native of Havana, succeeded to the title

of Marquis of Montelo. A man of remarkable talent; in his youth he was a staunch republican, but afterward became a liberal monarchist, with political views more befitting a scion of the nobility. The Marquis of Montelo was the author of a scheme to establish home rule in Cuba, and advocated the desirability of drawing up a treaty with England and France, forming thereby a triple alliance with Spain, whereby the latter should agree to establish home rule similar to that of Canada, and to abolish slavery in Spanish dominions, while England and France should promise to guard Cuba from foreign invasion. It is needless to say that at that time, in 1851, his scheme found no favor with Spain. The Marquis was a man of letters, and the wrongs of down-trodden Greece were a fruitful theme for his pen.

Felipe Poey was one of the greatest scientists Cuba ever gave birth to, and his fame spread throughout Spanish America as well as Europe. His "Geography of the World" and "Natural History of Cuba" were his most important works. Poey's poetry is full of local color, and he delights to sing of the beauties of his tropical home.

One of the greatest geniuses in Cuban literature, Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known as Placido, was of humble origin. He inherited his passionate nature from his mother, a Spanish dancer, who abandoned him at his birth. His father was a mulatto hair-dresser, and only our Creator, who reads all hearts as an open book, can know the secret of Placido's birth, or how his mother may have been wronged when she was willing to consign her offspring to the foundling asylum. Later his father removed him from this place and apprenticed him to a carpenter, but he abandoned that trade to follow his father's calling. His early years were full of bitter humiliation, which caused intense suffering to his sensitive poetic nature.

Placido gave proof of genius at an early age, and soon found powerful friends to aid him. His verses in the Poetic Garland, dedicated to the Spanish poet, Martinez de la Rosa, attracted his attention, so he wrote to Placido, offering him a helping hand if he would come to Spain.

Placido's verses were in demand, and he eked out a scanty subsistence by his pen. It is very singular, taking into account his lowly station and environment, that Placido was the author of "The Shade of Pelayo," an ode addressed to Queen Isabel II., and "The

Shade of Padilla" to Queen Cristina, for both are full of bold conception and longing for freedom and independence, written in soul-stirring strains.

Placido's end was tragic. Arrested on the charge of treason, in a threatened uprising of slaves in 1844, he was tried and sentenced to death. His farewell to his mother, on the eve of execution, is fraught with filial devotion; while the prayer which he recited on his way to the place of execution is most sublime, thrilling the reader with admiration. This alone would serve to engrave his name in golden letters on the roll of fame.

Ramon de Palma was also a poet of considerable literary merit, and his "Ode to the Cholera" is considered as second only to Heredia's "Ode to Niagara," in spite of his grewsome theme. Palma advocated the annexation of Cuba to the United States, and at the time of the Narciso Lopez expedition Palma was thrown into prison, and remained in durance vile for several months, but finally he was released.

Matanzas gave birth to several poets, and José Jacinto Milanes stands at the head of them all. His lyric poetry is sweet and melodious. As Milanes was not blessed with worldly goods, at first he was obliged to engage in a commercial pursuit, highly distasteful to his high-strung organization. However, finally his genius met recognition and his first volume of poems was very successful. A settled melancholy clouded his mind the latter years of his life, which new scenes and travel were unable to dissipate. He finally passed away in 1863.

A colored poet, whose genius raised him above his lowly station, was Juan Francisco Manzano. Born in slavery in 1806, his first owner fostered his budding genius, of which he gave proof when only a child. Later, he fell into the hands of another master, who tortured his sensitive spirit and rendered life one slow martyrdom. Forbidden to open his books, after the family was wrapt in slumber at midnight Manzano would light a bit of tallow candle and pore over his books. Finally several men of letters raised a subscription to free the poor slave. Singular to relate, after obtaining his freedom, his poetic inspiration ceased, while it seemed as though slavery were the muse which had inspired him. Perhaps he was like an Eolian harp which must be stirred in order to elicit sweet strains.

A translation of Manzano's poems, called "Poems by a Negro Slave in the Island of Cuba, Recently Freed," was published in

London in 1840 by Richard Maddens, the translator. Manzano wrote a tragedy called "Zafira."

He was his master's cook, and it is wonderful that a poor slave, whose existence was passed among pots and kettles, catering to his master's palate, could write such inspired verses of refined and elevated thought.

Another celebrated poet was Federico Milanes, a brother of José Jacinto Milanes, also a native of Matanzas, that beautiful city by the sea, situated between two flowing rivers, the Yumuri and the San Juan, which in their winding course traverse scenes of rare tropical beauty, while the city of Matanzas lies between, near their outlet to the sea. The Yumuri arises in the valley and flows between lofty cliffs, which were rent asunder by some mighty cataclysm of nature ages ago, and the verdant slopes from the Cumbre spread above the river, while the lofty peak, the Pan of Matanzas, towers above all, and is visible far out at sea. Federico Milane's style was satirical, entirely different from his brother's sentimental verses fraught with tenderness.

Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda, a native of Puerto Principe, is classed with Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, the Mexican songstress.

Gertrudis was born in 1814, and was a precocious child. When only eight years old she wrote a fairy tale called "The Giant with a Hundred Heads." Before her sixteenth year she had composed a comedy and a drama. Gertrudis was educated in Paris, and afterwards went to Seville, and finally took up her abode in Madrid in 1840, where she brought out a volume of poems, with a preface by Juan Nicasio Gallego. Gertrudis was raised to the pinnacle of fame on the advent of her drama, "Alfonso Munio." She carried off both prizes at a literary contest celebrated in Madrid in 1844, the first in her own name and the other over her pen name. On this occasion she was crowned with a wreath of laurel by Don Francisco de Bourbon, the Infante of Spain.

Gertrudis, by her marriage to Señor Sabater, a deputy to the Cortes, proved that, although a woman of masculine mind and genius, she was not insensible to the tender passion. But before the year had expired she donned a widow's weeds and sought relief for her grief in a religious retreat.

In 1849 her biblical drama, "Saul," was successfully put on the stage, followed by "Ricaredo." "Baltasar," another drama, was

pronounced one of the greatest works of Spanish literature by the eminent man of letters, Juan Valera.

Gertrudis married again in 1853, and her second husband was a colonel in the Spanish army.

Gertrudis returned to her native land in 1859, after an absence of twenty years, and was received with an enthusiastic ovation.

Death once more snatched away her loving companion, and this blow bowed her spirit in the dust. To seek distraction from her woes she traveled through the United States and then returned to Spain. In 1873 she breathed her last in Madrid. Alas, for human greatness and fame! Only a few faithful friends accompanied to their last resting-place the remains of one of the greatest geniuses in Spanish literature.

Rafael Mendive, the songster of the hearth, wrote verses of rare beauty and tenderness. He was a native of Havana.

Isaac Carrillo was imprisoned by the Spanish authorities in Havana in 1869 for his patriotic verses and revolutionary views, but he was finally released.

José Clemente Zenea was not so fortunate. Born in Bayamo, the home of Carlos Manuel Cespedes also, Zenea was a poet of remarkable genius, and soon engaged in advocating a scheme for the annexation of Cuba to the United States, thereby incurring the ill-will of the Spanish Government. He took part also in one of Narciso Lopez's expeditions, and afterwards fled to the United States. Shortly after the proclamation of independence in 1868, when Cespedes raised the banner of revolt against Spanish dominion, Zenea started a revolutionary journal. He visited Havana, was seized and thrown into prison on the charge of treason. During his captivity books and writing materials were withheld from him, and he was kept in solitary confinement. But he managed to indite a poem with a bit of charcoal on a handkerchief, which he gave to the officer in command. These verses are fraught with patriotic fervor, and are carefully preserved by his friends. Tried and sentenced to death in 1873, he was led to execution within the dreary fortress La Cabana, staining with his blood the ground which has been dyed with the life-blood of so many Cuban rebels since.

A new school has sprung up during the past fifteen years, and there are many followers of the French impressionists among the younger generation. A tinge of skepticism characterizes most of

their verses, and their strains are more like the melancholy notes of the nightingale than the joyous, gladsome carol of the lark.

Julian Casal, a young poet of rare genius, passed away a few years ago. His poetry is full of rich Oriental imagery and color.

Two brothers, Federico and Carlos Urbach, are budding geniuses, and they choose the same theme, each evolving new and distinct beauties, while their verses are like the richly carved beads of a rosary—alike and yet unlike.

New York.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

THE CORN AND THE VINE.

THE LABORER.

I am the toiler, I plant and cut down;
My field is well cared for, the ripe ears its crown.
Gaunt hunger I banish and famine I slay.

THE VINE-DRESSER.

I am the vine-dresser, training the vines,
I cultivate vineyards and set them in lines;
Humanity drinks of my goblet, to-day!

THE PRIEST.

I sow life eternal—I bid you God-speed!
I kindle love's fires! Your spirits I feed.
Good friends, hand in hand let us labor away!

THE LABORER.

The bread thou bestowest, O Father, I need;
Where else should the soul find its heavenly food?

THE VINE-DRESSER.

The wine thou outpourest is precious, indeed!
The thirst that consumes us thou slakest with good.

THE PRIEST.

Of the corn and the vines, children, wisely take heed,
Without you, bare altars, dishonored, had stood.

ALL THREE IN UNISON.

O Lord, in our toil be Thy Love made complete!

Together we offer the bread and the wine;

May each have a share in Thy Sacrifice sweet,

United with Thee in Thy working divine!

From the French of A. DE SEGUR, by C. D. SWAN.

THE MASTER FORCE OF ALL.

LAY SERMONS BY AN EX-PREACHER. TEXT—I. CORINTHIANS, CHAP. 13, VERSE 8.—“*Charity Never Faileth.*”

FOR many long years before the late Professor Drummond published his little booklet on “The Greatest Thing in the World” I had again and again insisted, in sermons and in serious conversations with my parishioners and friends, that this thirteenth chapter of St. Paul’s First Epistle to the Corinthians had never yet received the ecclesiastical or popular attention it inherently deserved; and that, as a matter of literary construction, as a matter of philosophical statement, and as a matter of all-embracing, spiritual, and religious dogma, it was, and would and must forever remain, the sublimest, inspired or uninspired, utterance ever made by mortal man.

I do not pretend to assert, assume, or intimate that I am the first discoverer of the greatness of this chapter of Holy Scripture. On the contrary, I am satisfied that hundreds of scholars and saints of all ages of the Church have felt and comprehended its meaning, its magnitude, and its glory. In truth it is clear to me that the sweetest and holiest lives that have ever blessed and honored the Christian religion have attained to their sweetness and holiness solely in obedience to the spirit and teachings of this wonderful utterance of the inspired human soul.

I do assert, however, that it was by and through my own independent studies of the Scriptures, and by and through the interpretations of divine grace applied to my own experiences of life, and not through the aid of the words or lives of any calendared or uncalendared saints or scholars in or out of the Church that the nameless sublimities of the teachings of this beautiful portion of Scripture gradually dawned upon and took absolute possession of

my own mind and life. In a word, it was a new birth to me out of the divine womb of Time. And I still more plainly assert that, in my judgment, preachers, priests, and so-called Christian writers everywhere would be infinitely better employed were they to dwell less upon the incomprehensible mysteries of our religion and less upon the special glories of certain saints and certain exclusive dogmas of the Church, and try to comprehend a little more clearly and to proclaim more constantly this all-embracing, cosmopolitan, universal, totally uplifting, soul-beautifying, glorifying, never-failing, and all-conquering virtue of Christian charity—as applied to all dogma, to all politics, to all philosophy, and to every most exalted and most humble individual human life. I offer it as my opinion also that, while the late Professor Drummond said many pretty and pathetic things in the little booklet referred to, as in other of his writings, he very poorly and very imperfectly comprehended the complete and infinite meanings and glories to be found in these master words of the Apostle Paul. Indeed, it is my fixed belief that as the universal Church has been Petristic and dogmatic by turns, so, eventually, when the full outburst of the majesty and meaning of the domination of the Holy Spirit shall have risen upon her, she will find that this comparatively neglected dogma, philosophy, and fire of Christian charity is alike at the heart of the universe and encircles, enfolds, and embraces it, as the azure of heaven encircles our own little world.

I make no pretence to scholarship or to pedagogism. My one aim in life has been to comprehend and assimilate the master-thoughts of the master writers of all ages and nations, and to straightway forget the language and form of expression in which said thoughts came to me; hence what little Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, and French I felt obliged to study many years ago has long been forgotten, but the great and glowing thoughts of the master spirits that have spoken and written in all these tongues are the dearest possessions of my life and my soul. Nevertheless, I shall not soon forget that when, about ten years ago, all that I had ever lived for, in a human sense, fell in one black wreck about my broken heart and outraged affection, I turned now and again to a little Greek Testament, saved with a few other relics from said wreck, and read and re-read, often amid burning tears, this thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians in the original tongue, until the Greek of it seemed far more beautiful to me than any music, and far

grander, as a literary production, than anything I had ever found in Homer or Virgil or any of the supreme master poets of the world. It is simple as the lisps of a child, yet sweeter than the divinest music, and grander than the martial march of heaven's thunders through the broken skies.

Oh, that I may be able to make some of its marvelous meanings clear and powerful in these poor words of mine!

I shall not here attempt the Greek, but try to show the relation of this chosen chapter to the preceding utterances of the Apostle and then to unfold the deep and far-reaching meanings of our text.

The words immediately preceding are as follows: "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular; and God hath set forth some in the Church, first, apostles—secondarily, prophets—thirdly, teachers—after that, miracles—then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? all prophets? all teachers? all workers of miracles? Have all the gift of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet show I unto you a more excellent way.

"Even though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And though I may prophesy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not Charity, I am nothing.

"And though I give all my goods to feed the needy and though I give my body to be burned and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; Charity envieth not, Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself indecorously; seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth. Bear-eth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. *Charity never faileth.*"

In his following utterances the Apostle shows the partial and transitory character of all the various gifts of the Spirit that he has placed in contrast with Charity; indicates that all the pettinesses of temper and passion, and all pride in special gifts of any kind are as the crude though perhaps pardonable undevelopments of childhood, and concludes that of the abiding gifts and graces of the Spirit—that is, faith, hope, and Charity, these three—Charity

is the greatest. Yet in what striking contrast does this teaching stand, when compared with most of the Protestant and Catholic rhetorical and dogmatic verbiage of our times!

We will leave the specific and dogmatic technique and meaning of these various transitory gifts of the Spirit to casuists. We will not here dwell upon or attempt to explain the meaning and importance of faith or of hope in the great battle of life in general or their meaning and importance in the specific battle for a Christian life and its eternal rewards.

More than half a century ago one Edward Irving, a Scotch preacher, a friend of Carlyle's and a clandestine lover of the woman, Jane Welsh, who afterward became the wife of Carlyle and made his life unspeakably miserable, imagined that he and many of his followers had the apostolic gift of tongues, and for a while they made their little section of the city of London a worse Babel than it usually is.

In our own times various cliques of worldly, money-making, sectarian Protestants of utterly diluted and vanished faith, have called themselves Christian Scientists, and, though neither Christian nor scientific, but simply ignorant impostors, have claimed the gifts of healing, and doubtless many weak-minded people have been relieved of their imaginary diseases through the accidental influence of these quacks and charlatans. Indeed, far be it from me to limit any of the modes or means or manifestations of the Divine energy as applied to the material affairs of the universe in general or of human life in particular. In truth, our Saviour himself attributed many of His most wonderful cures to the faith of the parties healed and not to His own miraculous power at all. But I am to speak of Charity.

In what is known among Protestants as the "Revised" English edition of the Scriptures the word here translated "Charity," as in the older English Bibles, is translated "Love."

Here again I shall not go into the original language of the Bible to show why I think that the older rendering will have to be retained, but shall simply dwell upon the essential and various meanings of both these words in our own English speech in vindication of this conclusion.

One cannot justly say that either one of these words is the larger or the more or less important of the two; though perhaps the word love is capable of the more varied use, and, as a matter of fact, may

be actually in use in more varied ways and relationships. Still, even this position may be questioned and denied.

In many instances one might define Charity as the subjective and passive and Love as the active and executive of Charity, the latter being a state or condition of a loving act or a loving soul. Nevertheless, such a definition must not be considered straight-laced, limited, or absolute. The sublimest definition of God found even in the Scriptures is that "God is Love," and whoever loveth "dwelleth in God and God in him." Here, love is the word that best defines the ineffably beautiful subjectivity of the Divine Being, and we should not be satisfied to say that God is Charity. But we should be and are satisfied to affirm that God being love in essence and condition is full of infinite Charity, and here Charity is used as the co-equal conditioned state of essential deity, which is love.

Another and a mere grammatical discrimination is that, while love can be and is often used alike as a substantive and a verb, Charity is almost exclusively used as a substantive. Hence, in the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt love the Eternal, thy God, with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." Here we cannot substitute the word "charity" for "love," and still retain sense in our language.

On the other hand, the word love in our tongue is capable of being degraded into various uses to express the affection that human beings feel toward or for inanimate objects and animals; also to express the passionate physical feeling of companionship that human beings often are conscious of. Thus we say that we love the flowers, that we love our pet dogs or birds; and often enough, when the feeling is wholly or very largely selfish and sensual, human beings are said to love one another to sheerest madness. But in none of these instances can it be said that the exquisite and ideal and divine condition or emotion of charity is within reach or touch of the emotions here defined. Lovers sometimes kill because they love so madly; but this is a violation of all the commandments and an insult to all good sense. In a word, love in our language has been degraded until it often is used to define murderous and selfish lust and passion; but Charity is not lustful, selfish, or murderous; hence, in some sense, it is a more exclusive, and a more ideal, and a more divine word than love itself.

Here seems to be the place to bring in the absolute distinction

between love and passion on the one side and between love and Charity on the other. "God is love," and "whosoever loveth is born of God," and God so loved the world"—the human race—"that He gave His only-begotten Son," to live among men and to die for the world, that whosoever, being inspired by His love and life and death, believeth in Him might have and enjoy perennial fountains of life. Now, in all that we can conceive of this love in God, or as manifested by Him in Christ, or as felt and uttered by the human soul, there is no touch or dream or vestige of passion of any kind, either of lust or of anger. In truth, these definitions are the suns and pole-stars of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual universe, around which all worlds, all churches, all human souls must at last revolve, and live and think in harmony unto the endless eternities; and I take it that this Christian definition of God and of His relation to our world in and through Jesus Christ is alike the new factor in all old and new world philosophy, and in all new world redemption.

Never until Christ came into our world was God defined as Love—infinite and essential. Again, it is only in the light of this definition that the Incarnation can possibly be truly and fully conceived of or understood. Again, it is only because the Eternal is essential Love, infinite and all-embracing, that the Incarnation could have been conceived of in the Divine Mind, and wholly by reason of this primal fact of the divine being and essence that the Incarnate God could have sustained the humility, the obloquy, and, humanly speaking, the suffering and ignoble death—all of which was necessary to attain human redemption and eventual and eternal glory; that is, the goal of immortal human charity.

Strictly speaking, Charity was never conceived of except through that phase of the essential, divine love, which, becoming incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth, suffered all the pains and pangs of human anguish, and by His death gave birth to a divine love in the human heart—a love based upon gratitude to heaven for highest favors received, and inspired by the same Holy Spirit of love that moved the eternal depths of Deity thus to incarnate its soul in human form, and so lift a repenting, loving, believing world up to some conception of the ideal divine existence as seen in the face and love of Jesus, the Son of Mary and Son of God.

Looked at in this light, therefore, Charity is at once the source and offspring of infinite love, especially as manifested in the In-

carnation of Jesus, and in the latest and holiest and loveliest birth and glory of the human soul that believeth in Him and is striving to follow Him.

In a word, Charity is the eternal co-equivalent of love in the being of God; and, supremely, that phase of the eternal love which led to the incarnation in Jesus and the redemption of the world through Him. It is the love of the Eternal manifesting its eternal richness in the active benevolence which gave us a Saviour, Christ, the Lord; and, through Him, the Holy Spirit of all tenderness, goodness, and light; and, through this Holy Spirit, the one inspired Church of Christ, whose final mission is not only to teach and insist upon faith, but everywhere and at all times to know and teach that as infinite love gave birth to the Charity of Christ, so faith in Christ without His Charity may simply be the confident arrogance of hell.

Here is the place to note the unfortunate tendency of our times to call every kind and grade of benevolent institutions charitable institutions, while very much of our so-called modern benevolence, as exhibited in the founding and sustaining of schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, etc., etc., is too often utter selfishness, and when not utter selfishness is still all too often an unwilling act of benevolence and utterly devoid of the first shadow or conception or fact of Charity. For Charity is unselfish and divinely inspired love shown in actions of gentleness, tenderness, and love toward our fellow-beings. Benevolence, so-called, is often a sop to Cerberus, and still as often a tip to old Charon lest he spill us in the depths of hell while crossing the old current we call death and its dreams.

Here also is the place to notice that wretched and false view of life sustained by ethical infidels to the effect that we may have a perfect system of morality without any system of religion.

In truth, without an inspired definition of God such as I have named and an inspired Church to explain and uphold that definition, the entire universe is a go-as-you-please, and the devils of lust and falsehood have just as much claim upon our reverence as the eternal God of love and truth and the martyrs who have suffered and died in loyalty to His deathless and adorable love.

Either man has sprung or climbed from apehood to godhead and made these ineffable definitions from his own evolved and self-sufficient consciousness of the Eternal; or, having sprung from God and lost his way in this world, the Eternal has condescended to come

and help him to new light and power by the Incarnation of His love and His loyalty to love and truth from the first to the last eternity.

If this latter is the truth, as all men except conceited, asinine, Ingersoll men believe in our times, then have we the one true and only basis for a noble morality and a divine religion in our world; and all men who would build a moral system, or a system of ethics so-called, on this basis or on the accomplished consciousness of this divine revelation and ministry, and still deny the revelation, the ministry, and the religion growing out of the same, are simply robbers—as our Saviour truly said of such as these. And, moreover, robbers that are baser in their graceless and ungrateful souls than the worst thieves in our penitentiaries.

Accepting therefore the New Testament definition of God as named, we have a perfect basis for all highest morality and all sublimest religion; for, if God is love and if the highest manifestation of this love is in that divine Charity that begat the Incarnation and sustained our divine Lord in all His labors, teachings, sufferings, and death among us, surely the noblest conceivable evolution of human nature is to aim for and attain a similar love, acting itself out in all our relations with the world by a similar unselfish Charity of life and of death. And here is where we get at the true discrimination between all natural human love and that divine Charity of love, which, ever born of God, seeks to imitate Him as He lived in the life and death of His dear Son.

Here also we get at the distinction between acts of so-called benevolence, done from selfish motives, and acts of benevolence done from the promptings of this divine and heaven-given Charity.

Prompted by the maternal instinct animals have been known to fight and die for their young. Moved by a similar instinct, human mothers have been known to suffer and die for their offspring. Prompted by inspirations of patriotic excitement tens of thousands of brave men have accepted death on the battle-field and without a murmur. Inspired by love of adventure, many hundreds of daring men have ventured into unknown recesses of the earth never to return alive, and the most accomplished of generals have sometimes sacrificed their valuable lives to turn the tide of battle; so that death in itself, or the willingness to meet death, are not exceptional glories of the Founder of our religion or of His saintly followers. Nor can we or would we impugn or belittle any of the

motives that have led men or women to seek and to meet death for great ends in all ages of the world.

But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet rebels, sinners, antagonistic to His laws and His government, deniers even of His existence, He evolved and executed the deliberate plan of the most exalted and self-sacrificing humiliation in the spirit of ineffable love, that He might save us from our worst vileness, that is, hatred of Himself and a shrinking from the final beatitude of our souls, which is the sight of His face and union with Him.

The deliberate habit of all inanimate and animate creation, including man in his natural and fallen state, is to prey upon its neighbor and, vampire-like, drink its sap or its blood in order to self-sustenance or luxury.

The habit of the divine soul, as seen in the incarnate God who dwelt among us, is to reverse all this and give His own life and life-blood for the health and salvation and glory of others, and this is Charity—the outburst of infinite and stainless and inimitable and holy love.

God in Christ, therefore, is the reversion of the vampire habit of fallen and universal nature; and human Charity, to be worthy the name, must spring spontaneous from the same hallowed and clearest fountains of love born in us by the grace of God.

Charity is the crown jewel in the star-like love of God. Charity bears the relation to love that the light of the sun bears to the central fires of its burning heart and core. Charity is the honeycomb of our mortal life. Charity is at once the purest simplicity and the divinest art of the human soul. Charity is at once the flora and the fragrance of our sin-cursed, blighted world. Charity is the inspiring essence of all goodness. Charity is the gem for the finding of which all churches are built, all prayers offered, all altars erected, all sacrifices made. To pretend to love God and perform religious duties while your heart harbors hate toward a fellow-being is an infamous parody of religion, the very center and life-blood of which is Charity springing from the fountains of infinite love.

“Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;—
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!”

Having thus very imperfectly looked into the sources, the meaning, the beauty, and the glory of Charity, let us dwell a little upon the last words of our text, "Charity never faileth." In a word, let us see how and why it is the master force of all.

In the first place, Charity never fails as to duration. It is not mortal and transient like the various other gifts and graces of the Spirit, but immortal as the soul of man and the being of God.

The gift of speaking so as to be understood in various languages seems to have been a special inspiration granted to the early followers of Jesus so that their words might become an immediate blessing to the listeners and a glory of surprise even to the Apostles themselves; an evoking of the ever-present power of God and the latent and dormant powers of the human soul to speak in a way to be understood by all races of the world—a touch of nature and the supernatural that made the whole world kin. One might add many fanciful surmises and suggestions as to why that gift was vouchsafed at the dawning day of our faith, but I have neither time nor inclination for such fanciful conceits. The point to our purpose here is that, whatever the object of this gift, it seems to have been alike transient in its nature, its uses, and its demands. In case of need it would doubtless come again, as the hand of the Eternal is not shortened and is as ready as ever to meet the immediate needs of the human race. It was transient—but Charity abideth forever; is, in fact, an essential and elemental feature and fact of the divine and of every redeemed human soul.

In substance the same may be said of Hope and of Faith. Every phase and force of hope, temporal and spiritual, is a condition of our mortal and earthly existence. We hope for that which we have not but long to attain; and whether this be wealth, friendship, human love, rest of spirit, anything within the reach of human desire, the very cause and meaning of it is found in our at present fallen and imperfect state of being; but when we have all that the soul can legitimately hope for, the wealth of eternity, the love of all that is lovely, rest and joy that are stainless and immortal, hope will have changed to glad fruition, and this deep and often unuttered buoyancy of the earthly life that sustains us in so many instances when we can neither see nor quite trust, will fall from us like a worn-out star, another and a better light having come to bless us as long as our spirits dream and roam the far spaces of the infinite universe.

The same is precisely true of faith and of all the dogmas of faith that have vexed the energies of so many minds alike in the making and accepting of dogma. We are saved by grace through faith, and that not of ourselves. It is the gift of God. During this, our probationary period of existence, faith is the pole-star of the soul. It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. Without it a million hopes would fall each hour like faded leaves shaken and driven by the autumn winds. Faith is the divine spark that lights the human mind in its darkest hours, saves the drifting barque of the soul from a thousand shallows of infidelity, wreck, and crime. Faith in the word of Christ as taught and impressed by His Church gives, even in this world, the rest and peace that many unbelieving minds dream can only be attained in eternity. Faith is what the soul grasps at a touch, but the touch is nerved by the omnipotent power of the Spirit of God. Faith is so mighty that it can banish disease from the body, remove mountains from the onward path of man, place the burdened and afflicted life of man in rapturous and beatific union with the Eternal, leap all barriers of time and sense and stand enchanted amid the wings of angels and before the throne of God.

It is the greatest possible gift of God to our earth-bound human life. But when faith is changed to actual sight, when we cease to need the childish helps of pictures, beads, and creeds; when we have left the habiliments of this, our earthly life, behind us and have ascended to the starry homes of the redeemed; when we no longer see through a glass darkly—dimly, as in a mirror or by reflection—but see Christ face to face and know Him and all things, even as we are now known of Him, then all our faith and all our doubts of faith will fade into that afterglow of the last eternal sunset—when there shall be no more sun, for God himself shall be our light and we shall dwell with Him and in Him forever. In a word, faith is at once the greatest need and the greatest blessing of our terrestrial existence; but in our immortal, celestial existence will be no longer needed and will no longer exist, but will have faded—like all the shreds and ashes of this, our earthly life—while our souls, enlightened by the clear Eternal Presence, will have risen above the need of faith, as we shall have risen above the need of hope; for God shall be our light, our home, and all things that can gratify and delight the redeemed soul will be ours forever.

Into the same category of vanished fragments of our earthly life

will also have faded all the learning, all the philosophy, all the dogma, all the creeds of all the churches and of all the races and nations of the world.

In this our mortal life, these accomplishments of the mind of man, often inspired by the Spirit of God, are the ideal and the supremely beautiful attainments and utterances of the soul. But they are only for time, not for eternity: "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." All human knowledge is partial. Every form of our highest Catholic creeds has been evolved to meet and slay some transient form of error that has for a longer or shorter period darkened the mind of man; and the pure dogma of the Church to-day and the pure faith of the soul in such dogma are as necessary as was the life or the death of Jesus himself.

Whosoever climbeth up or tries to climb up by some other way is a thief and a robber. The dogmas of the Church are the moral and spiritual constellations in the unseen heavens of the soul. But when the stars themselves have fallen, being no longer needed, all these dogmas that have so vexed the world and that still are such fearful stumbling-blocks in the way of unbelieving men—and which we rightly insist upon as the gateways to that faith which alone can save and guide the human spirit—will also fade like so many sea-fogs of the morning, their far, far ends of glory having been attained.

Of course the same is true of every position and office of honor or service held in the Church or in the governments of the world to-day.

When there are no more dogmas preachers will no longer be needed to proclaim or expound them.

Where there is no longer any need of sacrifice or offering or prayer, all sins having been forgiven and all altars shattered in the final wreck of earthly things, there will no longer be any need of priests to minister for us, for God himself, in Christ the glorified, will be our only and immediate High Priest, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, Pope or Holy Father as long as our souls endure. And with the fading and utter annihilation of the hierarchy of the Church will have gone forever all the kings and thrones and princes and officialism of this mortal sphere.

"And many that are first shall be last,
And many that are last shall be first."

For in those eternal homes of light and glory philosophy will not count. Titles will be unknown and unremembered. Rhetoric and eloquence will be silent as the broken cymbals of a showman; and many a beggar and many a poverty-smitten sufferer of this world, having learned humility and obedience by his poverty and hunger and anguish, will be called to the highest places in the gift of God's glorified and almighty Son.

You have all heard of the poor, persecuted priest, who when in heaven went gazing into the faces of the saints in the upper tiers of glory, hoping to find, embrace, and forgive the archbishop whose acts of tyranny had made his life a crawling misery in this world; and how amazed he was to find that said archbishop had literally blown himself into the hottest centers of hell by the blizzards of his own wild vanity and unprincipled ambition.—But this is too serious a place for jokes and jokers like these.

In a word, precisely as the life of Jesus was and remains to this day, a perfect reversion of the vampire order of nature and human society, so will heaven be a reversion of the proud and pampered order of the ecclesiastical and temporal crowns, powers, and honors of these our mortal days. But in all the indescribable glories of eternity, Charity and humility will be exalted and immortal in their exaltation for ever and ever, world without end.

Charity is not sycophancy, charity is not sleuth-hound suspicion; Charity is not liberal giving of stolen goods or money or lands. Charity is essential, innate, deliberate, unsuspecting, constant, tender, loving, unselfish, enduring kindness, pledged to and engaged in any work for the betterment of mankind. In a word, precisely as Charity is the innermost and dominating force of the being and action of the eternal God of Love, so is Charity the innermost and dominating force of every soul that is born again of the Holy Spirit of this eternal God of Love.

And as the one force in God is immortal, has existed and acted from eternity and will exist and act in the divine economy to eternity, so will the same force—kindled in the human soul by contact with its father and mother force in God—live in man and beautify and glorify his soul to all eternity.

You cannot smite it, or slay it, or tarnish it. Like the finest phantom of the unseen sacredness of the Divine soul, it evades you, slips from your avenging arm, turns again and shines upon you—follows you to death and beckons your vicious soul out of the depths of hell.

Charity never faileth, in the sense that it never grows old or weary; never is out of date or out of fashion, but is forever the ideal inner beauty and the heavenliest garment of the soul.

In still another and perhaps a more important sense, charity never faileth, but is the master force of all the forces of God and of eternity. That is, Charity never faileth to accomplish the ends it aims for. It is and forever has been and forever will be the master force of eternity.

It moulded the making of the universe to such lines and plans of truth and beauty as should at last delight the soul of God, of angels, and of redeemed mankind.

When man had fallen by the exercise of his free will, Charity evolved the plan that should redeem him again by choice of his free will inspired by charity's own wooing and winning power; a plan that, while meeting and exercising all the resources of omnipotence, omniscience, and all-pervading love, should at the same time re-develop power and wisdom and love in the fallen soul of man, and through the fond touches of its own tenderness make out of the wandering children of men the home-going, home-dwelling, heaven-loving, Charity-winged, eternal sons and daughters of eternal love. And in all this it never has failed for a moment or to a hair's breadth, but is eternal, universal, everywhere, and in all things, victor and master and conqueror to the last and minutest eternity.

A few thousand years ago the sole germ of this choicest virtue of the soul and the sole hope of its evolution in the human race lay in the sulking and fallen heart of one shame-faced man, whose intelligence above the brute creation had no sooner been inspired within him by Almighty God than, by sheer, self-conceited rebellion, he found himself hiding from the face of his Creator and flying from the only source whence true Charity has ever sprung. And if any man to-day complains of the slow progress of this grace through the centuries that intervened between the birth of the first father of mankind and that chosen, immaculate Mother of love through whose virgin soul the divine Son of God's own infinite Charity was born, I bid the modern carper examine his own soul and find how little of the real grace of Charity he himself has at this late hour of time.

Better far is it to dwell, with infinite gratitude to God, upon these great salient points of history, wherein is seen the mighty victories that Charity has wrought for our race, and, taking a new

start from these star-fires of the infinite love, strive to imitate the example of the sons and daughters of the Highest who have won for us these higher accomplishments of perfect character and perfect peace.

I hold that it is only in the purest Christian characters that true Charity can be found. Mere toleration of error, heresy, and unbelief is not Charity. If God had not become incarnate in our humanity and had not founded a teaching and a ruling Church in this world expressly and explicitly intended, ordained, and directed to teach and guide men's souls in their relations to moral duty and to God, the matter of belief in this or the other creed might be, as heretics and infidels assume, a matter of individual opinion, in which case one man's creed may be worthy the same respect as another's. But if Christ was God incarnate, and if the Catholic Church is His authorized teaching and ruling body in this world, then men are infinitely more bound to accept its dogmas than they are to accept the common-law notions of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, theft and honesty.

In truth, precisely as Catholic faith and religious observances, when unaccompanied with trueness and gentleness of life, often seem to be mere personal pride and arrogance, so ninety per cent. of so-called toleration is a deep-seated, self-satisfied pride in one's own crude and unorthodox beliefs.

That sleepy and wordy and shuffling old man, E. E. Hale, for instance, of Boston, whose books are the wordiest and most senseless, contradictory and soulless of all modern literary productions, and whom the fading-fast Unitarians look upon as a sort of Pope among them, may well be tolerant of the absurdities of Universalists, the crudeness of Baptists, the rare and rare of Methodists, and the petticoat screamers in the pulpits of all these persuasions, since his own mind, heart, and soul have never earnestly sought the core of religious truth, never have felt willing to accept such truth at the hand of God's only teaching lips in this world, and never even considered the fact that obedience is greater than conceit or even than sacrifice; and the same formula will apply to every variety of heretical and conceited Protestant under the sun.

Certainly those who have been blessed with true faith and any dawning of pure Charity will and must have a steady and pitiful kindliness of heart and life toward their less fortunate unbelieving neighbors. For Charity is broad as the race and far more exquisite.

But this kindness of heart and life toward unbelievers does not imply and must not involve toleration of their errors.

If the matter of belief were of little or no value, then Christ had not died. If the Hebrew faith and practice of His day were God's final word and ideal life in our world, the death of Jesus and especially our interpretation of the vast importance of that death are the veriest absurdities.

If the teachings of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca were of equal importance with those of Jesus and of Paul, then is Christianity an eternal farce and the Church of Rome a gilded and a varnished lie. But if Christ were God with us, and if the Church of Rome is His exponent through all ages, E. E. Haleism and Phillips-Brooksism, not to speak of Beecherism and modern Lyman-Abbotism and Ingersollism, are things to be fought with more energy than we fight yellow fever or an invading army.

Nevertheless, while Charity does not excuse us from fighting the errors of mankind or of womankind, it obliges us to treat their persons and their lives with all the tenderness of devoted friends. Charity endureth all things, even the ignorant, upstart arrogance of *female* heretics.

Nineteen hundred years ago the quintessence of this divine Charity in our world slept beneath the sinless lids of a new-born child in a manger in a stable at Bethlehem in Palestine. A generation later, when this child, now grown to manhood, was being jeered at on the cross by priests and high-priests as an upstart mystic, now properly enough dying for his presumption, it pierced the ears of the universe with its heart-broken cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

If I at all rightly understand human history, the last nineteen hundred years have been one steady, prolonged, and unalterable answer to that prayer—and to the effect, "I have not deserted thee. Thou incarnate soul of my soul, and Love of my Love; thou Morning Star of Eternal Charity, I was only consenting to the loving and loyal humility of infinite kindness, that the ages of coming glory, of penitence, and love and loyalty and Charity to be born of that hour should seem all the more glorious by comparison with the darkest hour of the world."

And to-day, dear friends, to-day the utterer of that cry has so saturated the hardened heart of time with His own divine tenderness that all our sunrises and sunsets are touched with a tenderness

of loveliness and beauty not known to the ages of the world before Jesus died. So I see that Charity never faileth, though it often seems to fail; and that only by this eternal law is it that the crucified of yesterday becomes the loving dictator of the world to-morrow.

A little more than nineteen hundred years ago, when Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt, and she and the wives of the Cæsars were the great and almost adored women of the civilized world, the very sunrise of this heavenly Charity was asleep in the womb of a shy-faced, modest, humble, devout, but beautiful unknown, unobserved Hebrew maiden, whose perfect loveliness was first then dawning upon the village life of Palestine. Still a little later, this maiden, now the wife of an humble mechanic, was going a pilgrim to Bethlehem, a suspicioned wife, with a thousand sacred memories of a heavenly love rising in her heart to counteract those keen recollections of pain at the thought that even her betrothed husband had not felt sure of her virtue; and soon, in the night, under the cold stars, grown warm for her sake—so near is heaven to its own—a child is born to this young mother, in a stable, the inn being crowded. And it was all as quiet and modest in its heavenly consciousness as the last and great birth of dawn. No trumpets were sounded at this birth hour, and the new mother was one of the countless millions of intensely humble and sensitive mothers whose first-born children have come to an unwelcome world of poverty and of care. But O! the God's love in that woman's heart! O! the divine tenderness of deathless charity that filled her being. O! the folding of ineffable sweetness of love out of which this child of the manger came. To-day, Cleopatra and the wives of the Cæsars are remembered only as the posing representative women of the pride and lust of those days, and no one has loved them for nigh two thousand years, while this humble child of God's Eternal Charity has risen in beauty and glory age after age, and is to-day loved and trusted as the divine mother by hundreds of millions of the noblest men and the purest and noblest women of all the ages of time. Nay, more, is exalted by the purest judgments of history as Queen, not of some petty province of this world, but as Queen of prophets, Queen of apostles, Queen of martyrs, Queen of all saints, Queen of angels, and the highest, the most exalted, the most honored, the most trusted, the most potent and powerful, the most glorified, and the most loved of all the created intelligences of the universe.

I am not preaching theory or dogma to you. I am simply stating the simplest facts known to all the millions of men and women now inhabiting the civilized portions of the world.

I am not urging anyone to love and honor this Hebrew mother of the Eternal Charity of God; I am simply reminding you of the honors already paid her; but I beg to assure you that all the world shall yet become converts to this cult of loving devotion to Mary of Bethlehem—the Queen Mother of the quenchless love of God. My object here, however, is only to remind you all that Charity, though humble and timid as poverty incarnate, and persecuted by tyrants, and driven to the remotest and lowliest corners of the earth for its birth and its career, never fails of its object, but, in the long run, conquers the world.

True Charity is often as forceful and victorious in what it refrains from doing and saying as in the things it says and does.

History records the fact that a great and famous prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, who was once stealthily and viciously deceived by an ambitious and unprincipled fellow-prelate, and so put in a false and humiliating light before the eyes of the especial legate of the Pope and in the eyes of the Pope himself, steadily refused to make any defence or explanation, simply because he could not do this without criminating the fellow that betrayed him. But after a little the true facts of the case reached the ears of the legate and of the Pope also, when, of course, the wretch who dug the pit for his unsuspecting peer fell straightway into the pit himself, and only scrambled out with his character soiled and ruined forever. Were I preaching a sermon on the text that whosoever layeth a snare for his brother shall be caught in his own trap, here would be an excellent place to point that moral; but I am preaching of the Charity that never faileth. Of course, in the case referred to, the outraged prelate rose higher and higher from that time forward, alike in the favor of God and man; and I call his conduct in this case the victory of silent charity—the very charity of God.

In Victor Hugo's powerful story of Jean val Jean, in "*Les Misérables*," you remember the hero had stolen a loaf of bread in order to appease the hunger of his children, was arrested for the theft, tried, convicted, and sent to prison; escaped from prison, engaged in mercantile life, became wealthy and respectable, when one day he learned that a poor man, somewhat resembling him in person, had been arrested, was on trial and at the point of being convicted

and imprisoned for Jean val Jean's own crime, plus his escape from authority; at which point the real culprit—now a gentleman—enters the court-room, attired in his best, looking pale, dignified, and resolute, and confesses that he is the real Jean val Jean; declares that the poor man at the bar is innocent, gives ample evidence of the deep sincerity and veracity of his statement, and the inherent greatness of his act is such that the poor man under trial is immediately set free, while Jean val Jean stands waiting rearrest for expiation of his crime; but no hand of the law is laid upon him; justice, so-called, is once more conquered of heroic mercy; the very stigma of former imprisonment is banished by this noble act, and instead of viewing the escaped prisoner as a culprit, the court and the world are inclined to treat him as a god. I call this the charity of sacrifice, the divinest charity of all. These are but hints at the truth that Charity never faileth.

Finally, Charity is the master force of all, and in this thought I find the supreme philosophy of the apostle and the master thought of all time and of all eternity.

Ours is an age in which the word force is far more familiar than the word charity or love or duty. The scientist, so-called; the literary man, so-called; even the preacher, so-called, in these days, will hardly write a page or utter a sentence in which the word force does not occur.

This is the pet word of all the Herbert Spencer gangs of philosophers, so-called, and I call them gangs because as to real intellectual perception of the actual and subtlest phenomena of this universe they are no better than gangs of laborers in our factories or on our railroads, and sometimes not half as gifted. In fact, Herbert Spencer himself, after browsing in all the pastures of the universe, and proving to his own satisfaction the physical and mechanical basis of all forces, and the correlation of all forces, and the unity of all forces, waddled back to the old theistic truism that an unknown absolute force—as well called God as anything—was the master force of all; and again and again I have asserted that he was driven to this not at all by his own shallow and sieve-like principles of sociology, but by force of a Superior Mind whose thought he borrowed and never acknowledged.

Let us accept the old truism, call God Love, according to the Scriptures, see in the incarnation the eternal Charity of God as Love, and we have what to my mind, these last thirty years, is the

only basis for the only true philosophy of the infinite universe, of all human life, and of the birth and ministry of every flower that blooms.

Smitten by the mechanic gang philosophy men have explained the evolution and the movements of the stars, and the movements of every human act, by the Newtonian laws of the force attraction; but again and again the falsity and folly of this theory have been proven, and to any mind unstified with such false theories it is palpable that a much larger and more profound and more consistent force than that of Newton's force of attraction moulded and forever controls the motions of the stars and of all things human and divine. In fact this physical-basis and mechanic-force theory of the origin and government of the universe is now held only by misled and deluded mechanic souls; and sooner or later the thinking world will find how this change in modern thought was wrought during the third generation of the nineteenth century.

Even our shallow-pated Anglo-American Madame-Blavatsky Esoteric Buddhistic and Psychic moonshine is a mild protest against Herbert Spencerism. Men will not believe that the universe sprang from a turnip, and that the turnip—spite of its acknowledged medicinal qualities—is Almighty God. Men are coming back to believe that the real plasma of eternity forever was, is to-day, and will forever remain, intelligent, omniscient, omnipotent, and divine. And again I say, call this eternal plasma God, and call this God Love, and you are back to the Hebrew prophets, forward to Christ, as God with us, and only need your eyes opened to see that Charity, which is divine love in benevolent action, is the master force that made the world, created man, and redeemed him, and so are you on the road to the care of that Eternal Sacrifice of Charity which built the Church of God out of the blood of the chief Martyr and out of all the Martyrs of Charity, giving and upholding the eternal word of Charity, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. In a word, that Charity is the master force of all.

All mechanic forces, including all human forces other than Charity, are born of the inner fires that consume the very centers whence they spring. The force of electricity is in the exact measure of the consumed fires that produce it; so of the force of a cannon-ball; so of the force of human governments; but Charity is the uncreated, eternal fountain of the divine creative energy. Charity is the very breath of God. Charity gave birth to Jesus

and nerved His soul to endure the anguish that is winning human redemption and shaping human civilization. Charity touches each dawn and each sunset with roseate and radiant glory. Charity makes all human duty more beautiful than morning, though said duty be lonelier than death, and has, at first, only a scaffold for its reward. Charity so moulds the hearts of men and nations that the victories of its own greatest heroes are secured. Charity is slowly turning all hells of hate and crime and darkness into eternal homes of joy. Charity is the only force in all the infinite universe that does not exhaust itself by service and action, but increases its power in the precise measure of the purity and energy with which it is exercised. Charity is thus a reversion of the wasting power of use that dominates all nature, and thus is its own evidence of its own Eternal Mastery and divinity.

Let us seek it; let us live it, and so make our lives divine.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

TIMES ARE HARD.

EVERYONE says so. Wherever you may be, to whatever quarter of the city you bend your steps, ask the first man you meet about business conditions; and he will answer, "Things are dull. Impossible to make a living!" Yet the fields are fertile as ever, the lakes and rivers as full of fish; in fine, all nature as rich as in years gone by. She is in no sense the cause of our misfortunes nor in any wise responsible for this deplorable state of things. Let us stir up the social gutter a little, though, and we shall begin to be edified.

First of all, we shall see that everyone wants to get rich in a week or so, in order to indulge in all the pleasures money can give. This is not exactly, in itself considered, an evil desire, save as it practically leads to other ills. Incited by this keen desire, the money-seekers flock to the great city of New Orleans. Then follows a notable increase of the slums, and closer packing—their wretched dwellings swarming with colonies of outcast negroes, all bent upon finding in the city some way of living without work. And this is what ensues. This pariah caste of society piles itself up in certain localities, like a great ant-hill. These people work little during the day, and pass the night howling in a little sentry-box which

they choose to call a church. Now and then, when hunger presses, they lay hands on anything they find. If they are caught, justice is lenient—nay, even if occasionally severe, still merciful!—for she provides food and shelter, requiring no labor in return.

As for the man who does work and receives good pay on Saturday night, he would be unhappy if he carried home this fruit of his toil. He spends it all in getting drunk Saturday night. He must recompense himself for a week's industry; he drinks, fights with somebody, often kills or gets killed. In either case he makes a row and is a nuisance to the public. If bread is needed for his family or rent is due, he has not a cent left. He must depend upon credit; and when that fails there is but one resource more—the mother and children must betake themselves to thievery or begging. These human beings, becoming non-producers, are thenceforward a public charge.

The workman of Caucasian blood varies little from this type, save in one thing. While the negro lives on very little and has no ambition, the other feels surging within him, from day to day, the desires of a marquis. He must dress in the latest style, wears a silk hat, demands at his table the early luxuries of the season and choice wines, like a bank president. As for his wife, she thinks herself just as good as the woman of millions; she may be right—she is, perhaps, even better! Why should she not, likewise, have silk gowns and all the allurements of fashion? She can wear them with the same grace. She finds these fripperies becoming! Possibly so; but the deuce of it is that the workman cannot hold his own at this game.

Then societies are organized and various associations in order to obtain shortened hours of labor with higher wages. This fin-de-siècle gentleman insists upon producing little and receiving much. The boldest in this army of limited labor live at the expense of the rest and become the ringleaders in social disaffections. In their own way they finally get to be monopolists of the worst kind, going, at times, even to the point of assassination to keep more sensible workmen from taking lower wages than those they, in their consummate wisdom, have fixed upon. These societies are as much a cause of trouble in the community as the great trusts so much complained of. We should like to see both, alike, swallowed up in a general deluge!

If, instead of this workman of extravagant and exaggerated tastes,

we had the workingman as he ought to be—the Christian workingman, who comprehends that he ought to work because this is the law of God, who knows how to economize, who does not spend a cent outside of his own family—we should have, also, a population in healthy condition. As it is at the present day, we can fairly say that this army of labor is made up of idlers, ignorant politicians, and incorrigible drunkards.

Look, now, also at the brilliant youth, dreaming of wide public control in the early future—if not in the present, even. Our young people have learned to read and write in the public schools—the other schools being no longer accounted of, especially the Christian schools. Armed with this modicum of knowledge they think themselves phoenixes, able to argue down all the sages of the past. Unluckily, they have only that varnish of learning which does not admit even of doubt or self-distrust. Hardly twelve years old, they are already anxious for place and salary. Is it to carry a few dollars home and aid their mothers? Not at all. It is to pass their nights *chez Ninine* and to contract there germs of disease sure to bring misfortune later into many families. During the day, if their employer sends them to the bank, they will never fail to stop at the race-course and try their luck on a horse that is to run in China or Japan. Inexperienced pigeons as they are, they nevertheless too often stake the money of others and betray the confidence of their employers. Their parents are compelled to rescue them financially—and that with speed—to avoid exposure and disgrace. This is the way they take to fit themselves for public life and the duties of paternity.

Now, consider them as grown men, the fathers of families. Have they improved with the flight of years? Alas, each age of life has its "pleasures"—we should say its passions. These men are very little better than they were in youth. No longer able to play the part of the dangler after and pursuer of women with their former assiduity, they make amends by haunting the temple of Bacchus. This is not saying that they ever really give up debauchery; but, nature rebelling against their lusts, they console themselves with the bottle. Their throats are always dry as a sponge. So only the tax-collector knows how many cafés and drinking-holes are in New Orleans. As each block has four corners, there are at least four saloons to each; and you must not imagine that these factories ever shut down—day and night, winter and summer, they are in full

blast. If you enter these places you find them doing a fine business. Moreover, you meet within their precincts the leading men of the city—magistrates, lawyers, statesmen, men of the gown as well as the sword, all come to do sacrifice before the goddess of the bottle. You may even behold in a state of intoxication men of great prominence—the high-grade politician as well as the vulgar knight of the trowel.

Here they spend in an hour the salaries of a week. While displaying in these haunts a boundless liberality—inviting the whole crowd to drink at their expense—they fail to pay the butcher, the baker, and the general grocer. They are never in funds when a legitimate note, already overdue, is sent them. In truth, they pay nothing but the saloon-keeper's score. The traders who have given them credit, and perhaps loaned them money besides, will never set eyes on them again except to be insulted by these self-styled "gentlemen."

To this wretched situation add the club, the gaming-house, and the *petites amies*, whom a man of this stamp is compelled to meet from time to time, and see if it is possible for business to be good—that is to say, possible for such men to meet their debts. They cannot even meet the needs of their families—needs quite as numerous as their own—since, generally, "*bon chien chasse de race*." These people never lay up a penny; they cannot do so. Involuntarily they become *chevaliers d'industrie*, and live by their wits.

So much for the men. It would be better perhaps not to speak of their wives; yet guardedly and with caution one may touch a wound. In short, if these words hurt their feelings, certainly they were not penned with that intention.

The wife and mother in Louisiana is good and virtuous, having maintained this type bravely in days long past. Time, however, touching the world with his wand, has now somewhat modified old expressions and standards of morality. Formerly, the pecuniary condition of families was such that their female members were exempt from all manual labor. Times have altered; now-a-days woman has to enter the field of toil and take her portion thereof. Only the young lady, fearing to spoil her prospects matrimonial, persists in idling like a doll, while her mother is working herself to death among the various drudgeries of the house. Her youthful face must not be touched by the sun, her white hands must not be soiled or stained; she must not lift a straw. All she can do is to play the

piano, embroider or try some other fancy-work. This was her only occupation in by-gone days. But now, with the changed situation, she is forced to think of earning something—if not her bread, at least the wherewithal for her toilette. It was natural to begin with housework at home, in order to dispense with a cook or nurse-maid. But this was demanding too much; these tasks seemed to her vile and degrading. In houses where there was actual stress of poverty, a luxurious home-life was, nevertheless, maintained. To meet its expense the young girl has turned to the shop and the factory. She deems this kind of labor more dignified. Unwilling to devote herself to household duties in her own home, it would be pure insult to advise her seeking employment in richer families in any such capacity. These situations are all left to foreigners and colored women. The pay is good, to be sure, but the young girl does not care for this. The point of view is different. The shop or factory requires of her a full day's work, of six or seven hours, for the modest sum of fifty cents. While cooks and chambermaids earn the same in cash they receive food and shelter besides. The shop-girl finds that her remuneration is small and insufficient for her needs. She at once complains to the proprietor. But he coolly replies, "I know it is very little; but you are young and pretty—you will manage to get along!"

More than all this is the fact that the great store absorbs the fair sex. The young lady finds there a dainty place where she can conduct her correspondence, a drawing-room where everything is arranged for her comfort, so that she can make it a resting-place for some hours, most delightfully. The husband's account at the end of the month feels all this. Like the workingman, he runs in debt and cannot pay. It is impossible for him to alter his habits; so he goes to the money-lender, and soon disgraces alike his signature and his word of honor.

So one and all cry out on the "hard times." "Business is dull, money scarce!" they say, and refuse to meet their honest and reasonable obligations. At the same time the theatres, ball-rooms, and other places of amusement are thronged to overflowing. The watering-places are crowded. Only the men who are really doing a large business and owe no man anything remain in town. The public emigrates for the summer. It finds plenty of money for this. It is said that if a family chance to possess a pleasure residence on the other shore of the lake, they find an unexpected flock of friends and

relatives arriving every day, who invite themselves for a visit, without ceremony and without scruple.

This is but a feeble sketch of our social condition. It is enough to prove that a state of things so demoralized and generally rotten cannot endure long. The evil is decided, universal, and past cure. It will take a sharp revolution to purify such an atmosphere and change the face of society.

Translated from *L'Observateur Louisianais* by CAROLINE D. SWAN.

CONTENTMENT.

Within the confines of this little room,
 Whose narrow space has held my hopes and fears
 For lo, what matters it, how many years,—
 I find a garden in perennial bloom.
 There's not an ingle-nook nor corner small;
 There's not an object—picture, print, nor book;
 There's not a hand's-breadth span upon the wall,
 That blossoms not to memory 'neath my look.

And like a garden, when the sunshine plays,
 No fairer pleasance can reflect her rays.
 And though when gloom and murk pervade, I know
 These erstwhile beauties of my garden fade,
 Where is it otherwise? When all is said,
 I'd not exchange my realm for aught below.

New York.

J. W. SCHWARTZ.

GLOBE NOTES.

November 5, 1897.—The recent decease of my old friend, John Sartain, of Philadelphia, has led me to devote the opening paragraphs of these GLOBE NOTES to a few words in memory of him and of two or three other prominent men who have recently passed away.

The daily newspapers have already given detailed accounts of the men whose names I shall here mention, hence I confine my remarks to a few personal relationships and to points that I have not seen in the papers.

John Sartain, born December 24, 1808, died October 25, 1897, and who, for more than sixty years, was one of the most prominent figures in the United States in all matters concerning the development of art in this country, was a native of southern England, and from that quarter inherited those sturdy elements of character, constitution, and longings for the ideal in art and in life that have made his name a household word in tens of thousands of families during the last half century.

It always seemed to me that there was a touch of Hebrew blood somewhere in Mr. Sartain's ancestry, and, for that matter, I suppose there is some of the old stock in most of us. At all events, though a man of the widest religious sympathies, what actual church affiliations he had in this world were with the Unitarians. Singularly enough, however, the broader side of the man's life dominated the services held at his funeral; and while a Unitarian minister nominally officiated, the ablest and the most human address of the occasion was made by Rabbi Levy, and the choir of the Congregation Keneseth Israel, Mrs. Kunkel-Zimmerman, Miss Whitaker, Mr. N. Douty, and Mr. C. Schurig, volunteered their services as a tribute to the memory of the departed and sang Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

To me this is all very beautiful, and it is hardly worth while to mention the fact that the Masons did their final religious ritual over the remains at the grave.

In life John Sartain was a short, stocky little man, originally dark complexioned, and with dark hair, face for the last generation a little pale and sallow, and the slight hair a soft, brown gray.

He was always erect of bearing and firm and solid of footstep, after the manner of Englishmen of his type, but at the same time light of step, agile of movement, and with a touch as dainty as a woman's; and in this brief outline you have alike the solid character and the exquisite art of the man.

All the world knows John Sartain as an engraver, and it is not my purpose to touch upon the specific merits or demerits of his work. He had many traducers and hard critics, as well as thousands of admirers and genial friends; but this is the sure record of any man in this world whose work has in it any originality or power.

When I withdrew from the Presbyterian ministry, nearly thirty years ago, and preached for awhile to a "liberal" congregation in Philadelphia, John Sartain was one of the first of an exceptionally gifted coterie of men who extended the right hand of fellowship and tried to make me feel at home in their circles; and from that time till this, the year of his death, our friendly meetings were always cordial and our appreciation of each other's work hearty and genuine. To me the youth and energy of the old man were always a marvel, and I could not help expressing my admiration in friendly words. To him, my own work in "Modern Idols," in my book of poems, and especially these last eight years in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, seemed a constant surprise, and now and again he would say, "I do not see how you accomplish so much good work," so we always met with mutual compliment and parted with a mutual "God speed you."

Three years ago he sent me as a Christmas present a large and beautiful artist's proof of his own steel engraving of Coumen's beautiful "Irene," signed with his own name, in a firm and legible hand, though the work and the signature were all done when he was far past eighty years of age.

In the spring of this year, 1897, I called for the first time at the old Edwin Forrest Home, now the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, to pay my respects, and, as it has happened, to say my final good-by.

I was delighted to find the old artist in the ample up-stairs parlor of the mansion, surrounded with most of his old pet pictures that, in former years, I had seen in the quaint old home on Sansom Street. He himself seemed as young as he had at any time these last thirty years, climbed the various stairways of the building with less fatigue than I experienced, and was, in every way, the same

sincere, genial, polite, friendly, upright, sterling, and faithful soul that he had always been.

He showed me the various class-rooms, explained the different grades of work, showed me some steel plates that he was then engaged to finish, and after a little friendly chat we again shook hands, said a final word of farewell, and parted, it seems, forever.

I could say a thousand things of interest in this immediate connection; but—"there is nothing more to say." May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

In beginning these notes on Mr. Sartain I had also intended to treat in a similar way the names and undertakings of Charles Dana, Henry George, and George Pullman; but to do this with any justice to myself or to the parties named I should have to apply the lash of criticism; hence of and to these three we will simply say—A long farewell.

* * * * *

Touching the proposition that a great deal more attention is given by the Catholic Church to the intellectual and religious education of Catholic girls and young ladies than is given to the intellectual and religious education of Catholic boys and young men, which proposition—as far as I know—was started by the Rev. M. P. Heffernan in his article on "Our Boys"—which I noticed in the *GLOBE NOTES* of the September issue of this magazine, I have the following very interesting communication from one of the brightest and most earnest priests of the Northwest, who has long been a subscriber to and a good friend of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. He says:

"Dear Friend: At the bottom of page 357 of *GLOBE NOTES* in last issue, my attention is called to a subject that I have often thought of mentioning to you. But I did not, thinking that you were most likely better informed on it than I. But in connection with Father Heffernan's statement that a great deal more attention is given to our Catholic girls than to our Catholic boys, you speak of 'lacking experience of the facts stated.' I am glad of the opportunity of calling your attention to the truth of his statement, and I wish to put it in even a stronger light, and apply it to a way in which its bad effects reach much farther than just the present generation of the boys themselves. Every priest will tell you that 'mixed marriages' are one of the worst things in the Church to-day. Now, I have been over ten years in charge of small parishes, during that time having had four or five different churches. In nearly every case the Catholic party was the girl, and in every case

I could trace the real cause of such marriages to the inequality of Catholic education for our boys. We send our daughters by hundreds to become graduates of convents, schools, academies, etc., and if we want suitable Catholic husbands for these hundreds of young ladies we ought to have an equal number of young men educated up to the same standard.

"I do not claim that we do any too much for our girls, but that we do too little for our boys. The only class of young men that I know who would match these academy young ladies are the ecclesiastical students, and that of course is out of the question in a matrimonial point of view. The result is that the average Catholic young lady whose vocation is the married state, finds herself in the position of either marrying a clod-hopper Catholic or a non-Catholic, or of remaining single; and there is 'six in one and half a dozen in the other,' so far as happiness and the salvation of souls is concerned; and in six cases out of every half dozen, spite of all a priest can do, she takes the non-Catholic, and the children are lost, and unhappiness here and damnation hereafter is the result.

"I would not dare to say these things had I not had some experience. At our annual Retreat last year Rt. Rev. Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, Minn., said to the priests of this diocese: 'We are losing our boys, and they are our parishioners of the future.' If you can use these remarks some time, do so, and, believe me, you are ever in the heart and prayers of, yours faithfully, —."

I do not give the name, because I am sure the priest in question is not seeking the notoriety that this letter will be likely to attain. It seems proper to add here, however, that his epistle breathes the same spirit of earnest confidence and affection that pervades many hundreds of letters that reach me every year, on all sorts of subjects, from priests and other devoted people who are deeply interested in the "betterment of the masses," and who believe—as I believe—that all salutary reforms are held, germ-like, in the Catholic Church, and that out of it—broadened, rationalized, and made more applicable to the growing intelligence and varied life of our day—must come the true cure for the educational blunders and the ills of sin, falsehood, and crime that now afflict the world. And large numbers of these people are looking to the GLOBE to help powerfully in this true reform.

I am quite aware that there are many other thousands of Catholics—priests and people—of a more conservative form of life and utterance, people who, spite of their own knowledge and experience, like to cherish the false and foolish notion that all the methods and doings of the Church and of its individual priests are as perfect and

infallible as its settled dogmas and standards of morality. I am also aware that these same conservative thousands of people always shrink from the exposure of any corruptions, blunders, or scandals on the part of prominent men in the Church; and as many hundreds of this class are also subscribers to and earnest and appreciative readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, they write me in another vein to the general effect: Spare the hierarchy, spare the priesthood, spare Catholics generally; cultivate a milder tone, a sort of "pure tone," etc., etc., and so make the *GLOBE REVIEW* the universal organ of American Catholicism, etc., etc.; and the beauty of it all is that my own constitution is also mild and conservative, and that I like and trust the conservative everywhere rather than the radical and the ecclesiastical blizzards in or out of the Church. But I am not editing a picture-magazine or a story-teller for children, and I am so sick of sycophancy in the guise of humility; so sick of lying in the guise of imprudence, tyranny, and ambition; so sick of the milk-and-water twaddle that is administered to Catholics and Protestants in our day in the name of literature and reform, and so certain that all liars and unprincipled schemers and scoundrels and wiseacre imbeciles are the imps of perdition, that I have resolved deliberately that the supremest conservatism of our day is to call a spade a spade, a fool a fool, and a land-grabber a land-grabber, an oppressor of the poor, and an enemy of justice and truth—even if such land-grabber, tyrant, or scoundrel should by any rare chance be a Catholic or wear the purple and fine linen of a prelate; in a word, to go to the root of every falsehood and uproot it.

Perhaps the real cause of a good deal of this sort of trouble in the Church comes of the fact that "our boys" are not as well educated as our girls. Ordinarily the girls make the trouble, but in the Church the men seem to be the mischief-makers. God bless the girls, all the same; and I may add here that a delightful sprinkling of Catholic and Protestant girls—older and younger—ranging all the way from eighteen to eighty, in all parts of the world, are among the most enthusiastic readers of and friends of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. In truth, quite a few of them frankly confess that they envy the editor of the *GLOBE* his self-assumed privilege of calling all offspring of vipers simply the imps of the devil. Hence I am inclined to believe that this better education of our girls has a virtue in it not generally seen, and that is worthy of imitation by our boys.

But, to speak more seriously, I hope that priests and others who

have had experience in the comparative education of our Catholic girls and boys will ventilate this subject. I have confessed my general lack of experience of the facts. Nevertheless, my observation, while leading me to the same general conclusions as those reached by Father Heffernan and by my Northwest correspondent, has also taught me that the general fact of inequality complained of in the letter I have quoted applies equally to Protestant as well as to Catholic communities.

As a rule, and I think in about the proportion of ninety cases out of every hundred, even among Protestants, the married woman is the superior of her husband in the matter of general education and refinement. This I take to be explainable in the following way: Our boys, Protestant and Catholic, as a rule are hurried out of school and college in order to engage in some trade, business, or lucrative occupation. They are ambitious to take this step on their own account. They care to have more spending-money than their parents can often afford. They are naturally and properly looked upon as the main earners of income for the future, while the girls are just as properly looked upon as needing milder treatment, and are expected to be the angel ministers of the future; not ornaments merely, but the comforters and entertainers of their husbands, when the latter are weary of work and glad to rest in some sort of pleasure with their wives. And I for one am not inclined to complain of this arrangement. I am, in fact, much more inclined to complain of just the opposite arrangement, whereby, on account of the cursed extravagance of our times, the young girls of tens of thousands of families, Catholic and Protestant, are forced to become bread-earners and slaves in factories, mills, shops, stores, and in houses of ill-fame, simply because the honest earnings of the father or the sons of the family are not sufficient to meet the exaggerated family demands and the club demands, and the whiskey demands and the devil's demands generally in these so-called progressive and hellish times.

In a word, I am generally in favor of the process that educates our girls more finely and perfectly than our boys, not that I wish to see any mismating; nor that I want to see the termagant amazons of the future attempting to run the school-boards, the political primaries, the rum-shops, the churches, or the newspapers of the future, but for the very reason that this comparative surplus of refined education is, in truth, a palpable necessity in order that women

may be proper and helpful wives for their husbands and proper mothers for the children of future ages.

Again, I am not sure that the comparative provisions made for the education of boys and girls in Catholic communities differ to any extent from said comparative provisions in Protestant circles, and I have just pointed out the fact that the same general comparative inequality of the refinements of married people prevails in Protestant as in Catholic society.

In truth, the instances of well-mated married people are the exceptions everywhere. Even among Protestants, where the students of theology and the young parsons have a right to marry, like any other Christian worldlings, the educated and refined young man is pretty sure to select for himself, or to be selected by, a very poorly educated, coarse, and slovenly woman for a wife. In a word, more male education does not seem to help men in the matter of matrimony.

The fact is that human nature is a queer sort of cussed and cross-grain, snarled and twisted and contrary commodity, and marrying seems often to make matters worse rather than better. As a moralist and a Christian, I have always explained this to myself and to others on the ground that life is a mode of education and the world a place of discipline, and the good Lord or the bad devil in charge of these affairs seems to agree with the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* that all the flowers and sunshine and love and happiness of the world must not get into any one or two families or sects or races, but that by such discipline as shall lead by and by to a universal human family, in which love and peace and unselfish ministry shall reign everywhere and forever, the true and last marriage of God to this deluded and wandering world may be accomplished.

Meanwhile I am in favor of educating the girls a little better than the boys, and of allowing them to choose their husbands anywhere from among the almost universally bad and the few exceptionally good boys of these ugly days. I say letting *them* choose, for the girls usually do the choosing anyway.

Meanwhile, again, I am also inclined to assert the proposition, that the Catholic girl who is not Catholic enough to make a good and faithful convert out of her Protestant or pagan husband needs to go through the processes of social discipline and perhaps of despair that are often necessary to make decent women even out of well-meaning Catholic girls. Nevertheless, I am wholly opposed to the mixed marriages which the Church condemns.

The GLOBE will welcome any intelligent discussion of this subject, assured all the while that what is needed is more light in many domestic, social, and ecclesiastical circles. You cannot hedge in or wall in the Catholic girls or boys of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

I am moved to add here that *perhaps* the earnest complaint of my correspondent applies more generally to western and country districts than to our eastern, more crowded and more cultured city communities. As far as my observation has gone, however, east or west, I have found that the provisions made for the education of Catholic boys is alike general, genuine, generous, and competent.

For two years I was a professor in a western Catholic college for boys and young men, where the number of students averaged over three hundred, and large majorities of them were preparing for secular life. The college I refer to, moreover, was one of the smallest of a very large number of similar colleges in the great West. A mere glance at any one of our eastern cities will reveal the fact that Catholic colleges and high-schools for boys and young men are very numerous and that, literally, tens of thousands of Catholic boys and young men are being well educated in these schools and colleges, and educated in a manner and degree to make them competent husbands and intellectual companions for any Catholic girls that have come in my way or that I have ever heard of.

But girls are very, very queer; their great, GREAT, GREAT grandmother, Mrs. Eve, of almost world-wide notoriety, was very queer to begin with; did not like, or at least was not wholly satisfied with, the eminently wise and pious and Catholic husband that the Lord himself gave her, that is, to whom the Lord himself gave *her*—for we must not overlook this very proper distinction. Evidently Mrs. Eve thought the Protestant serpent a more interesting and a more accomplished gentleman, and, being a woman, could not or would not help showing her preference for the better educated of the two; and here is where the real trouble began. By all means let us have any new light or thought or education on this subject.

It is of far deeper import than the question of temperance, or Sabbath-keeping, or the flaunting of so-called Catholic Americanism. Rightly looked into it is the one subject that is being outraged, misunderstood, abused, and rotted to the core and soul of it by the greedy, selfish, unprincipled, extravagant, devil-possessed, and all too fluent and political, and windy and wordy, and shallow-smart

American divorceism and other patriotic effusions of these times. If you have any light on it shed your light abroad, but spare us all twaddle, and talk and write like honest men.

If I at all understand the phase of the subject that our boys and girls have attained in these GLOBE NOTES, it was out of this little willfulness of Mrs. Eve—that is, her preference for the more cultured fellow, the Yankee Protestant who knew it all and had no scruples—that the Honorable Mr. Cain, LL.D., the first murderer, came and became the father of all murderers and thieves and trust-sharks and liars and land-grabbers and gold-bugs up to these very days.

In a word, as I said in my first few comments upon Father Hefernan's article, the subject really takes hold of the springs of society and of the human race.

I understand that the industrious but not overly competent editor of the *Colorado Catholic* has gone, or is going, to Europe to study up this whole question of education. Over there they are supposed to know all about it. At all events they have wrecked the old civilizations of Greece and Rome, and the later nations of Spain and France, on the basis of what they thought they knew about it; and when said editor returns, if he cannot tell us all about the subject and make us wise I move that it be referred to next year's Chautauqua and Catholic summer schools, and if they cannot settle it I guess it will have to be referred to the girls and boys of succeeding ages, as it has been constantly referred time out of mind.

In fact, however, there are still other famous and American tribunals in our day. The whole subject of intellectual and religious education might, for instance, and with great impropriety, be referred to the female executive gosling committee of the Young People's Christian Endeavor brood, or to Grover Cleveland of Princeton, or to President McKinley, or to Mark Hanna, or to John Wanamaker, or John Ireland. These gentlemen are said to have graduated in all schools—of trickery—but I have no confidence, personally, in the two last named.

During the eight years of its existence the GLOBE REVIEW has now and again ridiculed the scare-crow habit of our National and State legislators to make needless and contemptible laws on all sorts of subjects; as if a lot of silly laws, made by half-taught clodhoppers with axes to grind, could by any stretch of Providence have any good effects upon the community either in preventing

crime or in the positive advancement of virtue or any true phase of real civilization!

Finally, in reviewing Cardinal Gibbons's book in the June *GLOBE*, and especially with reference to his assertion that the American people were generally law-abiding, I emphasized the foolish tendency just named by asserting that while we made enough laws in ten years to gag the universe for all time, nobody really minded these laws or cared particularly about keeping them or breaking them.

Take, for instance, our everlastingly contradictory and barbaric array of tariff laws. No man keeps them if he can possibly evade them. So of our interstate railway laws. They are on their face an unlawful interference with the natural rights of private corporations, and every man takes pleasure in ignoring them and in seeing them ignored. So of our liquor laws—that is, of our prohibition laws—and our “Sabbath” laws; they are simply the laughing-stock of all respectable and intelligent people in our own country and in other countries, and no man dreams of keeping them, if it suits his inclination or convenience to break or disregard them. So of our emigration laws, which that shallow-pated paddy Powderly wants increased in number and severity. They are so un-American, unjust, and inhuman that every citizen not paid to execute them takes pleasure in seeing their violation. In truth, as far as I can see, the only use of this muck-heap of legal hurrahism is to put money in the pockets of stupid legislators incapable of understanding or performing their regular duty, and so of making our whole legislative system a by-word and a scorn among all nations of men.

Looked at with the eye of reason, the habit here ridiculed seems to argue first that Americans, as a whole, are such insufferable sinners that they need more laws than all the rest of the world, and second, that the fellows engaged in the making of these laws are a lot of bunglers utterly unworthy of the occupation they are engaged in.

As a rule, lawyers and legislators are such nurslings and slaves of red tape that it is very difficult to get any gleam of common-sense into their heads; but the American Bar Association, during its recent session at Cleveland, O., took hold of the scare-crow legislation I have for years been complaining of.

An address by Governor Griggs of New Jersey dealt with the

evils of excessive law-making in the United States. "No age of English or American history has ever seen such activity and profusion in legal enactments as now prevails," said Governor Griggs, and he gave these figures to prove his statement for the United States:

"The statistics that follow show the extent of this tendency in the legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, in the present year.

"In Massachusetts about 1,300 distinct propositions for legislation were before the legislature or its committees. Of these, 628, nearly one-half, became laws.

"In New York the bills introduced in the two houses numbered 4,533, of which about 1,300 were finally passed. Of these 797 became laws, the remainder of the 1,300 passed bills failing to receive the approval of the governor.

"In New Jersey 657 bills were introduced, of which 297 passed both houses, and 207 became laws, 90 failing by reason of executive disapproval, a very marked decrease in the amount of legislation as compared with some previous years.

"In Pennsylvania 1,566 bills were introduced; 483 were passed by both houses, and about 400 became laws, the rest having been vetoed by the governor.

"Illinois has a somewhat better record. There were 1,174 bills introduced, and 195 passed, of which, however, only three were vetoed, so that the addition to the statute law of that State comprises only 129 chapters.

"I have no means of supplying similar statistics for other States, but think it safe to affirm that the same degree of productiveness will be found in nearly all of them.

"These thousands of propositions to alter the law of the land cover almost every conceivable object of government, every department of public and private life; they extend to all kinds of business, to trade, commerce, municipal government, sanitary and police regulations, to the domain of morals as well as to the fields of speculation and political philosophy. Many of them were intended to correct errors in the legislation of the preceding year. Naturally the more careless acts one legislature passes the more blunders there will be for the next one to repair."

Governor Griggs favors special commissions of eminent lawyers for revision of drafts and codification of laws, and adds:

"A censor of bills is not permissible under our system of legislation, but there can be a rule of public opinion, a sentiment of prudence and conservatism that will enable every legislator to reject all measures not properly revised and corrected, all measures that have no positive public necessity to justify their adoption. It

ought not to be enough that a proposed law does no harm; it should be required of it that it shall have the quality of positive benefit in order to justify its enactment.

"There are some principles of legislative policy that are so plain and safe that they need only to be stated to be approved.

"Make sure that the old law is really deficient. Be careful to consider whether the inconvenience arising from the deficiency of the old law is of enough importance to deserve an act of the legislature to cure it.

"Be careful that the remedy be not worse than the disease. Avoid experiments in law-making, especially if recommended by men or parties who are void of knowledge or wanting in respect for established customs.

"Do not go on the idea that the world is out of joint and you were born to set it right.

"Observe accuracy in the use of language, and avoid the use of ambiguous expressions.

"It is one of the just criticisms of our jurisprudence that it has not a technical vocabulary by which legal conceptions can be expressed with as much accuracy as naturalists distinguish genera and species."

These quotations indicate that once in a while something good can come out of New Jersey, and the *GLOBE* congratulates Governor Griggs alike on his good sense and the timeliness and clearness of his utterances.

As far as I can recall there are four little laws of the old Decalogue that cover most of the ground of all our modern scare-crow American legislation:

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not kill.

It is said that in the days of Horace Walpole there was a movement on foot in England to take all the "nots" out of the Decalogue, or rather to transpose them—that is, to take them out of the commandments in which they now occur and put them in where they do not now occur—and the motive is said to have been a good one, namely, to make modern British law consistent with modern British practice. As far as I know the transposition was never actually made except in practice.

The aim of American legislation seems to be just the opposite of the English, namely, to make our laws as inconsistent with our practice as language and general ignorance of the art of law-making could possibly suggest.

In truth, were we to execute in any justice the four little items of the Decalogue referred to more than half of the population of America would be in State prisons before the end of another year, and the other half would not need very much legislation.

Still, instead of swearing by Moses and the prophets, our Ingersoll atheism and our New England conceit want to go Moses ten better and dream that by a perpetual panorama of severe and showy laws we shall somehow establish that virtue which ninety per cent. of our legislators themselves trample on and despise. In truth, if said National and State legislatures would only hire about sixty of the largest derricks or a few powerful locomotives to lift or drag the small motes of evil out of their own eyes they might perhaps see a little more clearly how to legislate for their fellow-sinners.

* * * * *

Since the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* has finally and fully concluded not to enter into any more sharp controversies with those august and brilliant Catholic editors who have tried to malign and abuse him, he finds great pleasure in calling attention to a few of those marked evidences of Catholic editorial and mutual admiration which go to show how these dear infallible gentlemen love one another.

According to our esteemed and spirited little contemporary *The Review*, of St. Louis—

“The *Monitor* is hard on the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. ‘The trouble with the *Quarterly*,’ it says, ‘is that it is evidently designed to be published in a cemetery and read by mummies. Like a morgue wagon its freight must be dead. Deadness and learning, thank the Lord, are not synonymous, and the *Quarterly* is the best proof thereof.’”

Now when one considers that the name of the eloquent and witty Archbishop of Philadelphia adorns or used to adorn the cover of this dignified *Catholic Quarterly* as its *editor*, the comment of the *Monitor* seems to border on “irreverence.” How is this, Mr. Preuss?

To be candid, it seems to me that the editor of the Antigonish *Casket* ought to get up and call the editor of the *Monitor* an “insufferable egotist and a wretched humbug.” But there is no accounting for tastes.

And here is that scholarly and reverend editor of the *Colorado Catholic* speaking in such Christian delicacy of our amiable and gifted friend Preuss, of *The Review*, that one might almost suppose them to be modern saints. Hear what the Colorado man says:

"That little disturber of the peace, *The Review*, of St. Louis, which snarls and shows its harmless little teeth on the slightest provocation, still continues its career of vilification and falsehood, and asserts that the *Colorado Catholic* repudiates an article which appeared a short time ago in its columns. We stand by every word of the article, and suggest to this sycophantic and pharisaical anti-Irish sheet of St. Louis that it reproduce the paragraph in full for the benefit of its readers, who have undoubtedly been misled by *The Review's* willful and deliberate misrepresentations. Just to show *The Review* and others of its ilk that we do not repudiate the article in question, we reproduce it, and avow its every sentiment as our firm conviction and belief. At the same time we do not undertake the superhuman job of furnishing intelligence for the afore-named journal and others who see through its glasses."

In simple justice to our youthful friend of *The Review* the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW begs to suggest that if the editor of the *Colorado Catholic* should ever undertake to furnish intelligence for Editor Preuss, the Colorado man had better wait till he return from Europe; and that even then he may have to purchase the desirable commodity rather than attempt to evolve it out of his own consciousness. But this is only the suggestion of a peacemaker who sincerely enjoys seeing manifestations of love among the brethren. Dear boys, let us have peace.

* * * * *

And how is this for prelatical modesty? *The Review* says—

"Ex-Rector Keane intends to sail on his return voyage October 23d. He says he 'returns to his post of duty with real pleasure' and that his work in Rome 'will be sweetened by the thought that his vacation next year will probably be spent in America.'"

"Meanwhile, to keep his memory green among us, he has written a long article for the daily press on Rome, the Pope and the Cardinals, his duties in the 'Eternal City' as the representative of the American Church, etc., etc."

And the New York *Independent*, speaking of this man, recently said: "Bishop Keane was called to Rome and made a titular archbishop and consultor; and he returned to this country several months ago, and has had the right to speak as the representative of the Holy See," etc., etc.

Now, in plain language, the last line quoted from *The Review*, purporting to give, and doubtless giving, Keane's own estimate of himself—and these lines from the *Independent*, doubtless inspired by Keane, or by one of his friends—are simply presumptuous and

unblushing falsehoods; and the following points are much nearer the truth:

First, Keane was deposed from the Rectorship of the Washington Catholic University because of his spendthrift, spread-eagle, and un-Catholic methods of managing said University. *Second*, having grown entirely too large for his clothes, he was called to Rome, after a voluntary and very pompous trip to California, in order that there, among his superiors, he might gradually learn modesty, humility, and a comparative silence till he had found his true level among the Catholic hierarchy. *Third*, he was never appointed in any official or unofficial way as "the representative of the American Church" at Rome, has never acted in that capacity, and none but sycophant Catholics or Protestant idiots can possibly speak of him as ever having acted in such capacity. *Fourth*, in coming to this country for his vacation last summer he came as a private gentleman and ought to have so acted; for he had no authority, verbal or written, to act as "the representative" of the Holy See in America or elsewhere, and has never so acted.

In a word, while an excellent gentleman, and doubtless a faithful Catholic, Keane is, in his posing public attitudes and speeches, a wind-blown, blustering humbug, and the first thing for the entire Catholic Church in America or elsewhere to do is to have done forever with the kind of humbuggery that Keane and his master, Ireland, represent in this poor world.

In fact, I was supposing that Mgr. O'Connell, author of a recent and silly burlesque speech on Catholic Americanism, was the representative of the "American Church" at Rome, but it seems that the late Rector Keane has now ascended to this honor; that is, in his own conceit. Allow me to give these noisy gentlemen a pertinent hint. Let them both get their heads together, after some morning of mutual holy communion, and resolve, *first* of all, to tell the world just what part they both played in hoodwinking and deceiving Mgr. Satolli when he first came to this country and landed in New York; next let them resolve to make a clean breast of the part that their master, John Ireland, played in trying to bully Cardinal Satolli into reinstating Keane as Rector of the Washington University, just before the Cardinal ablegate was about to sail for Rome; next let them make a clean revelation of what O'Connell did as lobbyist for Ireland at the recent German conference, with a view of making Ireland the next Pope; next let Ireland join

these two slaves of his and explain just why he wrote his contemptible partisan political letter of last year, and just why he wanted McKenna Attorney-General, with probable promotion to the Supreme Court of the United States, etc., etc., and I here solemnly affirm that a paper coming from this triplet of Catholic American sharpers will do more to explain Catholic Americanism and stamp it as the veriest scheming Yankeeism of hell than anything else they can do or say, and hence be of greater service to all Catholics throughout the world than anything that the combined intellects of these three eminent American Catholics can do or say during their present or immortal existence.

* * * * *

Regarding the disgusting controversy over the resignation of Mgr. Schroeder from the Washington Catholic University the editor of the *GLOBE* refrains from speaking at present, except to say that the proprietors and keepers of the restaurants where Schroeder used to get his beer were and are doubtless men of honor and gentlemen compared with the low-bred clerical scoundrels who put detectives on Schroeder's heels; and if "the last Baltimore Council" really perpetrated the following—

"In order to remove from the clergy the occasion for disgrace, such as is generally connected with saloons and taverns, we entirely forbid them to visit and patronize them except when it may be necessary in travel," I advise all the sensible prelates of America to get together in Greater New York as soon as possible and rescind this silly and ungrammatical pretention. I am a total abstainer myself, but I do not like to see men treated as if they were children.

* * * * *

When I was "down East" last summer I found that some of the literary people were much amused over a little song that was going the rounds, each verse of which ended with the refrain,

"And even Philadelphia has got a wiggle on."

I tried to explain to those giddy people that Philadelphia was not so slow as they seemed to think, but it was of no use—the mocking line seemed entirely satisfactory, and all serious argument out of place.

Little did those "down-easters" understand how many quiet but aggressive virtues and vices are constantly going on in the Quaker City. Indeed, I fancy that they never heard of an important new

organization that has been evolving itself in Philadelphia during the past year.

In newspaper parlance, the corporation I refer to is known as The United Gas Improvement Company; in common parlance, and for short, it is known as The U. G. I. Co.; but as both of these definitions have a common, worldly, and commercial sound, and as the leading members of the trust—for it is a trust with a vengeance—are said to be saints—sometimes mentioned in this REVIEW under the title of John Wanamaker & Co.—I have concluded, for literary purposes, to call this band of pious Quakers The Philadelphia Children of Light, and if there are any rascals down East, or in New York, or out West, who think that they are quicker, smarter, more illuminated, or more devilish in the use of their God-given faculties of selfish scheming than these modern children of light of Philadelphia they are very much mistaken.

The avowed objects of this new club are: *First*, to improve the general municipal government of the City of Brotherly Love. *Second*, and more specifically, to steal—that is, to purchase at a rascally low figure—the Philadelphia gas-works, improve them, and to give the pious Quakers more and better light on all the subjects that now occupy their minds and hands—especially their hands, etc. *Third*—but not at all mentioned in the by-laws of the club—to put money by the million in the pockets of its members, and incidentally to get at the water-works by and by; and thus, having the city railroads, the gas-works, and the water-works in their hats, so to speak, to control the politics of the dear old town of Billy Penn.

Everywhere people are crying for purer and more effective municipal government. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York got crazy on this subject about three or four years ago, but having found that the ways of men were not only darker but deeper than his clerical verdancy dreamed of, he has at last concluded that he had better mind his own business and stick close to his trade as a preacher. Another young chap, by the name of Roosevelt, attempted this same feat as a sort of righthand-man to his pastor, Parkhurst, but Teddy Roosevelt was as glad to get a quiet place amid the honors of navy life as Parkhurst was to fall back upon the soft cushions of pulpit luxury; and both of these saints, having taken to regular self-indulgent sainthood, after the manner of New York saints—why, Judge Van Wyck and Tammany are in charge again.

For the last eight years the *GLOBE* has been teaching a good many American politicians, saints, and business men that the only true reform is to reform yourself and induce as many people as possible to follow your example; and the *GLOBE* holds that man as a knave and a fool who preaches political or reform doctrines, in or out of the church, that he does not practice himself and is not willing to die for; but the Parkhursts and the Roosevelts of New York and the Children of Light of Philadelphia were neither born nor reared that way.

Wanamaker, for instance, has been reforming young men and women in his Sunday-school and in his sweat-shop stores for thirty years, until he has grown ten-times a millionaire, while many hundreds of his improved young men and women have died in poverty, cursing the very name of Wanamaker; and all this while, though smart as a steel-trap at squeezing the life out of the rats that serve him, he has himself never learned the first principles of truth or justice or honor.

But we must have better municipal governments, and hence the Children of Light are now engaging in the gas business in Philadelphia.

The tendency of Western politicians—and God pity the crack-brained idiots—is to put every possible public enterprise in the hands of municipal, State, or National control. Philadelphia has tried this plan with her gas and water supply for a great many years, and now she—the dear old Quaker maiden—has reached the following very illogical conclusions—viz., the gas supply of Philadelphia is very poor—can't see even to read the Scriptures at night to Wanamaker's Bible classes and the various screaming women's clubs of the city—etc. The city authorities cannot manufacture good gas—in the first place they are ignorant, in the second place they are venal, in the third place they are lazy, and in the fourth place they are changing as the parties and the personal ambitions of Mayors and Councils change—in a word, they can't do it, you know. Therefore, there must be some new organization known as "The Children of Light"—"responsible" men, successful business men—men who have already squeezed millions of dollars out of the sweating poor; men who know how to get good work done for low pay and how to make their five hundred per cent. every year and snap their fingers in the face of truth and virtue and justice and the Church and God Almighty, and simply play with the fools who trust them, etc., etc.

Now the things to be said about this are: *First*, if the city government of Philadelphia cannot command the right sort of ability to manufacture gas and supply it to her citizens, it proves that she is just the stupid old steer-calf some of us have been calling her these last forty years. *Second*, that if the city government of Philadelphia cannot do this simple stroke of common manufacture of gas in a proper and profitable way, the said government had better resign, and that all its representatives, without exception, had better go into private retirement in the darkest and quietest corner of hell and never open their incapable eyes or mouths again. *Third*, that if the government of the city of Philadelphia, while admitting its incapacity for the manufacture of gas, still presumes to have sense enough to govern the city of Philadelphia, it is just another proof of that conceited asininity and stupidity that some of us have noted and commented upon as being the ruling characteristic of Philadelphia's representative men during the last fifty years. *Fourth*, if the government of Philadelphia, admitting its own inability to make honest and good gas and make honest money for the government, still expects or pretends to expect that Wanamaker & Co.—whose sweat-shop and shoddy methods of business are known to all men—are the proper persons to be intrusted with the Philadelphia gas-works, it seems to prove two or three things, serious enough in their way.

For instance—*First*, that the representatives of the present government of Philadelphia have been bought at a high figure before they could or would make such everlasting asses of themselves before the public. *Second*, that it is as hopeless as it is silly to expect better gas or better prices from such Children of Light as would bribe or attempt to bribe such saintly souls as the present Mayor Warwick & Co. of the city of brotherly love.

Some facts given me when I was last in Philadelphia seem to argue that something of this sort really has been done. For instance, the immaculate Philadelphia authorities having concluded that they were too idiotic or too lazy to make good gas, and having concluded to sell the gas-works, also next concluded to make the transaction as quiet and harmonious as possible. Hence they did not advertise for bids or bidders, but a few of the saints got together and invited a few other saints to consider how it was best and mutually most profitable to do the thing.

Then it was that the saintly genius of the Children of Light—

headed by Wanamaker & Co.—shone forth in all its brilliancy, about as follows: We, that is, Tom Dolan, J. C. Bullitt, Rudolph Blankenburg, Charles Cramp, and I—your own pious John—all honorable and responsible men—as witness the Keystone Bank record, etc.—will form a company, to be known as The Children of Light, with a capital of ten millions of dollars—\$1,000,000 to be paid to the city for its gas plant; \$3,000,000 to be distributed among you incompetent scoundrels who admit that you cannot run a gas plant, and among such of the Philadelphia newspapers as will defend the transfer through thick and thin, and also among the officers representative of any companies inimical to The Children of Light, who, in their worldly ambition, may determine to offer better terms to the city than we honorable and responsible gentlemen are offering you; \$6,000,000 to be held as a working capital, and to be issued in gold bonds to any other worldly people who may at any time be inclined to squeal.

Ladies and gentlemen, the above is about what has taken place in Philadelphia during the last six months under the guise of municipal reform and better gas; and the transfer has actually been made, but various suits in equity are pending, and before the final exposure and explosion, which is sure to come, Philadelphia will be apt to get more light—a sort of halo-light around the brows of her saints—than she could possibly get out of the mutilated books of the Keystone Bank failure, or any way out of the old method of lighting things by the city government.

I may add in conclusion that I have the names of men who have been heavily bribed in this Children of Light transfer, and that various responsible gentlemen in Philadelphia have offered me all the facts, dates, names, information, amounts, etc., etc., but I prefer that these facts should come out in the courts when the great representative newspapers of American, Cuban, and Hawaiian reform will be obliged to take some notice of the same.

As a matter of fact, at least two outside and wretchedly worldly corporations did make bids for the Philadelphia gas plant, one of these companies offering \$4,000,000 and the other \$6,000,000 for the same. It is well understood among business men that the plant and privileges obtained by the Children of Light syndicate are worth far more than this; but had this amount been openly accepted by the saintly idiots who govern Philadelphia, the whole of it would have gone to the city treasury and the individual imbe-

ciles and scoundrels who now run the affairs of the city would have got nothing but the contempt they deserve; at all events, their personal perquisites would have been less by several millions of dollars than they are said to be under the patronage of the Children of Light society.

As Wanamaker, Dolan & Co. are the leading spirits in this Children of Light movement, this may be a good place to recall the fact that when Wanamaker was Postmaster General, during Harrison's tea-party administration, he resolved to make a sweat-shop concern out of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and so go down to fame as the great Postmaster of economic reform. In a word, he notified the Western Union that after a certain date he would only pay so much for the services rendered the Government by the telegraph company, precisely as he would notify a travelling clerk or salesman in his own sweat-shops, and concluded that there was an end of it—the dear verdant saint; and as a matter of fact the smart newspapers, who care so much more for advertising than they care for truth, all united in a mild sort of commendation of the Wanamaker economy in managing the Postal Department.

About the same time the editor of the *GLOBE* wrote an article, called "The Stupidest Man on Earth," showing that Wanamaker's position in Harrison's Cabinet had cost him more than his salary and perquisites for four years were worth, and above all that his fight with the Western Union had been a wretched failure; that the Western Union had their own prices, that Wanamaker could not make a sweat-shop concern out of that company, and that its managers would whip Wanamaker out of his boots in the long run.

Within ten days of this writing—November 29, 1897—the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia published the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States had just given its final ruling in favor of awarding to the Western Union Company about \$250,000 growing out of this old Wanamaker sweat-shop foolery; and yet Philadelphians still seem to think that whatever this pious cheap-John touches is eminently wise and reliable.

Let him take his enormous advertisements out of the Philadelphia and New York newspapers for one year, and there is no editor in either city so mean but he would paint Wanamaker, Dolan & Co., and the entire band of this new Children of Light club, in colors blacker than Tom Nast ever applied to Bill Tweed.

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